Vol 76 #11

76, 11

Col O.K.
M.B.

5¢ a copy

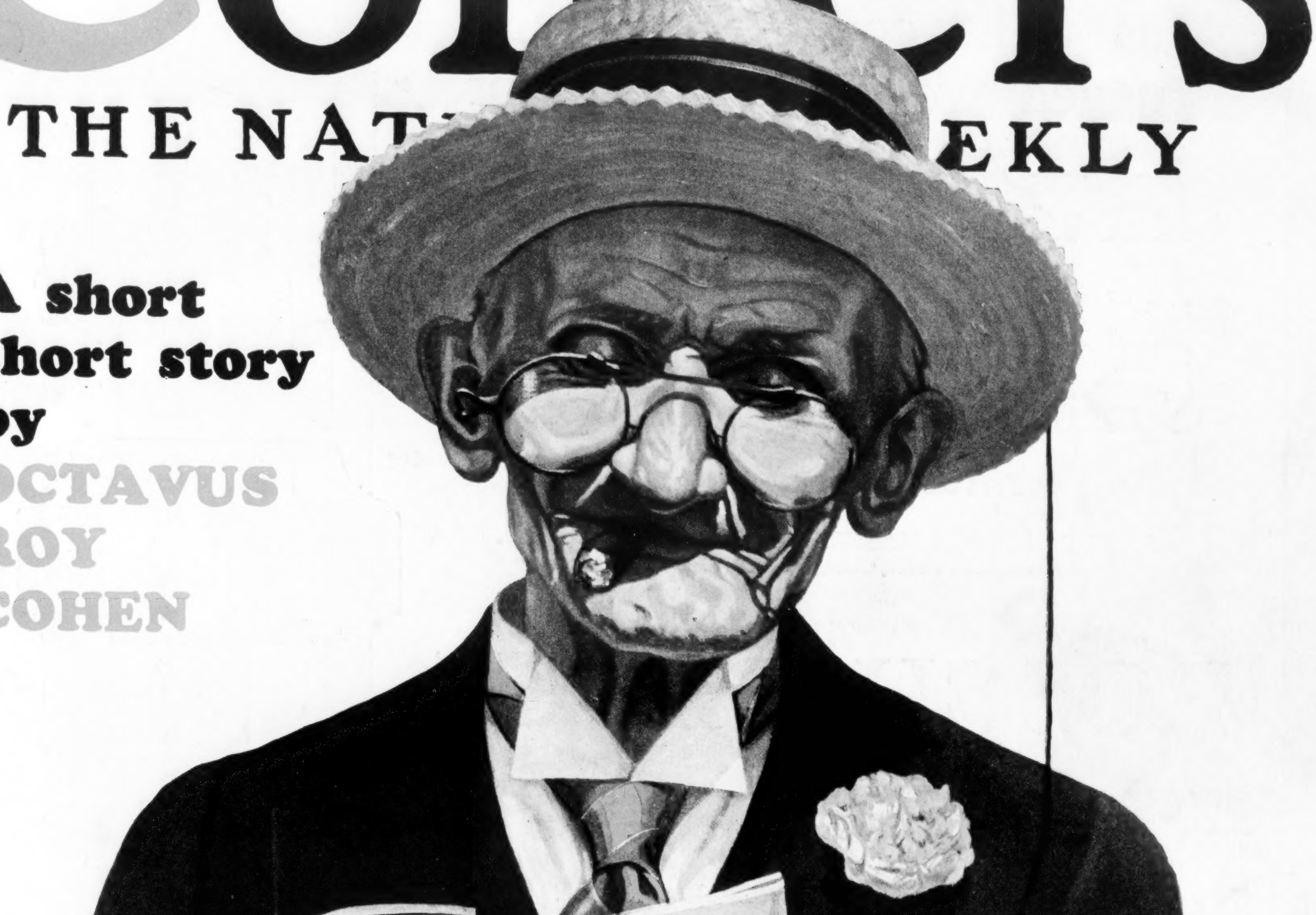
September 12, 1925

Collier's

THE NAT EKLY

A short short story by

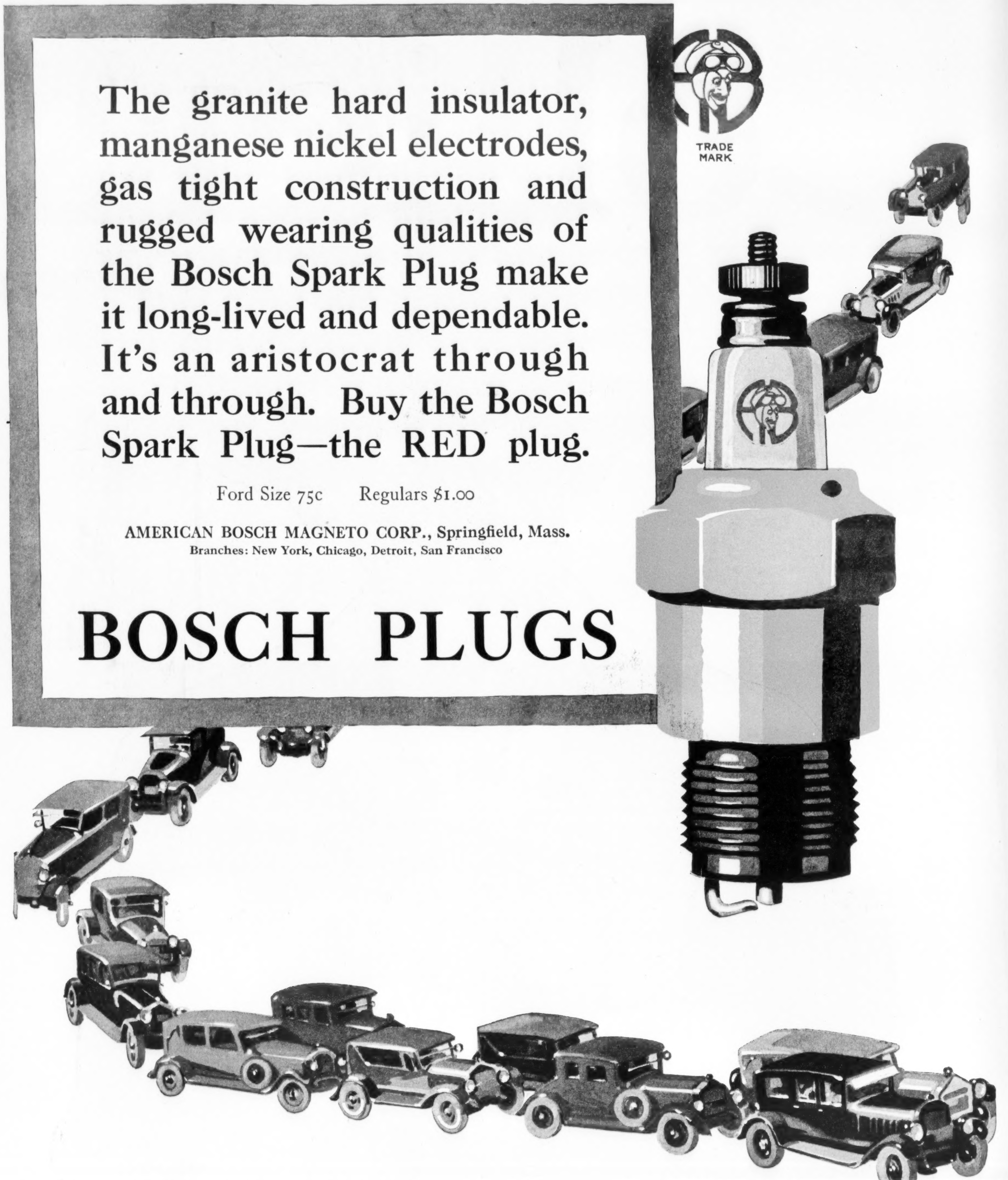
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN


Snappy Fall Styles—
PAUL HESSE

William Allen White

"THE LONE LION OF

CLEMSON COLLEGE SO CAR RA
CLEMSON COLLEGE LIBRARY
A 161235 CN 17F26



The granite hard insulator, manganese nickel electrodes, gas tight construction and rugged wearing qualities of the Bosch Spark Plug make it long-lived and dependable. It's an aristocrat through and through. Buy the Bosch Spark Plug—the RED plug.

Ford Size 75c Regulars $1.00

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP., Springfield, Mass.
Branches: New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco

BOSCH PLUGS

YOU WILL NEED THESE OTHER BOSCH ACCESSORIES, TOO

BOSCH
Windshield
Wiper "*Electric*"

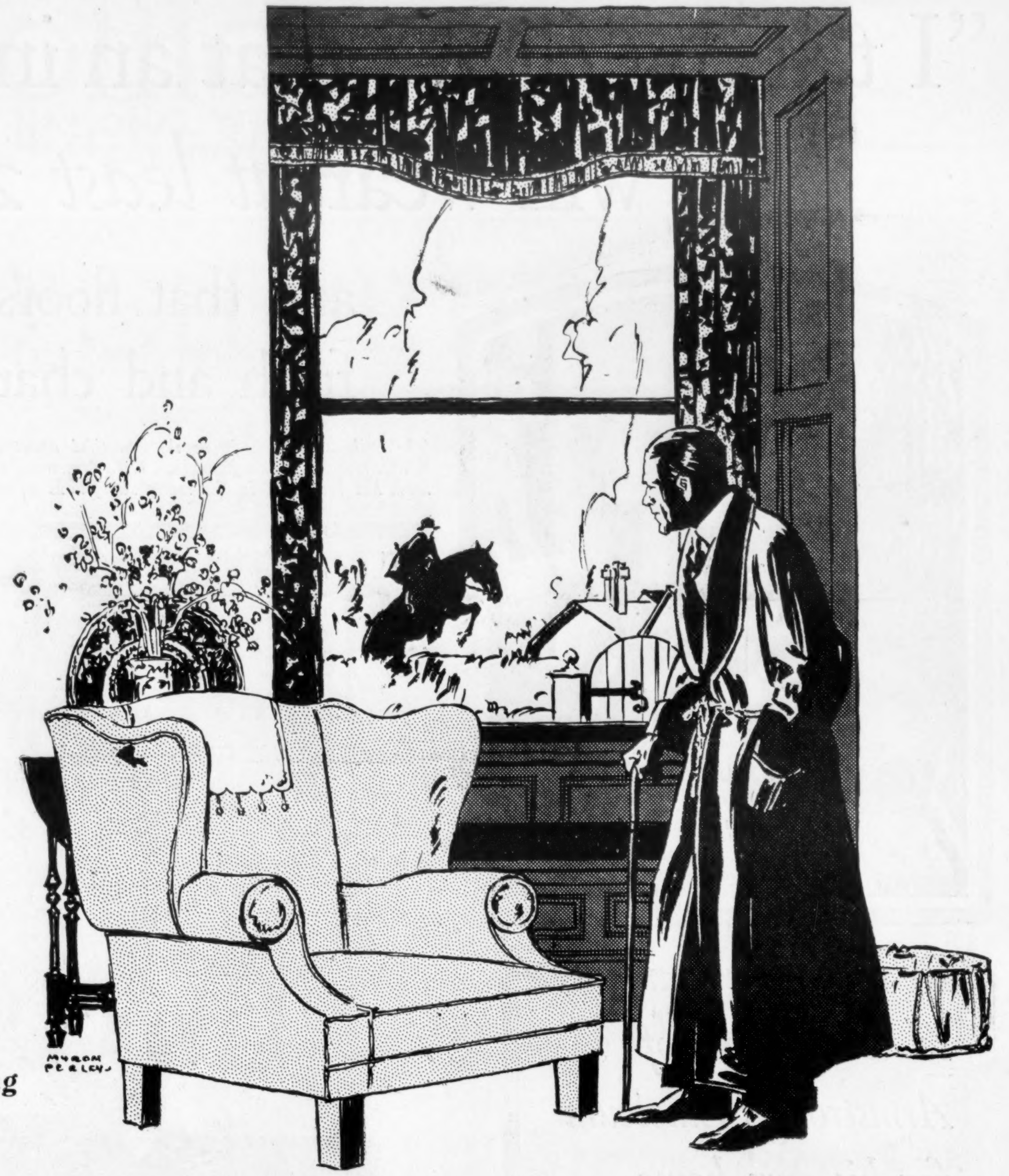
BOSCH
De Luxe Ignition
for FORDS
Type 513

BOSCH
Magneto and
Governor for
FORDSONS

BOSCH
Ignition System
for FORDS
Type 600

BOSCH
SHOCK
ABSORBER

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.
—Lambert Pharmacal Company.



"—he was an old young man at forty"

Hidden wells of poison

Son of a famous family of horsemen, it was the ambition of his father to see him mature into one of the leading sportsmen of the country.

Even as a boy of five, he began to ride. In his 'teens he was giving as good account of himself on a polo pony as many players much older. His hunters were the envy of his friends.

His big aim, however, was international polo. But just as he was attaining this goal his health began to fail, and now when he should have been in his very prime, he was an old young man of forty.

Shattered health, due to tooth neglect! Hidden wells of poison in his mouth had made him practically an invalid.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

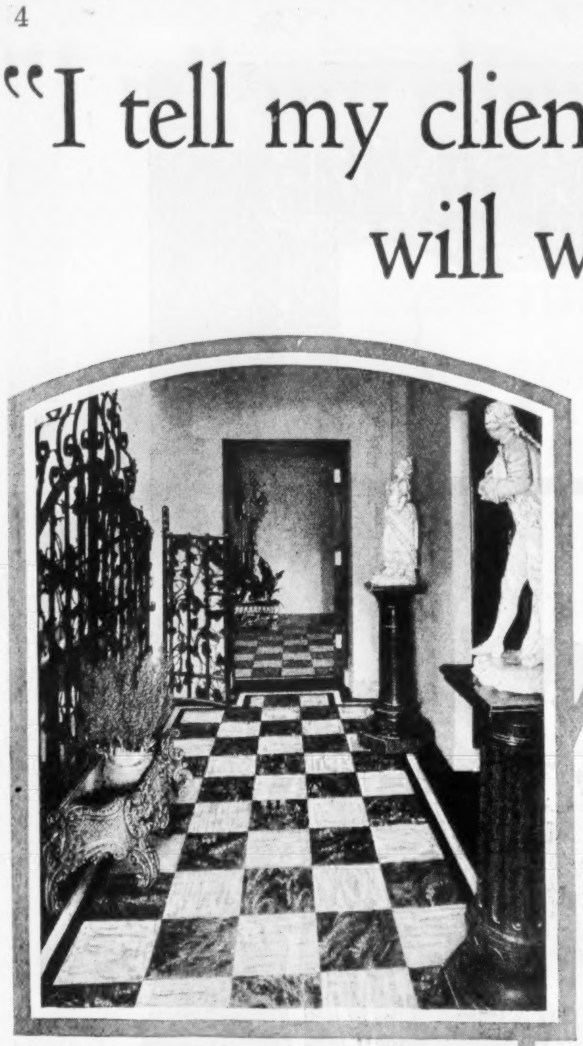
Listerine Tooth Paste—25 *cents for the large tube*

© 1925, Lambert Pharmacal Co.

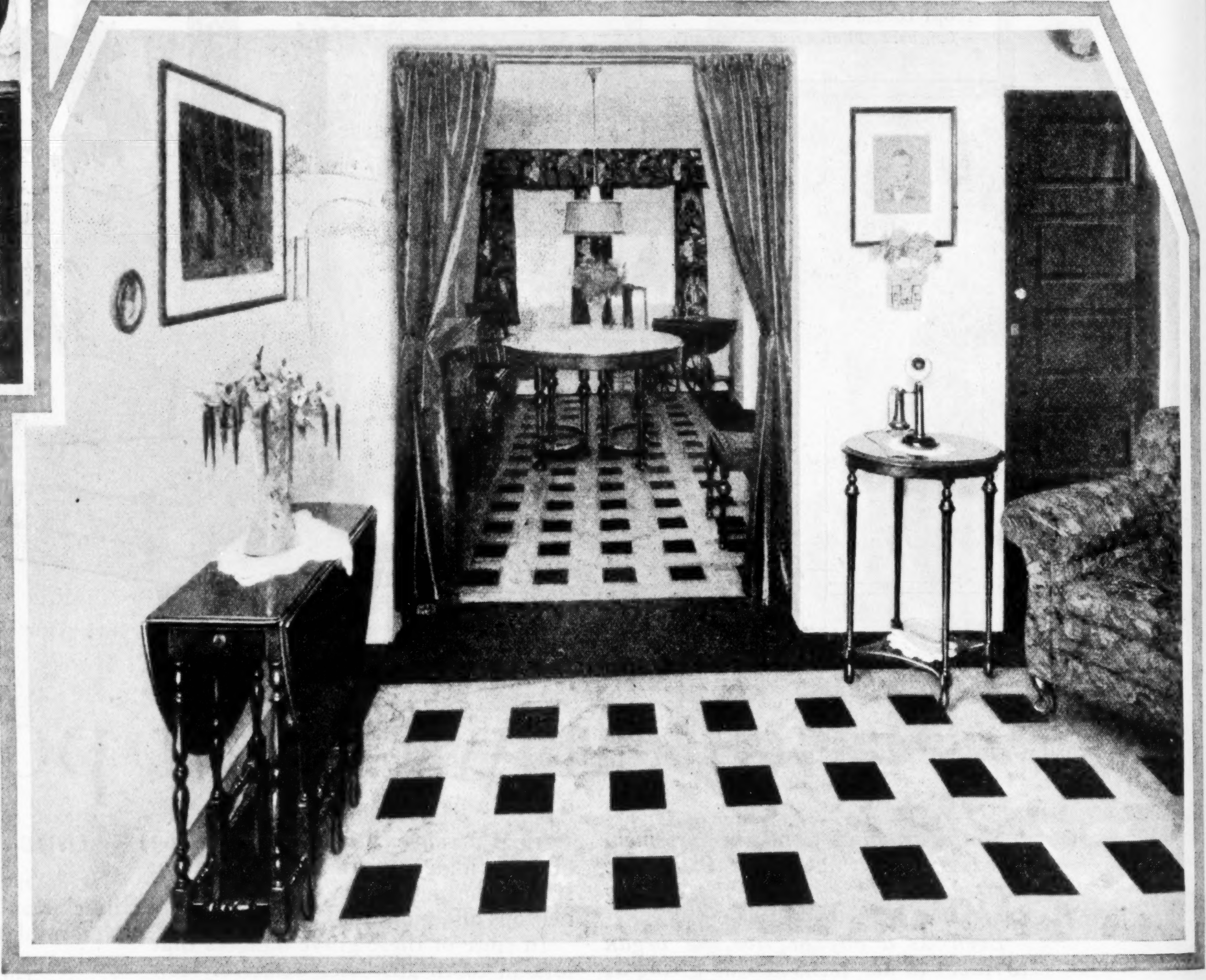
"I tell my clients that an inlaid linoleum floor will wear *at least* 25 years–

and that floors of pattern and color add a fresh and charming beauty to the home"

Thomas Edward Ash, Architect



The hall at the left is in the beautiful apartment of W. G. Henshaw, San Francisco, Cal. Armstrong's Linoleum has been laid in this really sumptuous apartment.



A corner of the living- and dining-room in the Philadelphia home of T. E. Ash, architect. The marble tile inlaid pattern floor is Armstrong's Linoleum (Pattern No. 71) laid with a black border.

Read why an architect selected a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum for his own home

TWO heads are better than one—especially when one of them is an architect's. So, when the wood floors in the home of Mr. Thomas E. Ash needed refinishing, both sides of the family were heard from.

The Ash family moved into their present home during the war. The wood floors soon began to give trouble. It was a nuisance continually to varnish their splintery surface. It was a tiring and a thankless task to clean them. Refinishing costs, as usual, were high.

Mr. Ash knew that a properly laid floor of inlaid linoleum, waxed and polished occasionally, would never need refinishing. As an architect he plans banks, schools, public institutions—places where countless feet tramp. His clients often ask, "How long should a linoleum floor last?" "A properly laid linoleum floor will last at least twenty-five years," Mr. Ash replies, "because I know of linoleum floors laid over a quarter of a century ago that are still in splendid condition."

If Mr. Ash has one eye out for wear, he certainly has the other one firmly fixed on beauty. "Linoleum," says Mr. Ash, "makes a rich floor; a floor of pattern and color that is quite desirably 'different.' "

Mrs. Ash views her floors from a slightly different angle. "With a child in the house," she told us, "I am on my feet nearly all day. The old wood floors were very tiring to work over.

"The linoleum floors hadn't been down a week before I noticed the difference. Stand on that wood step outside the door and then step onto this restful linoleum. Notice how comfortable the linoleum feels?

"My friends visit us, and one of the first things that they remark is 'What an unusual, beautiful floor! What a comfortable floor!'"

Our Bureau of Decoration will help you add new beauty to your home

We have established a Bureau of Decoration under the personal charge of an interior decorator, Hazel Dell Brown. Write to her. She will gladly contribute ideas and color schemes for walls and draperies as well as floors.

A new book on the art of Home Decoration has just been written by Agnes Foster Wright, New York decorator. It is called "Floors, Furniture, and Color." Sent postpaid, in the United States, for 25 cents. Write to Armstrong Cork Co., *Linoleum Division*, 2515 West Walnut St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

PLAIN ∽ INLAID ∽ JASPÉ ∽ PRINTED

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, 202-298 West High St., Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Copyright, 1925, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States and Great Britain.

Volume Seventy-six
Number Eleven

September 12, 1925

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year
10 cents a copy, $4.00 a year in Canada and foreign countries

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

T. D. SKIDMORE

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

To love and to honor

By
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Beginning with "To Love and to Honor," Collier's presents the greatest innovation in short-story publishing since the work of O. Henry appeared. Each week one of the four authors listed above will contribute a very short story—half pages—from the book of life.

IT WAS rather amazing to discover a deep vein of sentiment in pudgy little George Potter. I had been his friend and attorney for thirty years and had watched the always stout, and once wideawake, little man settle into a domestic rut. Success had come to him in a modest way: a success which would have enabled him to retire from business and travel about the world a bit had he cared to do so. But instead he and Esther were content to sit night after night in their cozy living-room; she busy with her sewing or reading; he poring over his very excellent collection of postage stamps.

Looking back over the years of my friendship with Potter, I can see that the streak of romance had probably been there all the time. There was, for instance, his youthful and frantic courtship of the stately Althea Deane—an affair which had skirted the borders of scandal. And just when the forked tongue of gossip began flickering at highest speed—George married her.

That marriage appeared to extinguish George Potter's last spark of romanticism. It never had a chance to be successful, and when Althea left him abruptly, George's friends considered it good riddance. Later came the news of Althea's death abroad, and a couple of years later George started paying stolid court to Esther. Our set was mildly interested—it is difficult to be genuinely keen about a prospective marriage in which the principals are both humdrum.

The marriage was a very nice affair. There followed the usual round of entertainments. Then it seemed that George and Esther retired from life. Even his business affairs ran so smootnly that there was little need for my services in a legal way—and while my liking for the man never lagged, we found less and less in common as the years rolled on. I couldn't fancy that they were happy: contented, perhaps, but not really happy. Not enough sentiment. . . . That's the way I figured George. And nothing happened to alter my opinion until a few weeks before their twenty-fifth anniversary.

It was then that he waddled into my office, fat little face alight with enthusiasm, and informed me of his unique plans for the silver anniversary. His bright little eyes shone as he outlined the thing and I'll confess that I was pretty well dumfounded: not alone because his scheme was richly sentimental and profoundly impressive; but chiefly because it was stodgy old George Potter who was planning this thing—the very George Potter who had lived a hermit life since his second marriage, and who had shunned social contacts.

According to what George told me, he was doing this thing for Esther's sake. "It'll sort of tickle her," he explained. "Women like that sort of thing, you know—and this strikes me as a real idea. You've got to be in on it, because you were best man when Esther and I were married." He grinned sheepishly. "It's just a gesture on my part—sort of sacrifice to please the Old Lady."

I'll say this for George: he didn't do things halfway. Instead of the conventional party, he staged a perfect duplication of his marriage to Esther twenty-five years before. There was even the same minister—mighty old now—and the decrepit violinist who had played "Oh, Promise Me" at the other ceremony. A good many of the original guests were there: most of us pretty gray around the temples. But the thing was mighty impressive—Esther in the bridal costume she had worn twenty-five years before . . . let out around the hips perhaps . . . and carrying a shower bouquet of bride roses and valley lilies! the bridesmaids in pink, with bouquets of Killarney roses. Even a ring-bearer. It was worlds of fun and queerly stately where one might have expected it to be absurd.

As for Esther, I never saw a woman more radiant. She took on an aura of genuine beauty. Of course she would have been less than human and far from feminine to have failed of response to this magnificent display of husbandly devotion. George himself was as frightened as he had been on the occasion of their wedding. . . .

But finally the ceremony was finished and the guests adjourned to the dining-room for the lavish supper which had been prepared by a firm of caterers. George and I were left alone and he sank limply into a chair. I dropped a hand on his shoulder and congratulated him on the success of his party.

"You really think it was a success!"

"Wonderful! And," jocularly, "you certainly should feel thoroughly married."

"Yes. I surely do." He fell silent for a moment or two, and when he spoke again it was in a deadly serious voice. "There's something I've got to explain to you: as my friend and my lawyer." He stopped for a second, then asked abruptly, "You remember my first wife?"

"Althea?" I was amazed by the question. "Certainly."

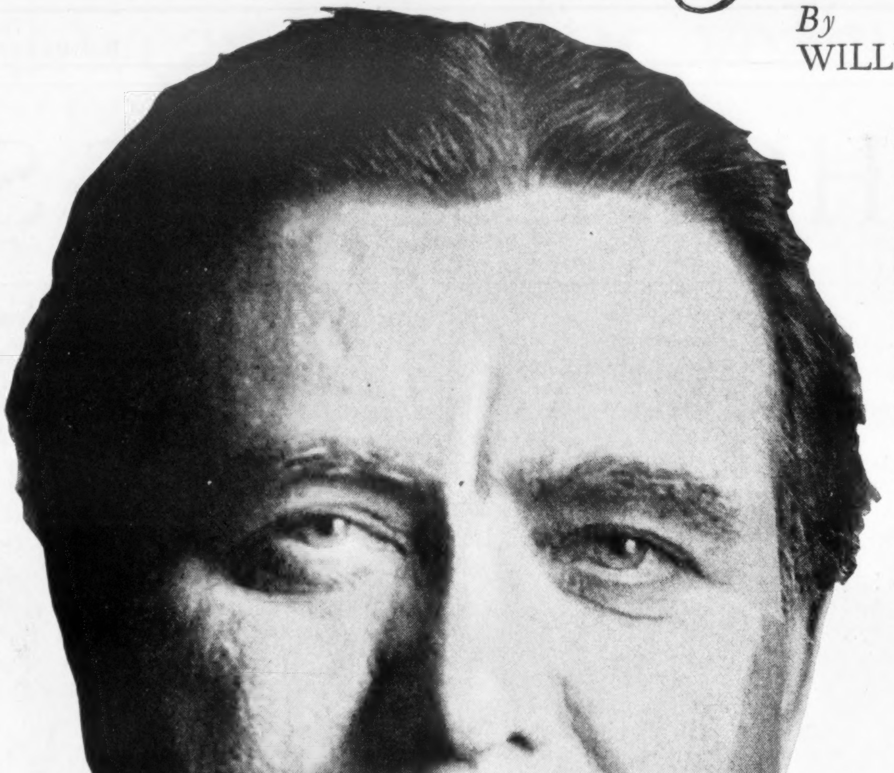
"Did you know," he went on in a queer, strained voice, "that she died only last year?"

"Good Lord! I thought she died twenty-seven years ago."

"So did I," he said quietly. "And when I married Esther, I thought I was a widower. But I wasn't. . . . And in case anything ever comes up—well, I want you to understand that this affair to-night was a real wedding."

The lone lion of Idaho

By
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE


© Paul Thompson

HERE is the life story of William E. Borah, personal friend of Calvin Coolidge and at the same time the most dangerous political opponent of the President. William Allen White paints a brilliant picture of the career of the distinguished leader, who, as a boy, won an education by waiting on his fellow students, and who, as a man, by sheer courage and conviction, has come to be the most persuasive single voice in American political life.

THE success of the Coolidge administration will depend upon how Coolidge is able to handle his support, the Republican organization in Congress, and how he is able to overcome his opposition, the intellectual qualities of William E. Borah, the United States Senator from Idaho. Borah is only one man. Yet he is a legion. He is, first, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. He is, second, the intellectual leader of Congress, and, third, he is an incorrigible independent. And just because he is what he is he can lead all of those forces which instinctively oppose and defy the President. Therefore he is the one whom the President must face and fight.

Personally Borah and Coolidge are on friendly terms. Borah has easier access and more frequent entrée to the White House than even Curtis, the officially elected Republican party leader. There is much comradeship and deep respect between the two men, Coolidge and Borah. Coolidge would have had Borah on the Republican ticket with him; even invited Borah at a White House conference to allow the use of his name on the Republican ticket. Legend says that Borah responded, "At which end?" and Coolidge took it good-naturedly. Coolidge is no prima donna, but an adept politician with a quarter of a century's steady practice behind him and with more years of practical participation in real politics to his credit than any President who has entered the White House for fifty years. So he would get along with Borah. Borah has the patronage from his state. Borah is not outlawed as La Follette was; is not coldly scorned as Norris and Brookhart and other Republicans of the left wing are by the White House. Borah stands well politically and personally.

Yet Borah is the implacable enemy of everything which Coolidge holds dear in his political creed. Borah, and not the Democratic party, is the real opposition to the Coolidge administration. And Borah comes to his leadership without any organized following, with no propaganda or machine behind what he stands for; indeed, with no statement of his creed, no platform of his possible performances, no program for putting his ideas into reality. Borah is the incarnation of an idealism which stands for justice against prosperity. Coolidge vitalizes and gives heroic drama to the belief that without prosperity justice is futile. This conflict of ideals always has raged in American politics. It has been our only issue. Coolidge is Hamiltonian. Fundamentally and essentially, Borah is Jeffersonian. Borah, respecting the Constitution, fighting for its implications of justice savagely and without compromise, after all does take his political inspiration from the Declaration of Independence. Coolidge, though mystical sometimes to the point of illogic in his belief in the sacred character of property, has his feet firmly planted on those clauses of the American Constitution which hold that human rights have their best expression in property rights. These two men, Borah and Coolidge, are fighting whatever battle there is in American politics, that now seems static and undisturbed.

Coolidge may depend upon Charles Curtis, the Republican leader of the Senate and so the leader of Congress, to marshal the regular Republican strength of Congress against the antagonism of Borah. The Republicans seem to have a majority in Congress, but many times in the last twenty years Borah has appealed over Congress to public sentiment and has changed Congress, taken it from presidents who held title to it, and so annulled elections and overcome organizations. This he has done by his sheer intellectual qualities, by his courage and daring. Coolidge has courage enough, but no daring. His courage is complicated with New England caution, and Borah's courage is brash, western and restrained only by his intelligence.

A True Product of the West

BORAH'S name is better known than Borah. His name has been before the American people for more than twenty years. It stands for various things: for the brand of goods he delivers in Congress, for independence, for farsightedness, for loyalty to friends and to causes, for a certain dash of romance that always glamours the lone fighter, and for a section of opinion in the West which comes into majorities in government from time to time and always hangs like the sword of Damocles over majorities which oppose it. But Borah, the man, is little known. He has put on no parades in politics; never has gone swinging around the circle as a national candidate. He has appeared fewer times in the National Republican Convention than any leader who has been in national politics for two decades. His face and figure lend themselves gorgeously to the cartoonist, but his picture is rarely seen. This is partly due to modesty but more to the fact that personal advertising is no part of his propaganda. He works effectively as his own press agent, his own showman, his own performer and his own cashier.

Borah is restless. This is due somewhat to a physical reason, his distaste for cooped-up humanity, but largely to spiritual causes. He has no stomach for compromise. The compromise judgment does not interest him. His enthusiasm is for his own reasoned processes of thought: processes based upon the premises of his own philosophy.

His philosophy is the complete antithesis of the Coolidgean philosophy. Borah's life passion is for justice in human relations. Property does not interest him. He has saved little and cares nothing for what he has saved nor much for what others have saved except as it is justly used. Only as business is honest does he respect its achievements. Time and again in his senatorial career he has shown a deep, vitriolic contempt for the large aggregates of business which Coolidge uses with respectful veneration. Borah exposed the sugar trust, and Coolidge would have taken Warren, the man whom Borah exposed, as his Attorney General. Borah stopped Warren's confirmation.

Physically as well as mentally Borah is out of the West, a large man who would be fat if he let himself go; instinctively a hedonist; a good liver; a good fellow with a cleft chin, a twinkling eye, generous jowls, a large, expansive, loose-lipped mouth: the kind of physical creature who under proper environment might have preferred to play Mercutio into his seventies rather than to be cast as Polonius for one act. It must have been at some sacrifice that he gave up a career as a sybarite for that of a statesman.

He came out of the West—out of Illinois through Pennsylvania—of old American stock, probably of German origin. His name derives from that of Martin Luther's wife. From the Illinois farm he came alone to the State University of Kansas. There he sat in the seminars of Professor James H. Canfield. With him in the university were young gentlemen who afterward attained somewhat more than local fame: General Frederick Funston, Governor Herbert Hadley, Vernon Kellogg, two or three embryo college presidents and a couple of Kansas congressmen. Borah waited on tables in a boarding house to help pay his way through the university; fell ill; left school without his A. B. degree; took the law course; was admitted to the bar; went alone without kith or kin to Lyons, Kan., a prairie town of fifteen hundred, and practiced law; left Lyons alone with no destination point save a ticket for Portland, Ore.; got off the train at Boise, Idaho, with $16.69 in his pocket and began a career.

That Famous Empty Train

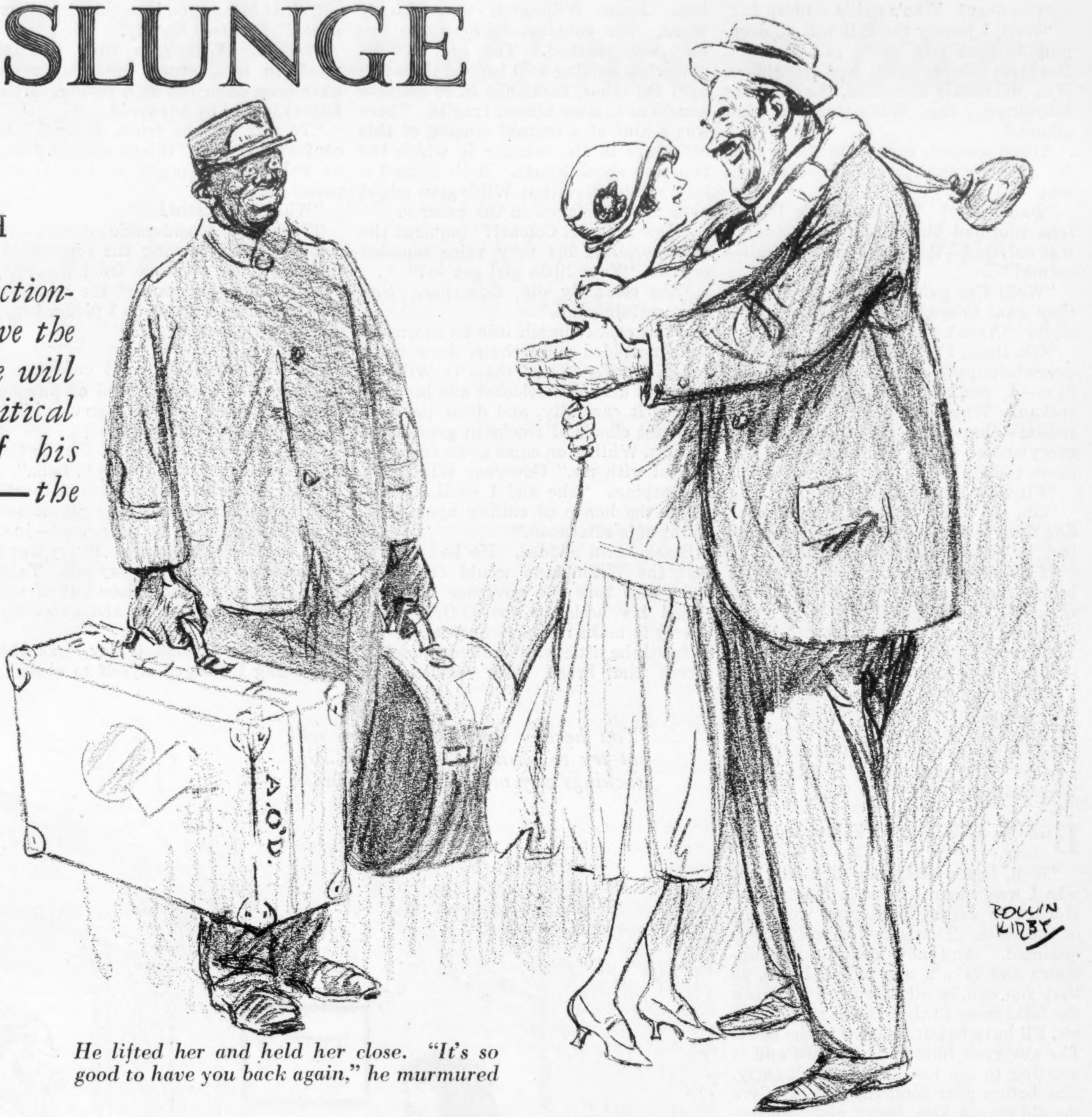
AT FIRST his career was legal. In the early nineties men of college training were none too frequent in Idaho. But politics was in his blood and by 1896, after less than half a decade's residence in the state, he had a nomination for Congress from the Silver Republican party, the only party that was extant in Idaho that year supporting the candidacy of McKinley and the platform of Bryan. He was opposed by Democratic-Populist fusion and led his ticket, but to defeat. He married the lovely daughter of a former governor of the state, rose in his profession, and grew strong in politics, and in the second decade of the last century and the first decade of this became known as a power in politics because he was the leading lawyer of the Northwest.

(*Continued on page 40*)

The SLUNGE

By
HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

Never mind what the dictionary may say, if you have the right kind of a father he will make and unmake political fortunes in behalf of his delightful daughter—the precious old slunge!



He lifted her and held her close. "It's so good to have you back again," he murmured

WHEREVER he went in that crowd on the station platform there were words of greeting. And it was a curious thing too. The polished little man with the clipped white mustache said cheerfully, "How do you do, Colonel O'Day?" But the grimy baggageman, trundling a heavily loaded truck down the platform, grinned and shouted, "Hi there, Jawn! How's tricks?"

To the polished little man he bowed courteously.

"Good morning, Judge Thompson," he replied. "Is it Mrs. Thompson or one of the girls you're expecting back? Or are you leaving for the Springs again?"

But the baggageman he clapped genially on the shoulder.

"Mickey, me bye, the tricks be fine," he told him. "And with you? Your little girl Ella is better, is she? The boils are gone? They tell me little Mickey is doing fine in school too."

The baggageman's broad countenance flushed with pleasure.

"Everything's lookin' good, Jawn," he said. "Little Ella is starting on her dancing lessons again this week."

"They're a great invention, little girls, what?" chuckled the big man. "That's what's bringing me down to your bailiwick this morning, Mickey. My own little girl's coming in on the limited, if it ever gets here."

"Git out! For true enough? She's quite the young lady now, ain't she, Jawn?"

"Just about. If only her mother—God rest her!—could have seen her coming in from college like this, 'twould have been the fine thing."

A shrill whistle from far off down the track cut the dialogue short. The bustle about the station platform died away and attention focused on the incoming train. Air brakes hissed as the panting monster drew to a halt, and then the activity on the platform was renewed twentyfold.

In the midst of the confusion a bright-eyed girl of nineteen or thereabout hurled herself straight upon the colonel's towering figure.

"Daddy boy! Daddy boy! You precious old slunge!" she cried and kissed him rapturously.

He lifted her and held her close for an instant.

"It's so good to have you back again, honey girl," he murmured. "Come now, let the O'Days be going home."

They turned and, accompanied by a smiling and grip-laden redcap, made their way through the seething crowd to the street. Scores of eyes followed their progress, and behind them there rustled everywhere the whisper, "That's them. That's Black Jawn O'Day and his daughter."

Frank admiration lay in most of the glances; frank hostility in some. The man was the greatest political power the city and state had known in a generation. "The Warwick of the Wards" one newspaper editor had dubbed him during a campaign when both of them had been on the same side of the political fence. But to the people at large he remained "Black Jawn."

SMALL thought he gave, though, to papers or people or politics as he piloted his daughter to the curb, where a shining marvel of jet and plate glass was parked squarely in front of a no-parking sign. But Aileen O'Day drew back.

"Don't tell me this is the O'Day family equipage!" she exclaimed. "Don't tell me the little red roadster's gone!"

John O'Day smiled broadly.

"Hop in there, honey," he directed. "Lots of changes in the last few months. You haven't begun to see the half of them. This old town is getting ready to welcome you home in style. Let it not be said of your father that he did not show the town the way."

The car drew silently away from the curb, nosed into the traffic stream, and headed uptown. Aileen snuggled close to her big father and took no note of the direction of their progress until they reached the Highland Terrace section.

Then she sat bolt upright.

"I thought you said the O'Days were going home," she accused. "We're going up the avenue."

"And that checks both ways, honey. Wait till you see the house that is now the home of the O'Days. Just wait."

Aileen regarded her father quizzically.

"Heaven help me, I'm in the power of a madman!" she proclaimed. "Sirrah, unhand me from your costly limmozeen. You don't mean no good by your little Nell. Are you telling me you've moved out of the ward?"

"I have that. It was all right for me to be living down there while you were away, but now that you've come home for good, honey girl, you're to have a house that you can ask your new friends to without apology to any of them."

"But daddy boy! You—you of all people! Living up among the silkstockings! What do the boys in the organization say?"

Her father's eyes hardened just a trifle.

"The boys in the organization still say what I tell them to say. Never fear as to that," he declared. "Did not the organization elect one of the silkstockings governor of the state four months ago?"

"Your organization? Yours, daddy boy? In heaven's name, who was it?"

"Jonas Willington. They should have let you read the papers at the college."

"They did. But—"

She leaned toward her father and caught hold of his wrist, as though she were a physician taking his pulse.

"Hm! Pulse normal. No delirium," she murmured abstractedly. Then she pinched her cheek, hard. "And I'm awake," she continued. "Daddy, you haven't joined the reformers yourself, have you?"

Black Jawn laughed. "Well, hardly. But," he went on, "be you not troubling that pretty head of yours about politics. That was all very well in the old days, when you used to drive me around to the ward meetings. Now we'll have other things to keep you busy. See, there is the home of which you're the mistress."

They swept into the broad drive of a stately mansion. Aileen's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, what a precious! What a love it is," she cried.

And before the car had well stopped she danced up the stairs, through the open door into the broad hall, and was pirouetting from room to room, coming to rest finally on the arm of the huge chair into which her father had cast himself to watch her.

"I'm going on a voyage of discovery all over the place, darlingest," she told him, "just as soon as I have time. And now, let the O'Days have a real old-fashioned get-together. First off, is there a ball game in town this afternoon?"

"There is," her father replied. "But we will not be going."

AILEEN laughed merrily. "But surely, Colonel O'Day, you have no previous engagement for this afternoon?"

"No, little lady, I have not. But you have."

"Indeed, I haven't. None, that is, that I wouldn't break to go to the ball game with you."

"No, honey. You are receiving callers this afternoon."

"Oh, dear! Who's going to drop in?"

"Well, I hardly think it will be dropping in that you would call it. Mrs. Harrison Boyes and her daughters, Mrs. Barksdale Hamilton, the Tremont Mayburys, the Willingtons—a few others."

Aileen gasped, rose from the arm of her father's chair, and turned to face him.

"Daddy boy! The Barksdale Hamiltons who had blue blood when Adam's was only red—they are coming to call—on me?"

"Well, I'm quite certain it's not me they want to see," Black Jawn observed slyly. "Aren't you pleased?"

"Oh, Dads, I'm just out of breath. It's overwhelming," Aileen assured him. "I'm—I can't—understand it all, I reckon. Why, those people—do you realize—that—why, I'll be asked simply everywhere. And somehow—it just doesn't fit."

"Fit what, honey girl?"

"Oh, I don't know. Everything." She flung out a hand in a gesture that took in the room and its occupants.

"I guess you mean it doesn't fit with being the daughter of Black Jawn O'Day," said her father gently.

"Now, Dads, that isn't what I mean. You know it isn't. What I mean is that it just doesn't fit with me being me. Those people that are coming here to call—they never go outside their own circle. They're families that have been here for perfect ages—and there wasn't a time when they lived in the Fifth Ward, either."

BLACK JAWN O'DAY laughed joyously.

"Well, honey girl, they all found out who I was when it came to making the Honorable Jonas Willington governor of the state. That's how we all got acquainted. And now do you run upstairs and take a nap before lunch, so that you can be all freshened up when the folks come in the afternoon. As for me, I'll have to hurry down to the office. The governor himself is in town and is wanting to see me. I'll be back early, long before your company leaves. Give the old man a kiss, honey girl. Suffering Moses! But it's good to have you back!"

Black Jawn was still smiling when he made his way through the gathering in his outer office to the luxuriously furnished private suite where he devoted his time mostly to the pulling of strings and the nice adjustment of wires. An eager chorus of greeting had welled up to him as he entered. Half his world was seeking his favor, now that he was riding the crest of the wave again, through his successful backing of Willington's candidacy.

This man wanted a place on the public pay roll for a shiftless brother-in-law. That one desired to have dropped the charge of operating an automobile while under the influence of liquor, which had been lodged against a valued customer. A group there wanted O'Day to swing the solid block of city votes in the legislature—now in session at the capital—against a certain provision of the tax bill. One sought appointment to the police force; another wanted the post of master mechanic at one of the car barns; still another quite frankly sought a cash loan.

BUT he waved them all aside good-naturedly. "Sorry, boys. Have to ask you to wait a while," he announced. "My little girl got in from the East to-day, and I had to be at the train to meet her. If you'll be good enough to drop back to-morrow, I'll do what I can for all of you. I'm afraid I'm tied up for the rest of this day."

He turned and stepped swiftly into his private office, closing the door behind him. Jonas Willington was already there. The contrast between the two men was marked. The one, sturdy, powerful, bulking well beyond the average; the other, fashioned in so delicate a mold as to seem almost fragile. There was a hint of a mutual sensing of this difference in the manner in which the two men shook hands. Both seemed a bit apprehensive that Willington might be a trifle damaged in the process.

"How are you, Colonel?" inquired the governor, and his very voice sounded brittle. "Your little girl get in?"

"She certainly did, Governor. She most certainly did."

O'Day eased himself into an enormous leather-padded office chair, drew up a box of cigars, offered them to Willington, who declined, selected one himself, lighted it carefully, and drew the first fragrant clouds of smoke in gratefully.

"Mrs. Willington came down from the capital with me," Governor Willington was saying. "She and I shall do ourselves the honor of calling upon Miss O'Day this afternoon."

Black Jawn nodded. He had known that the Willingtons would call. He knew also that the governor had not cooled his heels in the O'Day office merely to make this announcement. So he faced the little white-haired patrician across the broad desk inquiringly.

"What brings you here this time, Governor?" he asked bluntly.

Governor Willington went through what, in less favored mortals, would have been described as a session of the fidgets before he answered.

"To tell you the truth, Colonel," he confessed at last, "things are not going as well as they might in the legislature."

"What's the trouble?"

"There is considerable dissatisfaction, especially among the representatives and the senators from the city, over the carrying out of the administrative program to which I pledged myself in my campaign."

O'DAY chuckled in vast enjoyment. "The city boys are kind of pawing the ground over your civil-service bill," he hazarded. "Is that it?"

"Frankly, yes. At least, that is the point at which they all seem to balk."

"Well, Governor, can you blame them? How do you think those boys got elected to the legislature? By patronage—just plain, ordinary patronage. Every ward has so many jobs on the pay roll. Take the power to fill those jobs out of the hands of the organization and, as we say in French, blooie!"

"But that, Colonel O'Day, was the very thing I pledged myself to abolish. I promised the people of this state a civil-service law which would take the patronage club out of the hands of the officials. The people elected me on that program—"

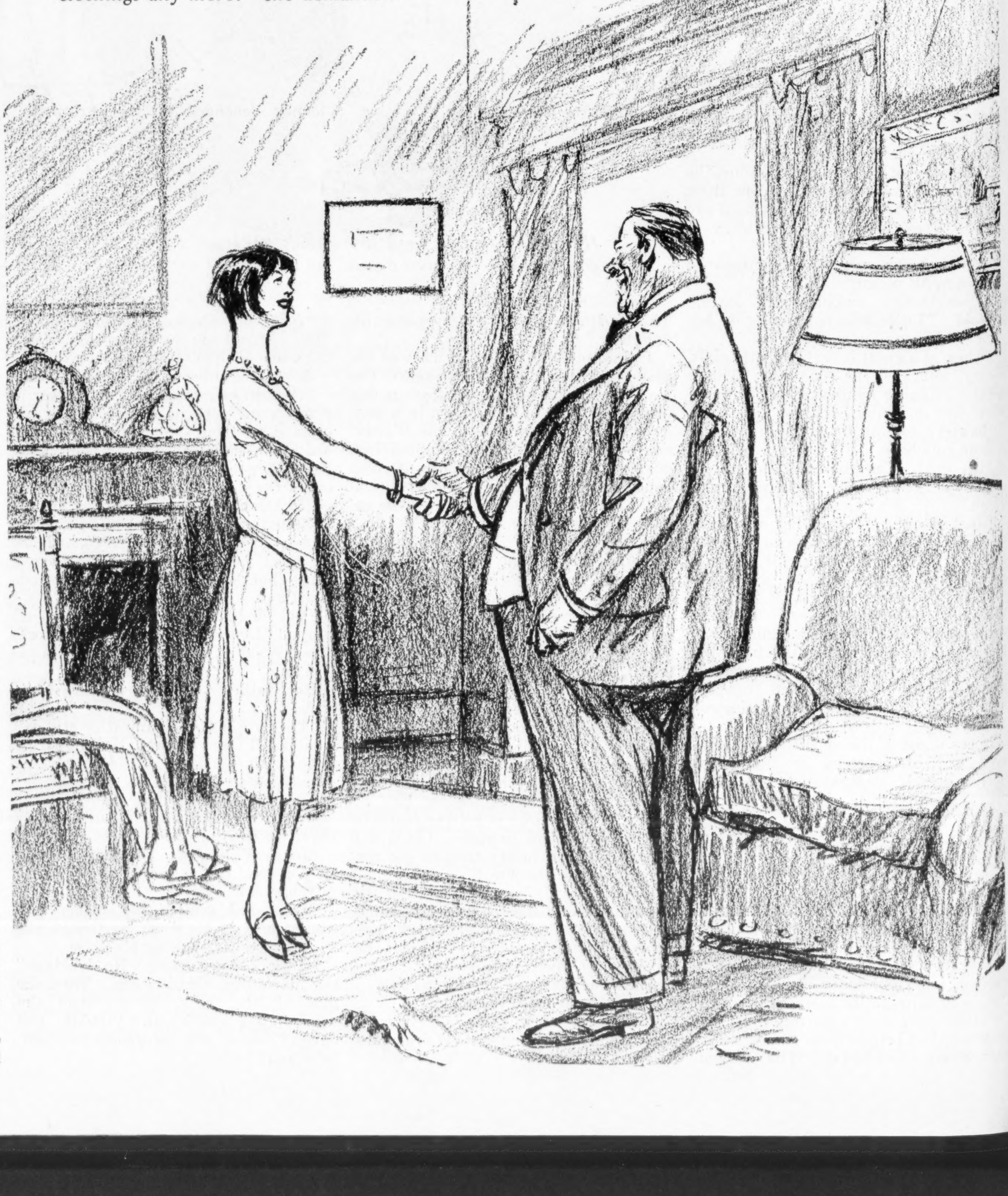
"Did they that?" interrupted O'Day musingly. "Technically, I suppose they did. But it comes to me that the organization had some small part in seeing to it that you were elected."

"Right," snapped the governor. "And the organization had no business supporting me if it was not prepared to back up my program as well as my personal campaign for office."

"Perhaps. But did you have any business accepting the support of the organization if you planned to destroy it afterward?"

"At least I played my cards on the table, face up. You and your organization both knew what my program was. And, Colonel O'Day, it would be plain treachery for the organization to knife that program now. For I will not conceal from you the fact that without the vote of the city delegation in the legislature the civil-service bill is dead."

"Softly, softly now," counseled O'Day, "before we start to speak of treachery and suchlike. Hard words will mend no broken pledges. Besides, I have not yet said that I will not support your civil-service bill." (*Continued on page 49*)



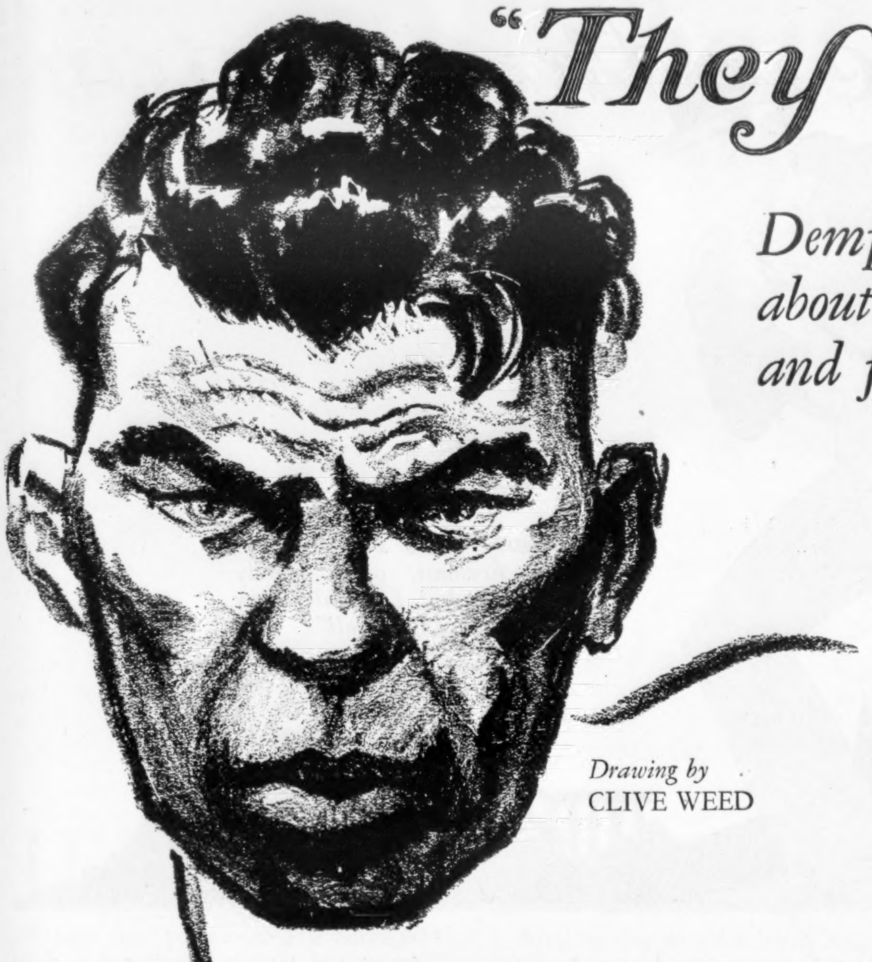
"You hereby declare that you will not try to wish me off on the silk-stockings any more?" she demanded

"They call me a bum"

Dempsey is cursed at, glared at and talked about—but when he steps into the ring and fights he draws the biggest "gate"

An interview with JACK DEMPSEY

By JOHN B KENNEDY



Drawing by CLIVE WEED

"SOMETIMES I feel I'd like to give my memory a knock-out and really enjoy life."

Jack Dempsey said this after demonstrating that he had a memory with a reach longer than the long arm of coincidence.

I had talked with him six years ago, since which time he had slammed himself into the world's heavyweight championship and slammed out several ambitious gentlemen who coveted his title. Yet he remembered exactly the words passed between us at a crucial point in his career.

It was a November night in Madison Square Garden. Dempsey was one of a grab bag full of fighters whose illegal operations in the name of war charity were connived at by the police, for the Frawley Law was dead and the Walker Law unborn.

He had engaged to meet a certain Joe Bond. With Jack Kearns, he entered the packed arena to loud and sustained cheers, and he was about to climb into the ring when Kearns checked him. In the squared circle had suddenly appeared a dark cloud instead of the white foeman Messrs. Dempsey and Kearns had engaged to decapitate. The cloud was none other than Harry Wills' precursor—the illustrious Joe Jeannette, Afric super-slugger and taxi magnate of Hoboken and the Jersey netherlands.

Jeannette paced the ring like a black angel of destruction, snorting challenge at the amazed white man. The crowd roared cheers at the Negro and emptied its fifteen thousand throats in jibes at Dempsey. Kearns, perfumed and peeved, bobbed about the press seats, strenuously arguing that Dempsey had offered his services gratis to fight a Caucasian named Bond: that he would fight none other.

The hissing of ten thousand serpents singed Dempsey's ears. The Negro's lips curled over shining teeth. Dempsey sprang from his chair for the ring, but a lavender-cuffed hand of Kearns restrained him.

"You stay put," Kearns barked as shrieks of "Quitter!" "Big bum!" "Yeller dog!" issued from the smoke clouds in the galleries.

Dempsey glowered, black-browed, flushed, a dumb giant stung by mocking wasps. Those nearest him understood, sympathized. If he went into the ring with Jeannette, one lucky punch might spoil his career.

"Sit tight, Jack," I advised him. "Box Bond or nobody."

He thrust a bandaged hand into mine.

"I'll fight any white man they put on," he growled huskily, "but I didn't agree to fight a colored boy."

What Dempsey Wants to Forget

AS JEANNETTE leered and the mob howled, he writhed. But between him and the ring stood the slim figure of Kearns. Twenty minutes of screaming and hissing ensued. Then Dempsey, head bowed, was led away.

Little more than a year later the same screamers and revilers, in the same arena, shrieked themselves into frenzied applause as the flailing fists of the same Dempsey knocked brawny Bill Brennan into oblivion.

"I remember all that," said Dempsey, the champion, "and many other things I'd like to forget.

"This business of being a champion," he went on, as he broke the shoulder of one of the Alamac's best chairs by leaning back too jerkily, "is a continual game of comparisons. I think of what I was before I knocked out Willard in Toledo and speculate what I'll be after somebody knocks me out somewhere else. They call you a bum before you get to be champion. They call you a bum after somebody slaps you out of the title. And even while you're champion you're called a bum.

"I can stand all the rough stuff that goes with my profession—that's part of the week's work. The fight game may be as bad as some people say it is —or it may not be much better. It's got its parasites and its crooks. In my climb to the championship I got to know a lot of them, and I've met new ones since. But they're in all branches of commercialized sport, just as they're in everything involving money.

"Before I fought Firpo two men I knew casually called on me at my training quarters. After the usual pleasantries they asked me what round I expected to finish Firpo in.

"I told them I didn't know: that I'd take him just as quickly as I could. They pulled a wise crack about the films of my Carpentier fight being too short.

"'Listen,' I told them. 'If I think of movies when I'm defending my title, I'll probably lose it.'

"They came back at me, trying to pin me down to the round I'd go after Firpo for a knock-out. Then one of them went too far by saying that a lot of money depended on the information. He was lucky to leave the camp without a broken jaw.

"But gamblers aren't the only pests. I've had fighters confidentially ask me when I'd turn on the rough work with them. Probably attempts to reach an 'understanding.' I've always had one answer: 'Watch out from the beginning, boy. You and I can be friends and agreeable before the bell starts us off and after it rings us out, but not between.'

There came up for consideration a delicate subject. In July Collier's had printed an amazing article concerning overtures by Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, to one Jim Maloney, a New England heavyweight, the new Boston strong boy. The story told how Kearns, whether sincerely or not, had unfolded a plan to Maloney whereby Maloney could succeed Dempsey as the heavyweight champion after preliminary ballyhooing and the necessary pug game tricks.

"I don't know anything about the details," mumbled Dempsey. "But the story doesn't surprise me.

"I'm through with Kearns after my contract runs out next September. I don't care how positively you print it. We've been on a fifty-fifty basis financially ever since I became champion, when he's really entitled to 35 per cent. But I don't complain about that. Recent developments have convinced me that I can handle my own affairs just as well as any manager—so can any boxer with a real head on his shoulders. Kearns is smart, and I give him his fair share of credit for having helped to pilot me to the championship. But no man can talk of me as though I were his chattel.

"That's another drawback in being champion. You have more spokesmen for you than the White House—and most of them manage to say the wrong thing at the wrong time. In the future I'll do my own talking—and there won't be much of it."

Another drawback to add to those already enumerated and suggested is the general impression that the million-dollar punch of romance is worth a million in reality.

"I've made money—lots of it," says Dempsey. "More than I could have made in any other business. But not half as much as people think. They read that I got $300,000 for fighting Carpentier. I do get big money, but I don't begin to enjoy half of it by the time I'm through with the managerial split, income tax, and training-camp expenses. It will cost me from $100,000 to $150,000 to get ready for my fight with Wills. And I'll fight Wills, if we're both in good health with our reputations unimpaired next September.

"Gene Tunney has a better chance of licking me than Wills, in my opinion. In fact, I expect to see the next champion a young chap like Tunney or Jim Maloney, a hard hitter who has the necessary experience and stamina.

Looking Toward Wall Street

"WITH me it's a matter of business. I've invested enough money to take care of myself and my family. With some of the rest I've had hard luck. My hotel business in California has been through a bad, losing season. Now, at thirty, with only a limited time to make money, I'm going after it. The movies don't begin to make the money for me a fight does.

"When I visit Europe they say I'm ducking fights. Can't a man have whatever pleasure he can afford?

"I like to travel to see how my profession fares in other countries. When a doctor or lawyer does this he's a research student. When a champion fighter does it he's a coward."

Dempsey, under the barrage of criticism that has come to him, has pointed his career to a day when he'll be through.

"I'm going into the brokerage business. We'll start a firm as Jack Dempsey & Co. before I'm through. I've already drawn up a partnership with Maurice Shewitt, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and in a few years I'll be permanently trading bonds and stocks instead of jabs and hooks. I've learned a good deal about the investment business through my own operations, and with Shewitt I'll make a life's work out of the game."

Dempsey believes he can keep Corbett's standard of physical fitness when he's done with the ring. He admires "Gentleman Jim" enormously; desires to emulate him—in everything but the final knock-out.

"With all the drawbacks in the fight business," he concludes, "it's made me rich. If I had a son, and he had the physique, I'd put him into the ring."

You can't blame the doctor

By An Old Practitioner

"For forty years I have slept like a fireman, often partly dressed, so that I could hurry to any night call"

WHEN you (or Bill Johnston) get peeved at a doctor it's your own fault, nine times out of ten. Read this article and find out what a doctor's life is really like. It is written in answer to last week's "If I Were a Doctor," in which William Johnston spoke his mind about doctors' methods. The author (who prefers to remain anonymous) is a well-known physician to whom forty years of small-town experience have brought much wisdom.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON finds something wrong with himself. He says it's his pipes, and he tries to patch them up himself. He buys a couple of packages of cough drops, he gargles something that he buys on faith at the corner pharmacy, ties a cloth about his throat and, if the truth were well known, swallows a lot of disagreeable things before he goes to a doctor. And then he sits himself down and writes a piece about what he would do were he a doctor.

Yes, I know all about Mr. William Johnston. There are millions of him, and I have ministered to several hundred of him myself in the forty years of my career as a humble medical practitioner.

All that ails him is a cold, and that cold is the very natural result of his own dissipations or unnatural life habits. He probably leads a sedentary life and eats excessively without consideration of his bodily requirements.

In spite of his bad habits of eating, he could give nature quite a lift by a few simple forms of exercise taken first thing in the morning and last thing at night; but he hasn't enough time or energy for so much as one sixth of a Daily Dozen. He buys something at the drug store instead, wraps a cloth around his neck, groans and complains to his wife until the poor woman, as he says, advises him to go to the doctor.

What can I say to William Johnston? To tell him the bald truth about himself would make him an enemy for life and he wouldn't believe a word of it, anyway. I do about as he says: I make what he calls "turkey tracks" on a piece of paper, send him to the druggist for a simple cathartic which he would spurn under any other than its Latin or Greek name, give him a few musts as to his diet and put him to bed. The simple diet and the rest in bed effect the cure with slight aid from the cathartic.

Now listen to William. He says if he were a doctor he would hold his first duty to be toward the fellow being who sought his aid. "I would try to make myself an honest health adviser to him. I would try to enlist his intelligence to aid my efforts in reëstablishing conditions to let nature's healing powers assert themselves." All this William says he would do if he were a doctor, just as if that were not exactly what the doctors have been doing all these years through the public health service nationally and in every state, in departments of health in every city and county, and in associations national, state and local, waging continual warfare against tuberculosis, typhoid, smallpox, cancer, diphtheria, and all other contagious and malignant diseases.

Doctor Bills Don't Count

WE doctors *do* take the public into our confidence and give them the benefit of all the knowledge we have, communicating to them in bulletins, in clinics and through the press every new development and every new fact in our ceaseless researches.

Ten to twenty hours of my time each week I give to charity patients in two of our city's hospitals. Other physicians are doing the same; not occasionally, but at fixed hours, on certain days, several days in each week. I haven't seen William Johnston or his plumber doing anything like that.

I spent eight years in training and $30,000 in cash in equipping myself for the practice of medicine, and I haven't quit spending time and money for new knowledge and equipment. Even since I left college I have had to learn the use of the X-ray, the fluoroscope, the proctoscope and the electro-cardiograph machine. I have had to learn how to examine and determine the basal metabolism of my patients in the treatment of diabetes; I have had to master the tuberculin test, the Widal test in typhoid and the Schick test in diphtheria. All this in the interest of William Johnston and his unreasonable tribe.

I write frankly and a bit harshly perhaps about William Johnston because the poor unreasonable fellow has ever been the despair of my profession and the bar to all public-health progress. And I may write thus frankly because I am an old man now and will soon be vacating this cluttered-up old office and the shabby reception-room which evokes Mr. Johnston's scorn.

Yes, that reception-room is a bit shabby. I have seen more inviting reception-rooms, sumptuously furnished and decorated, in handsome suites, occupied by unethical specialists and quacks who have only contempt for William Johnston and deal ruthlessly with him when he falls into their hands.

Some of the things he says about the medical profession are true, all too true. But in a world where there are so many fool patients and dishonest patients, it is to be expected that there will be some fool practitioners and some dishonest practitioners to prey upon them.

It's true that I don't send out bills as often and as insistently as do the grocer, the baker and the plumber. It doesn't do much good for a doctor to send bills, anyway; somehow, most people have an idea that a doctor can be paid as it pleases them; some seem to think he doesn't have to be paid at all.

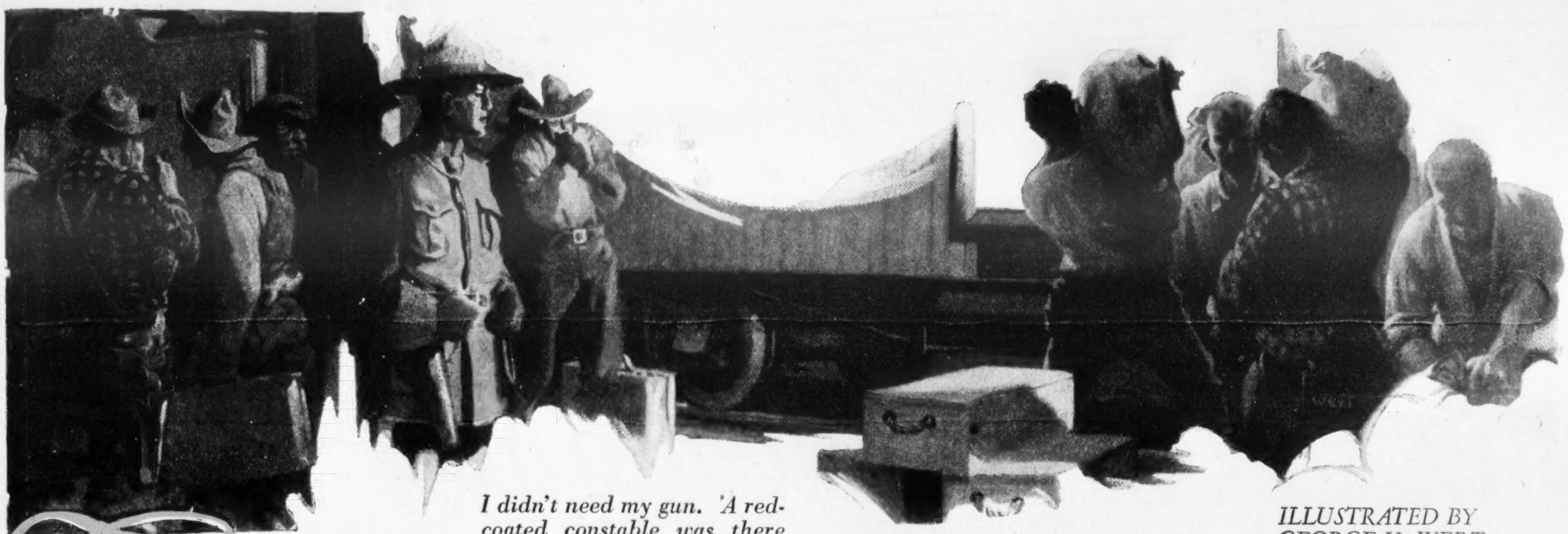
Many bills we never send at all. There are not just a few, but thousands of cases in the lifetime of a family doctor for which no bill is ever rendered. The child of indigent parents at the point of death from diphtheria—almost too late; because for lack of money in the house the poor parents have hesitated to call the doctor! To sit by the bedside of that little sufferer for hours, fingers to its pulse, stethoscope to its little heart, administering the antitoxin that even at this late hour may save its life! To tiptoe softly from the room after an all-night vigil, maybe, out into the morning air, away from the dank and smell of the tenement chamber, glad that the knowledge of my profession has enabled me to assist nature in restoring the balance necessary to the preservation of that one little life!

Sunshine and Common Sense

WHAT matters the bill? Money seems an awkward and absurd compensation in such a case. My compensation is of the heart. I wonder if Mr. William Johnston ever got a thrill out of life like that?

I appreciate the limitations of medical knowledge; in the absence of much knowledge we have done our share of guessing, indeed; but we of the medical profession are humbly conscious of our limitations and ever striving, hand in hand with every science, to find the sure ways for the eradication of diseases, the alleviation of human suffering and the prolonging of human life.

Not all of our skill and brain are employed in the concoction of prescriptions and the making of "turkey tracks" on slips of paper. If that were all in a doctor's life, I think I should have long ago abandoned the profession to be a plumber or run a cigar store, where I could see and talk with so many folks. It is as a father confessor to the ailing and troubled of every walk of life that the doctor finds, perhaps, his greatest field of labor and the greatest satisfaction of his busy life. For many of the troubles of men and women are troubles of the heart and mind, which are often soothed or corrected by a kindly or tactful word from a sympathetic and understanding doctor. If we did nothing more than carry a little sunshine and common sense to the ailing and despondent who seek our aid, even then our profession would fill a very great human need.



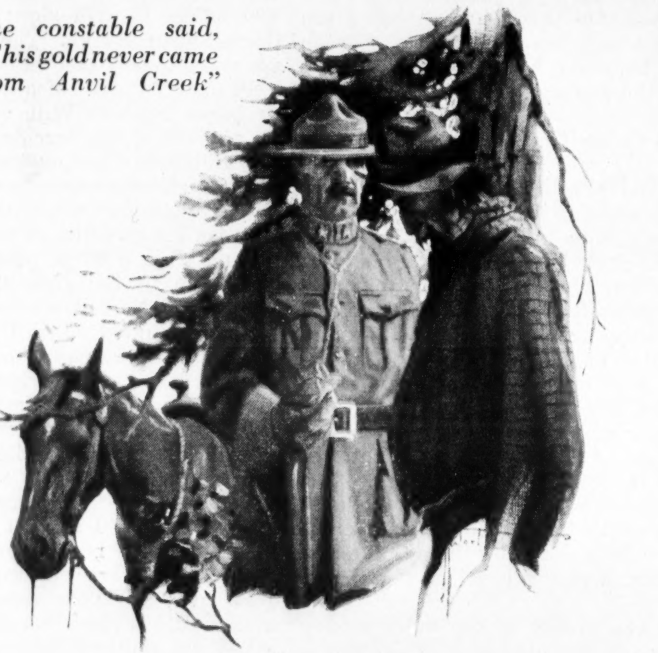
I didn't need my gun. A red-coated constable was there

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE H. WERT

The guardian of the virgin gold

By WALTER W. LIGGETT

HERE are dramatic, true stories of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. You have often heard it said of them: "They always get their man." They do, and without counting the cost in time, money or hardship. How self-sacrificing devotion to duty has made a vast and wild country as safe as the sidewalks in your town is told in this article, the first of a series of five, detailing adventures of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, now officially named the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The remaining four will appear in successive issues of Collier's. Next week: "The Land of Losing Men."



The constable said, "This gold never came from Anvil Creek"

HE STOOD at ease, not lounging, but so tall and straight that the slight relaxation made his attitude seem careless and nonchalant. He was alone. His horse was tied under shelter, for a driving rain had settled down with nightfall in this tract of the Yukon. It dimmed the headlights of the locomotives at the Caribou Crossing station and made a glistening blackness in which only a few flickering lanterns danced along the trail.

His red uniform coat was out of sight, covered up by the rubber poncho buttoned tight against the rain and wind.

Not all of the thousand or so persons gathered around the station or getting on and off the trains could have noticed him. Perhaps they sensed him. In the dark and the wet there was little to attract the eye to him, since his red coat did not show. He was armed, of course. But there were plenty of pistols in that crowd.

He said nothing, maintaining his own peculiar vigilance.

In the midst of the storm a youngster came through the crowd dragging sacks of gold dust and packing boxes of gold ingots. With pitiless publicity the sacks and boxes were dumped into the door of a baggage car, into the arms of a crew of Montenegrin section men, the little, strong swarthy Men of the Black Mountain, who received them with guttural grumblings at their weight and shape; kicking them into corners; eager only to slam the baggage-car door against the cold needles of the rain.

The mob watched the transfer of the gold in a dozen moods, from wild avarice to idle incuriosity.

Red Coat wrapped in his rubber poncho did not stir.

In the crowd one could hear casual murmurs over what was going on, offhand calculations of the value of the shipment. Experienced ones figured rightly that the stuff must be worth upward of $3,000,000.

Now the little Men of the Black Mountain began toiling prodigiously, like grim dwarfs lost in a snowy wilderness.

They carried the gold half a mile through the wild, mountainous country. They crossed an improvised bridge over a torrent that flooded the railway tracks, and loaded the stuff into another baggage car. Thence it would roll down to the sea.

The constable of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police moved off to the shelter where his horse was tied.

I sighed with relief. The gold had been no weight on my conscience, but it had dragged considerably on the muscles of my arms and back as I toted it through the rain to the baggage car.

I had gone to the Alaska of Rex Beach and Jack London, and it made me very proud and important when I was first appointed express messenger for the White Pass & Yukon Railway.

Practically all the gold mined in the Klondike district and the interior of Alaska was shipped to Skagway, the seaport, over the White Pass & Yukon.

The road was a little narrow-gauge line winding through the mountains.

Placed in charge of my first gold shipment, I asked the superintendent, "Where's my gun?"

"Oh, I guess you'll find one in the baggage car safe," he answered.

I found it and put it on my desk—an old-fashioned forty-four with a muzzle like a small cannon. The conductor came in.

"What's the idea?" He motioned toward the pistol.

"Why, I thought I ought to have my gun handy."

"Put it back in the safe. The boys won't feel easy with that cannon lying around."

He drew me to the car door, pointing out a figure in the crowd on the station platform. It was a red-coated constable of the Royal Northwest Mounted.

"You don't need a gun. Unless you want to unload it and use it as a paperweight. Your gold is safe. Those fellows get a man. Everybody up here knows it. It don't pay to take a chance with the red coats."

In one summer I saw millions in gold handled as carelessly as if the sacks held sand. Roustabouts and steerage folk slept on sacks of gold piled on the decks of Yukon River steamers. I had charge of several single shipments of more than $1,000,000 apiece. The baggage car was unlocked, except that I locked it for appearance' sake when I joined the train crew at a way-station lunch counter.

That lot of over $3,000,000 had been stored for ten days in an ordinary box car in the railroad yards at White Horse, the head of navigation on the Yukon River. Everyone in town, including several hundred transients, knew it was there. It was entirely unguarded, except by prestige.

A Mounted Police constable making his rounds would try the door of the box car three or four times during a night. That was all.

Worry? I had none, except backaches. The virgin gold was shipped in sacks weighing 200 pounds and boxes averaging 375 pounds each. I had to hoist it in and out of the baggage car. One day there were forty-three boxes, and I remember that backache yet.

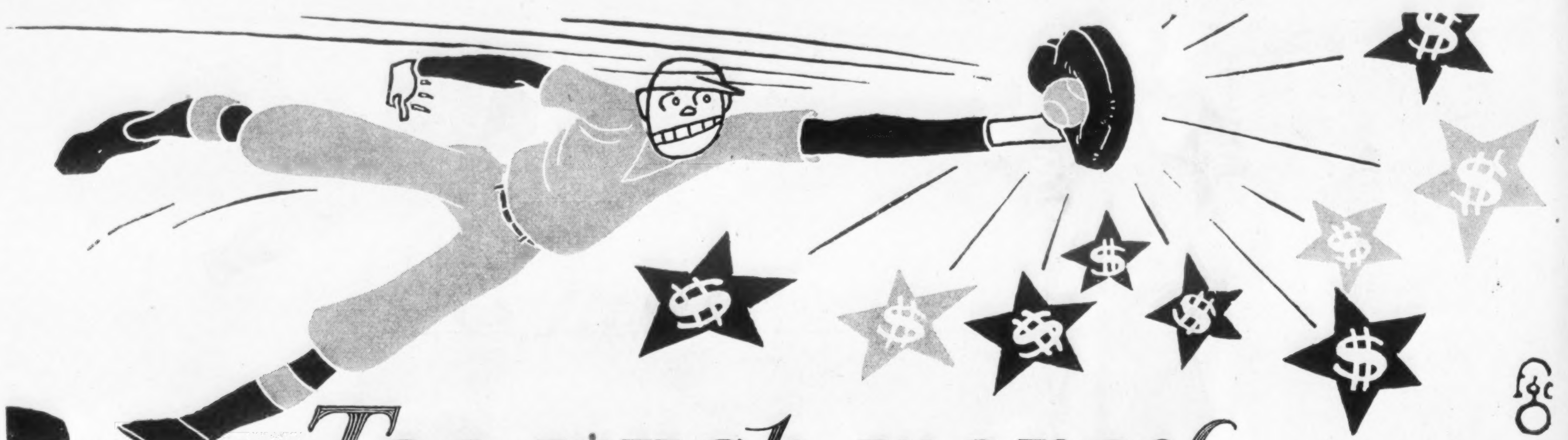
I handled over $11,000,000 in gold in six months. I was not bonded. My pistol stayed in the safe the whole time.

One day the train was stopped and backed three miles into White Horse because a passenger suddenly missed a poke containing $12,000 in gold dust and remembered he had left it in his hotel room. The chambermaid had found it, and it was handed over to him intact.

Many passengers carried much more than $12,000, and this was perfectly well known.

The railroad ran through a lonely country. After leaving White Horse there were only three Mounted Police posts in a stretch of ninety miles.

But the only (*Continued on page 53*)



Too much money

To-day the pay is the thing, not the game. The Golden Calf is running away with sport

By GRANTLAND RICE

NO ONE has ever accused your humble but cheerful correspondent of being a calamity howler. He has always preferred looking on the sunny side of things; and he hasn't spent much time peering into the shadows, searching for ghosts of trouble and phantoms of sorrow.

But the time has about arrived when sport must watch the money side—or there will be practically no sport left. It is quite possible to conceive of a world without any sport at all, without any friendly competition. But it wouldn't be quite so good a world as the one we live in.

The saving angle is that 90 or 95 per cent of the competitors will never be good enough to commercialize their game, so the shadow may never entirely engulf us. But there will be trouble ahead unless conditions change.

A few days ago an old-timer was discussing the situation as it was and is. "In my day," he said, "an amateur competition was largely a matter of fun and fame. There was no such publicity as the game receives to-day. If you had a steady job such fame was more likely to hurt you than to help you. To-day it is largely a matter of dollars and cents. Not everywhere, but in the majority of cases. The competitor may be a bond salesman, an insurance agent, a playwriter or something else. If he is a champion it helps his business, whatever he may think about it."

I was talking a few days ago to a well-known golfer. "I wanted to make good in business," he said, "to learn my work and be ready to advance. I had decided practically to give up golf. But when a certain tournament came on the hint was passed along from the head of the firm that I was expected to play, and to win if possible. It meant good advertising for my line. Later I found the boss was using me rather steadily to play golf matches with leading customers. I had been given a job because I was good bait. The business talk followed the round of golf. So I quit and got another job."

This sort of thing happens often enough. On the other side, there is at least one well-known firm that won't employ any leading golfer or tennis player. This firm is looking for those who can work at the job seven or eight hours a day through five or six days a week.

But there are certain positions where athletic fame is a big help, and probably always will be. But it can easily be overdone. Just how soundly is the player who is getting most of his business through athletic fame building for the future?

We have tennis players who start from the Bahamas or Florida in the winter and, after working as far west as California, finish up in the East in September. The natural question is, "What else do they do for a living?"

There is no way to prevent championship fame from becoming an asset in certain business jobs. The trouble is that the thing is too frequently overdone.

To-day the real workman, the man who has to hold down a steady job to make a living, has little chance against those who are making winning sport pay. He is up against too great a handicap—and this handicap isn't given sufficient consideration. He is beaten where he never had a chance against those who are making victory pay.

The Color Line Gleams Yellow

CERTAIN colleges have discovered that winning football teams draw in more students and draw out greater gifts from the alumni. So, in one way or another, they manage to evolve astonishingly strong teams. Colleges and universities are getting more and more particular in this respect; and as long as there is steady improvement there can't be much complaint. It must be taken for granted that the human race improves at about the same rate of speed at which glaciers move. The only way to clean house is for colleges that stick to the cleaner way to cross off from their schedules those that don't. And this, in many cases, is now being done.

The appearance of too much money can turn almost any game upside down. This is true of professional sport as well as amateur. Professional sport is mainly a matter of money. This is known and accepted as a self-evident proposition. But talk to a few promoters who have been trying to get champions to box, and you won't be surprised when a champion refuses to practice his trade.

In the old days Sullivan, Kilrain, Corbett and Fitzsimmons went from state to state, dodging sheriffs, to fight for what they could get. To-day, when the game is legal in most of the large cities, it is harder to drag a champion into action than it is to collect the German debt. The heavyweight champion must have a guarantee of $500,000 or $600,000 before he will sign; and then he doesn't want to sign. The title is worth too much to be risked in battle.

Promoters have shied away from the proposed Dempsey-Wills contest largely on account of the terrific ballyhoo and the millions in money that will be involved—and the corresponding increase in the number of reformers.

It isn't a question of racial troubles arising when a white man meets a colored man in the ring. Tom Gibbons fought Kid Norfolk without a murmur from the country. Jack Delaney fought Tiger Flowers twice without any stormy aftermath. Paul Berlenbach fought Larry Estridge, and Harry Wills battled with Bartley Madden, Luis Firpo and Charley Weinert without any protesting squawks.

But suppose Dempsey and Wills are matched? "I haven't been any too keen to get this match," said one of the biggest promoters we have. "It would draw a $2,000,000 gate. Dempsey's share would be close to a million. There would be millions of words written about the training activities of both men. And then suddenly, through all this publicity and all this talk of millions, there would be a reforming cyclone on top of us. Official permission had been given in California for the Jeffries-Johnson battle. But the pressure on the governor became more than he could stand. History might repeat itself in the Wills-Dempsey contest. Not so much because a white man was fighting a black, but because of all the publicity and the talk of millions at stake."

Some time ago a leading promoter attempted to sign up a minor champion in one of the least attractive divisions. A $50,000 guarantee was the least he would listen to for a contest that wouldn't draw $40,000. $50,000 for a ring champion to box for thirty or forty minutes isn't pocket change!

When Dempsey picked up $700,000 for his fights with Gibbons and Firpo in 1923 he could afford to take all the time he wanted before risking once more a title that was bringing him in contracts at the rate of $200,000 a year. So boxing has changed from at least a near-sport to one of the biggest sectors of Big Business. There was no world series scandal until world series gate money climbed to the neighborhood of a million dollars.

To-day there are more than a few golf matches where the betting is from $100 to $1,000 a hole. Are they playing for the fun of it, for the recreation and the fellowship? If you think so, watch the set, drawn faces and listen to a few of the arguments that start before the round is over.

A world series to-day is worth over $100,000 to the winning team. A heavyweight championship is worth at least $2,000,000 to the holder. An amateur champion in certain lines can make his sport bring in from $10,000 to $15,000 a year in strictly legal ways. So at every turn the shadow of the Golden Calf stretches across the field.

Money Loses Few Battles

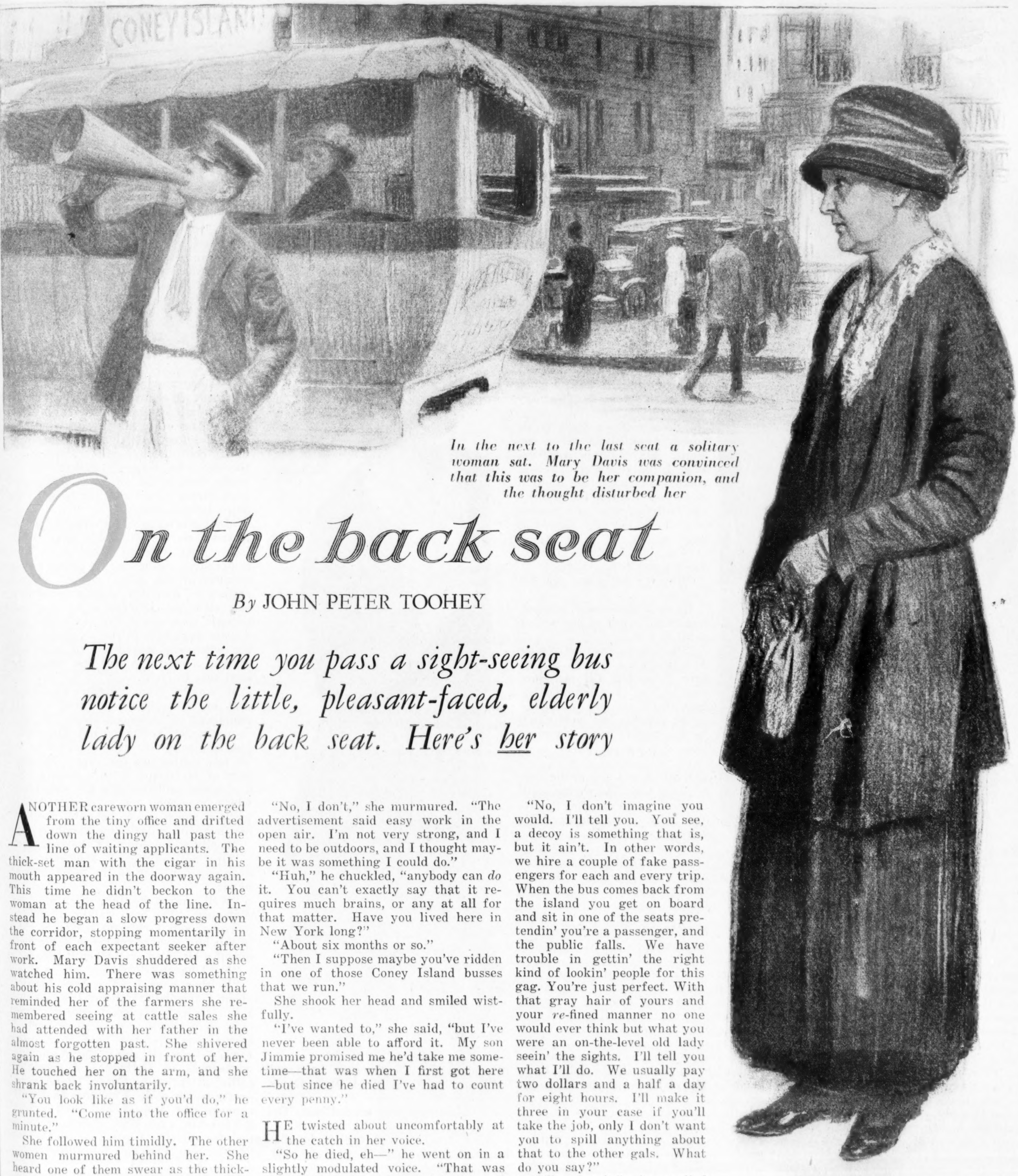
THE trouble is that sport has swept the country at a time when money is plentiful; and money has begun to predominate. Victory has become too important, and in many cases so has sport. Money loses few battles. And where a lot of money enters, a lot of trouble is bound to follow.

Most of the pure sport to-day is in the colleges and among those amateurs who are not good enough to collect from reputations, fame, or public triumphs. In the latter case the participants might be willing enough to collect if they only could, but destiny has decided to save certain games by making the majority too inept to crash into the headlines.

For all that it is just as well to watch the portals to see that too much money doesn't sweep away some of the old-fashioned ideas of play for the sake of playing.

Is Money Taking the Sport Out of Sports?

What is your answer—*yes* or *no*? For the three best letters (500 words, or less) on the subject we'll pay $25, $15 and $10. Contributions must reach us before October 15th, and none will be returned. Address: Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



In the next to the last seat a solitary woman sat. Mary Davis was convinced that this was to be her companion, and the thought disturbed her

On the back seat

By JOHN PETER TOOHEY

The next time you pass a sight-seeing bus notice the little, pleasant-faced, elderly lady on the back seat. Here's her story

ANOTHER careworn woman emerged from the tiny office and drifted down the dingy hall past the line of waiting applicants. The thick-set man with the cigar in his mouth appeared in the doorway again. This time he didn't beckon to the woman at the head of the line. Instead he began a slow progress down the corridor, stopping momentarily in front of each expectant seeker after work. Mary Davis shuddered as she watched him. There was something about his cold appraising manner that reminded her of the farmers she remembered seeing at cattle sales she had attended with her father in the almost forgotten past. She shivered again as he stopped in front of her. He touched her on the arm, and she shrank back involuntarily.

"You look like as if you'd do," he grunted. "Come into the office for a minute."

She followed him timidly. The other women murmured behind her. She heard one of them swear as the thick-set man closed the door.

"A pretty bum-looking bunch this time," he remarked—"that is, all of 'em except you."

He waved her into one of the two kitchen chairs which the office contained and took the other himself.

"Yeh," he continued, "the minute I spotted you I said to myself—there's somebody who's refined and different, somebody who'll give a new kick to this thing. I suppose you know what the job is."

"No, I don't," she murmured. "The advertisement said easy work in the open air. I'm not very strong, and I need to be outdoors, and I thought maybe it was something I could do."

"Huh," he chuckled, "anybody can *do* it. You can't exactly say that it requires much brains, or any at all for that matter. Have you lived here in New York long?"

"About six months or so."

"Then I suppose maybe you've ridden in one of those Coney Island busses that we run."

She shook her head and smiled wistfully.

"I've wanted to," she said, "but I've never been able to afford it. My son Jimmie promised me he'd take me sometime—that was when I first got here—but since he died I've had to count every penny."

HE twisted about uncomfortably at the catch in her voice.

"So he died, eh—" he went on in a slightly modulated voice. "That was certainly tough. Well, I'd better tell you about this stunt. You see, we figured out years ago that people didn't shine up very much to gettin' on board an empty bus. They sort of shied at it. It's funny, but most people don't like to be the first to do anything. Then I suppose, too, that they figured, seein' an empty bus, that it'd be a long time before it started. Anyway we found out that something had to be done, and so we began to hire decoys."

"I don't understand," she murmured.

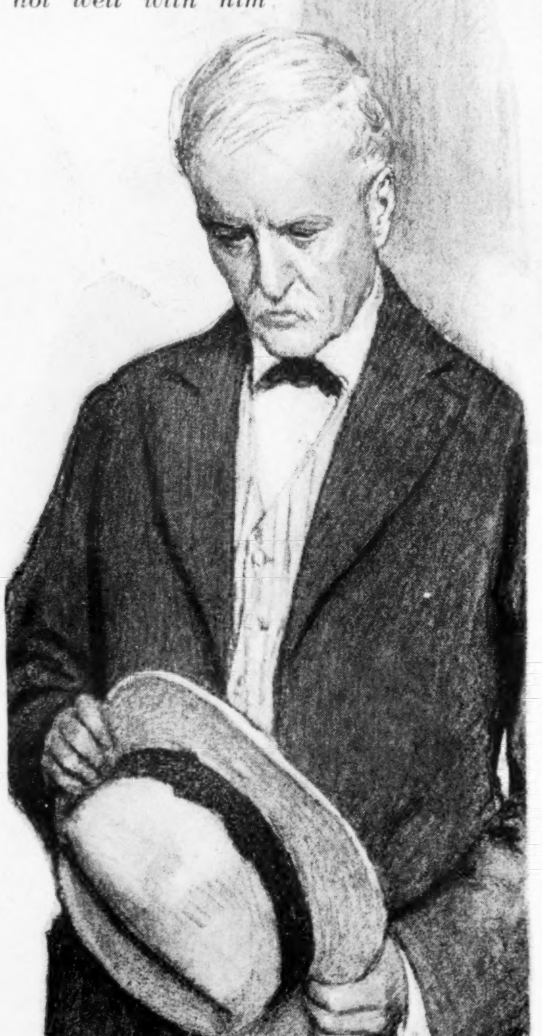
"No, I don't imagine you would. I'll tell you. You see, a decoy is something that is, but it ain't. In other words, we hire a couple of fake passengers for each and every trip. When the bus comes back from the island you get on board and sit in one of the seats pretendin' you're a passenger, and the public falls. We have trouble in gettin' the right kind of lookin' people for this gag. You're just perfect. With that gray hair of yours and your *re*-fined manner no one would ever think but what you were an on-the-level old lady seein' the sights. I'll tell you what I'll do. We usually pay two dollars and a half a day for eight hours. I'll make it three in your case if you'll take the job, only I don't want you to spill anything about that to the other gals. What do you say?"

"I'll take it," she replied quickly. "I never was good at pretending. It always seemed sort of wrong to me somehow, but there are times, I guess, when folks are justified in doing 'most anything they have to do to get along. I'd like to start just as soon as I could."

The thick-set man caught the anxious pleading note in her voice and felt himself in the grip of a strange and bewildering emotion. He coughed nervously.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I wasn't goin' to put anybody on until next Monday, but seein' as you're—well, seein' as you're here and so on and ready and all that, I guess maybe you'd better go right over there now and get busy. I'll give you a little note to Bill Burgess, our Times Square ballyhoo. He'll put you wise to the ropes."

He scribbled a few words on a sheet of paper, folded it, and slipped it into



The droop of his shoulders and the drawn tension of his face told her instinctively that all was not well with him

her hand. "I was kind of wonderin'," he said awkwardly, "as I was talkin' to you if maybe you aren't—well, what I mean is that I'd like to pay you a little something in advance."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a crumpled wad of bills.

"I don't need it, really," she mumbled. "I don't expect to be paid in advance."

"Oh, that's all right, lady," he replied heartily, pressing a ten-dollar bill into her hand. "You just slip that in your kick and drop over to the corner of Forty-third and Seventh Avenue and look for a tough-looking guy with a bum eye and a cap marked 'Coney Island Bus Company.' You'll hear him makin' a noise a half a block away. That's Bill Burgess. Hand him that note I gave you, and he'll see that you get fixed up with all the dope. Good luck to you."

She drew in her trembling lip as she took his outstretched hand and managed to keep the tears back until she reached the elevator. She fumbled in her cheap little bag and slipped the money inside. It seemed as if he had almost known that there were only two single dollar bills to keep it company.

The voice of Bill Burgess assailed her ears as she waited, timidly poised on the curb, for the shrill whistle that would stop the surging traffic of Broadway and let her cross to the other side.

"All aboard for the island," he was shouting out of the corner of a capacious mouth. "Only fifty cents for a breezy ride to the sad sea waves. Only fifty cents, folks—only the half of a single dollar."

She scurried across the street at the signal and stood hesitant as she neared the big, open-topped bus which was drawn up at the edge of the sidewalk. In the next to the last seat a solitary woman sat and surveyed with what seemed a cynical eye the ceaseless stream of life flowing past. She was a woman well beyond fifty, with a furrowed, leathery skin. Untidy gray hair, escaping from under a black straw turban, spilled in all directions. Mary Davis was convinced that this was to be her companion, and the thought disturbed her. She edged up to the ballyhoo man and handed him the note. He shoved it back at her.

"I'm busy, lady," he grunted. "Ask a cop."

"But it's for you," she insisted.

He opened the note, puzzled, and then turned to her with a grin.

"Oh," he commented, "some new talent for the act. Come over here, and I'll introduce you to Mrs. Kerrigan on the back seat. I suppose Jim Fisher wised you up, but Kerrigan'll be able to give you a few more tips. She's a vet."

SHE followed him to the rear of the bus. The woman with the untidy hair eyed her warily. The ballyhoo man lowered his voice.

"Mrs. Kerrigan," he whispered, "meet Mrs. Davis. She's your new side-kick. Slip her all the low-down and treat her right."

Mrs. Kerrigan, unbending, moved a little and helped the newcomer to a seat alongside her.

"There isn't much to tell you," she confided in a low tone. "You don't have to have the brain of a Daniel Webster for this thing. All you do is sit up here like some waxwork figure you'd be after seein' in some side show somewhere and pretend you're having a nice chat with me about all the folks back home in Maryland or maybe Montana or one of those far western places. It's the laziest and the craziest job was ever invented by the mind of man. But I hope you'll stick for a while. It'll be good to have someone to talk comfy like with instead of listenin' to a lot of silly jabberin' and wild lingo from the wild, brazen hussies we've had lately. I do hope you'll stick, ma'am."

"I'm sure I will. I need the work badly—very badly."

"Sure, I can tell that by the looks of you. You're a widdy woman, I suppose, like meself, with a wild son maybe who tore the heart out of you and left you high and dry to face the music."

Mrs. Davis suddenly straightened up.

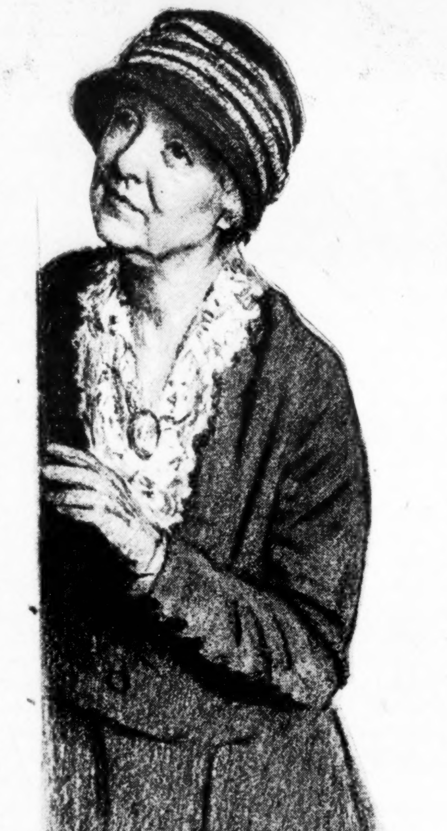
"He wasn't wild," she said with a touch of dignity in her tone, "and he didn't run away. He died two months ago. It was that that tore *my* heart out."

Mrs. Kerrigan laid a reassuring hand on her arm.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you, ma'am," she murmured. "Sure, I sometimes wish that me own wild one was dead so that I could be content in knowin' there was no new mischief he'd got his hands into."

It was an hour afterward when the last remaining empty seat on the bus was filled. Bill Burgess strolled forward to talk to the driver. Mary Davis felt her arm gripped suddenly by her companion.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," cried Mrs. Kerrigan in teary accents. "I just remember I left my bag in that restaurant. We'll have to find it, Maggie. Let's get out quick. They're goin' to start."



"Your bag?" inquired Mrs. Davis, bewildered.

"Yes, me bag—the beaded one. Get out, woman, and be quick about it."

Mary Davis found herself bundled into the street almost before she realized what was happening.

"I wish you hadn't lost your bag," said the newcomer sadly. "You made me lose my trip to Coney Island. I've wanted to go there all my life."

Mrs. Kerrigan laughed derisively as the ballyhoo man sauntered toward them.

"Sure, and you're certainly the green one, ma'am," she chuckled. "The likes of us don't get a chance to ride to the island in the bus. We have to get off before they start—usually when they're half filled up—and we have to put over some grand lie about losin' a bag or forgettin' to call someone on the phone or something like that."

"Come on now, girls," commented Bill Burgess, good-naturedly. "Do your chinnin' on the old wagon that's just pulled in across the street, and make it snappy. . . ."

A tranquillity of mind that Mary Davis had not known for weeks settled down on her when the dinner hour came and she found herself once more in the messy little Eighth Avenue restaurant where she had been taking her meager meals.

"I think I'll splurge a little to-night, Katie," she said to the untidy waitress who took her order. "You can bring me some peas and beans as well as the mashed potatoes that go with the roast beef, and I think maybe I'll have a piece of apple pie too and a bit of cheese if there is any."

THE waitress rolled her eyes and cocked her head at a quizzical angle.

"My goodness!" she murmured. "Two vegetables and a desert. What's the big idea? 'Dyeh win one of them crossword puzzle contests or something?"

Mrs. Davis was surprised to find herself laughing a little. Her mood of uplift continued as she walked home through the muggy twilight to the stuffy back room on West Forty-seventh Street where she had been living since Jimmie died.

Mrs. Kerrigan's conversational interludes were missing the next morning. That veteran decoy had been temporarily assigned to another bus because of the illness of one of her coworkers, and Mary Davis found herself alone on the rear seat. She had brought some crocheting along, and her fingers were busy in the warm morning air when she looked up to meet the gaze of a man who had just taken the next seat in front.

It was a frank, kindly disarming sort of gaze with something of the simplicity of childhood about it. She found herself returning it without embarrassment. He was somewhere in his late sixties, she felt sure. The corners of his mouth twisted slowly into a pleasant smile beneath his straggling white mustache as he took off his weather-worn straw hat and mopped his face with a dark blue handkerchief.

"Kinda warm, ain't it?" he ventured.

"Oh, not so very," she returned, dropping her eyes to the work in her hands.

"Well, maybe it ain't, after all," he continued. "I've been walkin' a lot this morning, and I thought maybe a ride in this bus down to the shore would cool me off a bit. You ever taken it before?"

"No, I haven't."

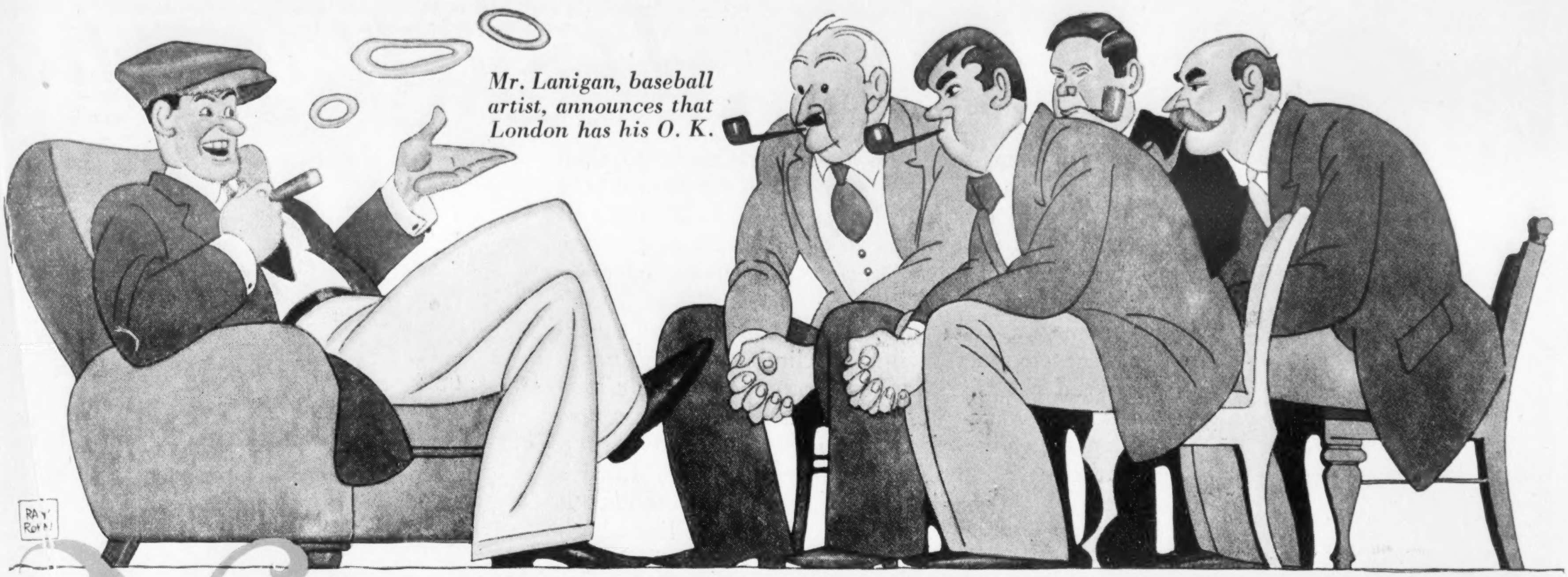
"Neither have I. I've been hearin' about Coney Island all my life. Golly, I can remember when I was a young man—and that's quite a piece back—hearin' our preacher back in Logan, Iowa, telling all about the perfidious wickedness of Gotham and specially callin' attention to Coney Island as a pretty rough spot. I suppose that's all changed now, and all that, but I've had a hankerin' ever since then to take a look for myself. I guess you don't live here in New York any more than I do, do you, ma'am?"

She looked up, wondering if she should continue the conversation, caught the kindly glint of his pale blue eyes again, and capitulated.

"I do now," she replied, "but I didn't up to about six months ago. Since my son died I've *had* to make it my home. I came here from Kansas."

He betrayed signs of intense interest, twisting farther around in his seat, apparently eager for more friendly intercourse.

"Another (*Continued on page 42*)



Mr. Lanigan, baseball artist, announces that London has his O. K.

New light from light minds

By
STEPHEN LEACOCK

When you want to learn something ask those who don't know. The idea is simple and should have been thought of before

PEOPLE who read the newspapers regularly must have noticed that the reported interviews are getting to be much brighter and more interesting than they used to be. Until recently, when the reporters interviewed travelers, distinguished visitors and political emissaries, they talked to each of them about his own particular line of life and the things about which he was supposed to know something. The result was fearful dullness.

Nowadays the thing is done in exactly the other way. Each distinguished visitor is asked questions about something that is outside of his own line of life. A vaudeville comedian gives his impression of French politics and an English bishop gives his views of women's skirts.

The result is a freshness and a charm which lend a new attraction to our newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Here are a few examples taken from the current press and drawn, as appears at once, indifferently from England and America.

BALL PLAYER VISITS ST. PAUL'S

LONDON, Friday—Ed Lanigan, star outfielder and manager of the Tuscaloosa Baseball Nine, passed through London this morning and expressed himself as delighted with it. After he had had a run round town, Ed gave his views, at the Hotel Cecil, to a crowd of assembled admirers on some of the things he had seen.

"What did you think of St. Paul's, Ed?" asked one of the boys.

"It's certainly big stuff," said Ed, "and it gets me. Those old guys certainly knew how to build. And I want to tell you boys right now that there's something about that building that you don't get every day. I doubt if there are a dozen men in New York to-day who could duplicate it."

"How does the political situation in England strike you?" he was next queried.

"Fine!" answered the big man. "They've sure got a lot of taxes here. But then, mind you, there's a lot of wealth too. Of course things are pretty bad, but you've got to remember they were bad before, and, anyway, they're not so bad."

"Movie Star Sees Riviera," is our next bright headline:

Gus Phinn, the well-known movie star, who is said to command a salary of anywhere above half a million dollars, was a recent visitor at Mentone. Gus is enthusiastic over the Mediterranean Sea.

"I want to tell you right now," he said to a representative of the press, "that there is absolutely nothing wrong with the Mediterranean."

"What did you specially notice about it, Gus?" asked the reporter.

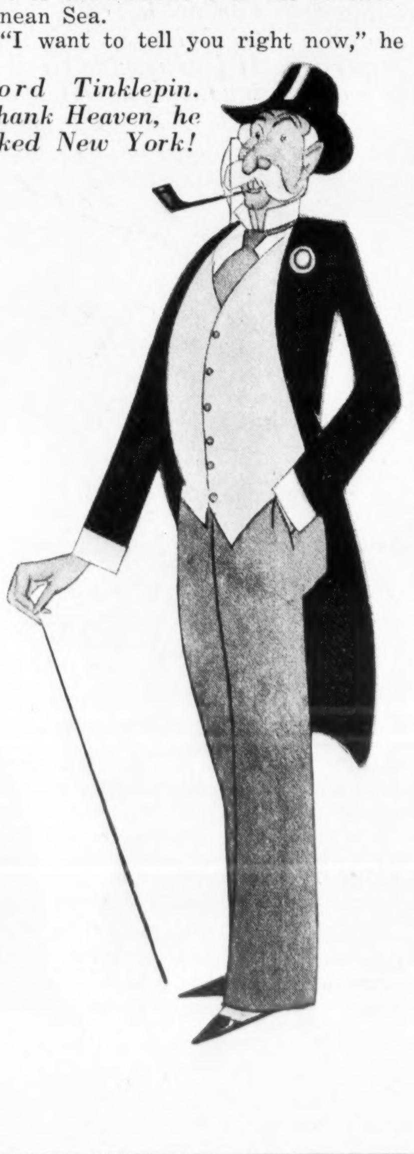
"Why, what gets me hardest is the color of the water. Say, I don't think you can beat that blue anywhere. You might try, but you can't do it."

"Do you think," asked another of the group, "that the tone of English social life is deteriorating?"

"No, I don't," Gus replied. "I think the tone is good. I think it A-1."

"What about the relations of England and France, Gus?"

"They're all right," the star answered. "We met a lot of French boys on the boat, and certainly nicer boys you wouldn't want to meet."



Lord Tinklepin. Thank Heaven, he liked New York!

COPPER KING LOOKS AT OXFORD

E. J. Slagg, the multimillionaire owner of mines and president of Slagg Consolidated Copper, visited Oxford yesterday and was shown round the colleges. The big copper man, whose quiet taciturnity and power of silence have made him the terror of the Stock Exchange, looked about him at everything with the same keen shrewdness with which he detects a vein of copper under a hundred feet of traprock. Only now and then he darted a shrewd question or let fall a short comment.

"This place," he said, "is old." On the threshold of the Bodleian Library he paused a moment as if rapidly measuring the contents with his eye.

"Mostly books?" he asked.

The copper king also paused a moment before the monument erected to the memory of Latimer and Ridley. "What's the idea?" he asked. . . .

But, as I said up above, this new and brilliant flood of light is not only turned on Europe. By a similar process it is let loose on the American continent too: "British Lord Sees Jersey Tugs," we're told.

Lord Tinklepin, who arrived from England on the Aquitania yesterday, was taken for a trip up and down the harbor in a fast tug. His lordship expressed himself as amazed at the commerce of New York.

"I had no idea of it," he said.

Passing by one of the car ferries of the Erie Railroad, Lord Tinklepin expressed the keenest interest. "What the devil is that?" he asked. On being told what it was, the distinguished visitor, who is well known for his interest in physical science, at once asked, "Why doesn't it upset?"

LADY VISITOR ON AMERICAN BANKS

Lady Mary Messabout, president of the Women's Federation for Universal Mutual Understanding, was shown round financial New York yesterday as the guest of the Bankers' Association. Lady Mary expressed the greatest wonder at the Sub-Treasury of the United States.

"Is it possible," she said, "that it's full of money?"

Lady Mary was questioned by representatives of the press as to her opinion of the American banking system.

"It is really excellent," she answered—"so little delay and such civility everywhere."

"Do you think"—it was asked by a member of the press—"that the deflation of American currency would check the expansion of business?"

"Oh, I hope not," Lady Mary answered warmly; "surely it would never do that."

FRENCH BARON VISITS WEST

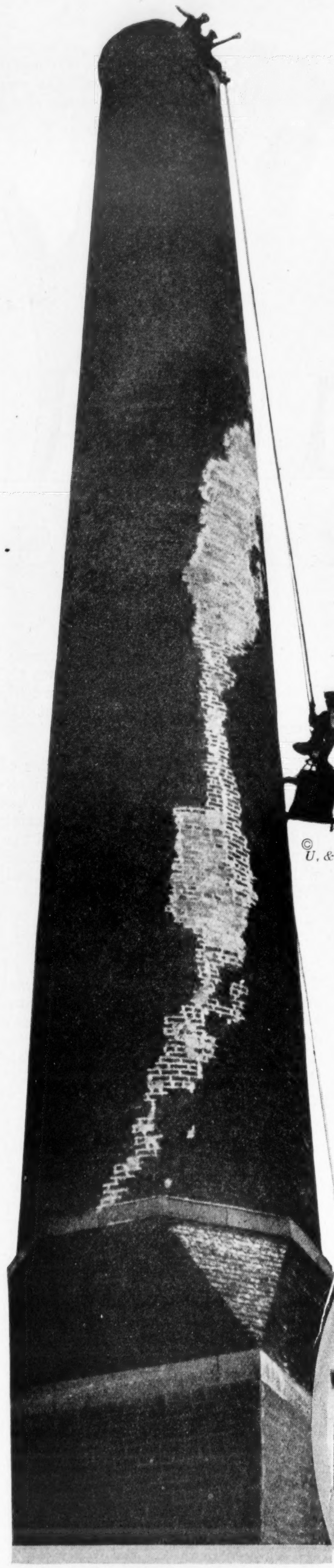
The Baron de Vieux Château, who is visiting Saskatchewan with a view to seeing whether the richer parts of Canada would be suited for the poorer class of Frenchmen, was taken yesterday on a tour of inspection of the grain elevators of Saskatoon.

"But they are marvelous!" the baron said to a member of the press on his return to his hotel. "They seem to me absolutely—how shall I say it?—enormous."

When asked what was his impression of the Farmers' Coöperative Movement, the distinguished visitor again spoke with enthusiasm. "But your farmers!" he said, "they are wonderful! What courage! What tenacity! To have come here and stayed here! It is wonderful."

It's all in the

SOME men find so little excitement in their daily lives that they go off to Africa and hunt wild beasts with bows and arrows; others fly over the frozen wastes of the Arctic Circle trying to relocate the exact top of the world, or cross the Atlantic in small craft, or sail alone around the world, or shoot waterfalls in barrels; others risk their lives trying to climb the yet unconquered peaks. And still others cut their way through snake-infested jungles searching for rare plants, strange birds and beasts—and adventure. But here are men whose regular jobs furnish them with thrills a-plenty, men who count it a part of the day's work to risk their lives high in the air, out at sea, underground, in factories, or close to the most powerful forces of nature.



© U. & U.

Movie actors may get tons of letters from their admirers and be mobbed when they are brave enough to venture down the street, but the steeplejack is the only man who always has the world at his feet

Brown Bros.

Firemen must be snappy dressers. A bell clangs brassily, a door swings open, a series of flashes down a pole, and the men are dressed and away. Then their job is daring smoke, flame and crumbling walls

Brown Bros.

They know the sea at its worst—these Coast Guard men, who work in all weathers to save ships and men imperiled by rocks, wind and pounding seas

Brown Bros.

Brown Bros.

(Below, left) What boy hasn't tried this on the old mill pond? If logs wouldn't roll over, riding them would be fairly simple. But they roll so often that logging is listed among the dangerous occupations

Speaking of lion tamers, it's a lot safer to see than be one. Sometimes the lion is quicker than his trainer and then the lessons have to begin all over again—with a new trainer. That is why the act is always good for a thrill on Circus Day

day's work

Now we know why the goldfish has no privacy. The man who blows the bowl is responsible. This looks safe enough, yet the dangers of glass blowing range from cataract of the eye to a serious permanent overstrain of pulmonary tissue

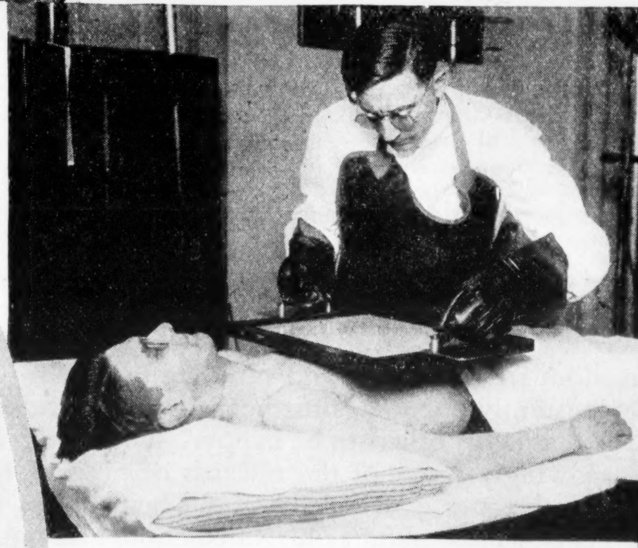
Brown Bros.

© U. & U.

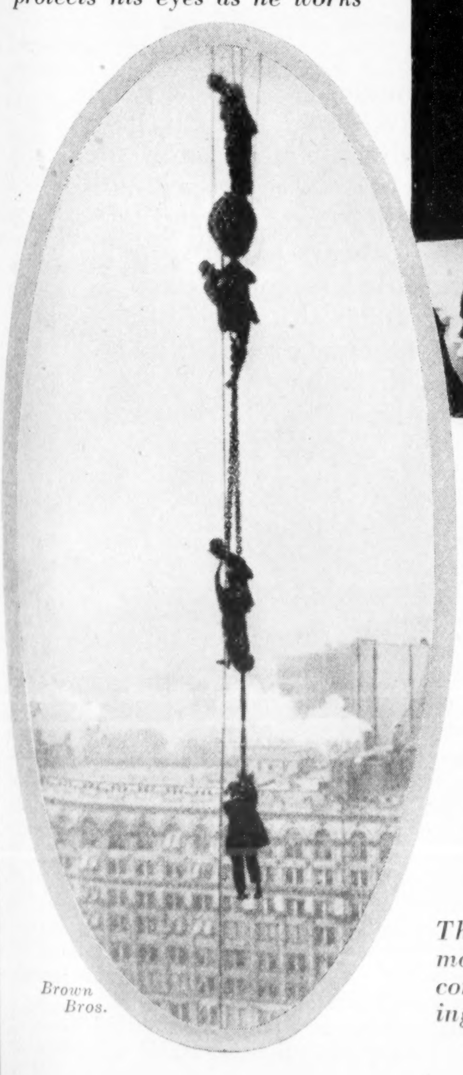
"Do not watch the light" is no idle warning. The electric welder knows the danger of the glare and protects his eyes as he works

Brown Bros.

The harassed home owner, digging into his pocket to pay the coal bill, has a soft snap compared to the man who digs down into the coal beds to supply the winter's fuel. Coal mining, with its countless accidents, is one of our most dangerous occupations



(Above) Here is one time when the doctor is in greater danger than the patient. Operators guard against deadly X-Ray burns while discovering our innermost secrets



Brown Bros.

These riveters (left), after a precarious morning devoted to making telephone conversation more difficult, are now risking their lives and limbs by going airily to lunch

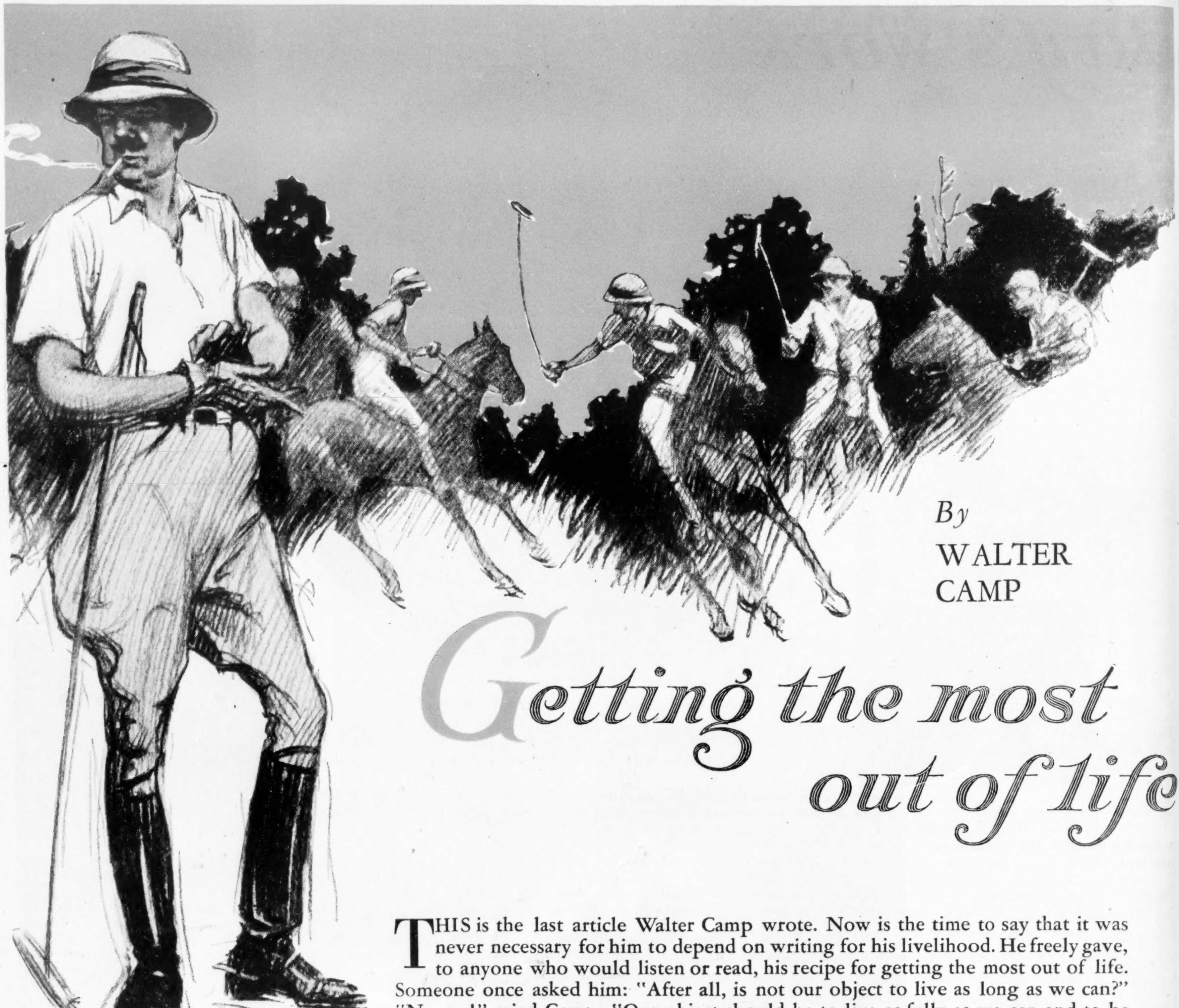
Brown Bros.

Brown Bros.

No, this is not a war picture (right) nor a masked bandit looting the sub-treasury. Such masks are worn by men who work in white lead. In 140 occupations workers are exposed to lead poisoning

© Brown Bros.

They say it is no more difficult to stand upon a twelfth-floor window sill than upon a board the same width lying on the ground. Maybe so. But most of us are content to let the window cleaner prove it



By
WALTER
CAMP

Getting the most out of life

THIS is the last article Walter Camp wrote. Now is the time to say that it was never necessary for him to depend on writing for his livelihood. He freely gave, to anyone who would listen or read, his recipe for getting the most out of life. Someone once asked him: "After all, is not our object to live as long as we can?" "No, no!" cried Camp. "Our object should be to live as fully as we can and to be happy in freedom from the pain and suffering that Nature always has in store for those who persistently offend against her laws. By a full life I mean a life of purpose and a life that helps others to be happy." You who read his articles in Collier's, in which he glowingly wrote of the rewards of physical fitness, know that he had found long ago the way in which he could help others to be happy. This last article from his pen must stand as his valediction, and no man could have a better.

SEVERAL sudden deaths of middle-aged men at polo or golf recently confirm with emphasis what the writer has been preaching vigorously for several years.

Nothing can be more dangerous for the middle-aged man than overexercise, particularly without proper preparation for that exercise. I have before me now the obituaries of poloists, golfers, and others ranging in age from forty-two to fifty-three, who in the recent few months have met sudden death. According to the reports they all died of heart trouble.

Out, Brief Candle!

I KNOW of another man of forty-six who died suddenly while dancing in a ballroom; and only the other day I read of the death of a prominent athletic director who collapsed at fifty-three, following a heart attack.

No wonder I receive many letters bitterly opposing athletics and making the general statement that "athletes all die young!"

This, of course, is untrue, and has been proved to be untrue by statistics. It is, however, true that every man must recognize the fact that nature's laws provide for *preparation.* Sudden orgies of physical effort in the case of anyone who is unprepared may result disastrously. A daily régime insuring physical fitness for the kind of life one is leading is the only insurance. It is the only thing that can possibly spell "Safety."

The recent shocking death of a prominent middle-aged man on the polo field came when he was playing the first game that he had participated in this winter.

And this is generally the story. Many of the deaths of middle-aged men on the golf course, which I have investigated, can be traced to overplay or an orgy of play after a period of little exercise or preparation.

Some of the readers of this article will recall certain polo players who some years ago were wont to train on champagne and late hours and then rely upon the spirit of the moment in riding "hell for leather"! It was a gay life while it lasted, but it didn't last very long—for several of them. And they had the advantage of youth on their side.

Life is not a candle that can be burned at both ends and in the middle too for any great period of time.

The Greatest of All Machines

NATURE has, in man, produced a machine of wonderful possibilities far beyond the limits of any that can be constructed by human agencies. Imagine attempting to build a machine that is so adaptable that it can play football, drive a motor car, play a piano, swim, dive, draw, paint and solve crossword puzzles! But the point that I would thus make clear is that such a machine must be kept in a high state of efficiency and must be prepared for the particular work in which it is to be engaged. The fatal blunder is to plunge that machine, without warming up or going through a proper preparatory stage, into some work that it could accomplish without strain, if it were duly and slowly prepared for that work. No one would be foolish enough to do this with any man-made machine, but there are plenty of people who seem to think that the human machine can be treated with the grossest carelessness, asked to jump unprepared from one speed to another and yet stand the tremendous strain with safety.

What no factory man would think of doing with the automatic machines in his plant, what no experienced motorist would dream of risking with his new high-priced car, thousands of people are continually doing with that far more valuable and far more intricate machine, the human body.

Far be it from me to be an alarmist, for I believe a large share of happiness and the possibility of both happiness and health are cut off as soon as *worry* makes its appearance in a man's life. The essence of health is confidence and freedom from fear, and the sun shines most freely for those whose thoughts are upon others rather than upon themselves.

What Should Our Object Be?

I HAVE just opened a letter from a man who rails against athletics and says that all athletes die young. The writer concludes, "After all, is it not our object to live as long as we can?"

"No," I say. "Emphatically no!" Our object should be to live as fully and satisfactorily as we can and to be as happy as possible in freedom from the pain and suffering that Nature always has in store for those who persistently offend against her laws. And by a full life I mean a life of purpose and a life that helps others to be happy. No one of high purpose would be content to spend a portion of his life in the one engrossing pursuit of measuring every calory religiously, apportioning every effort with but one design and that simply the prolongation of a useless life. He would find at the end almost nothing to show except a few additional years.

And the object of this series of articles is so to direct the reader that he may live as fully and usefully as possible with the enjoyment of every passing year and a retrospect of real accomplishment. To live merely to fend off age is almost as bad as not to live at all. In some cases—as an example of selfishness—it is even worse.

And so we come to the text of this article on games. The greatest sport in life is, after all, one's "job." To spend so much time and thought in breaking records that a promising business or professional career is ruined is the worst kind of folly. But the play instinct that is born in a man ought to persist through life. It should, certainly, not be confined to his school or college days. And if he knows and practices the real art of living, it need not be so confined.

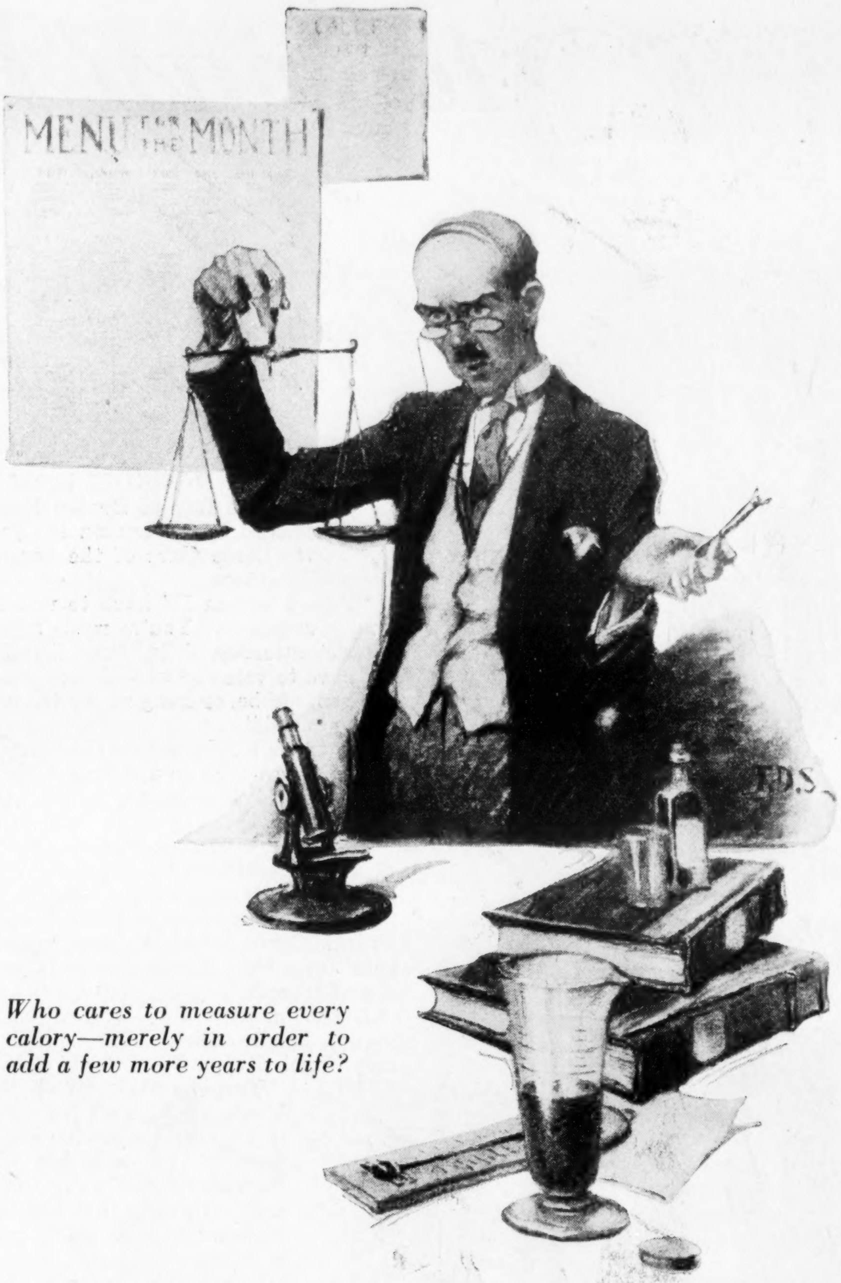
And so I say for the child—let him play his games. Don't be always saying, "I wouldn't do this" or "I wouldn't do that!" or "Be quiet!" or "Don't get your clothes dirty!" The little animal is told by Nature to be active—to do things—to try everything—to exercise first one set of muscles and then another, but with constant changes of position and effort. And that is the way Nature builds up all those muscles. But when the child is older he begins to like more organized play, more competitive contests. The "gang" spirit develops, and it should be turned into team play and coöperation. Then is the time for the school games, for football, baseball, basketball and the like.

In the next advance in the scale these "gang" or team games persist—and rightly. But there may be added more of the individual competitive games, with the emphasis still, however, upon the sports which mean unselfish devotion to the cause—teamwork—sports in which the credit and the glory come to the organization. For in this way, and in this way only, will the youth learn his lesson of life at its best.

And now as to the health phase of all this. Nature generally tells the boy to stop when he is tired; and usually if the boy has no one to urge him on or no one to preach pluck and courage to him he is likely to stop well this side of any danger point. The art—and it is an art indeed—is to teach him how to discipline himself to go on when, from pure motives of pleasure, he would no longer continue the effort.

Don't Let the Boys Overdo

IN YOUTH there is quite a comfortable margin upon which to draw, and the average boy gains in strength and courage as well as confidence by drawing upon that margin, rather than by "quitting" as soon as he feels a little tired. The danger lies in so stimulating that pluck and courage that the boy makes repeated exhausting efforts that tax him beyond a safe limit. This, fortunately, is now seldom the case in school and college athletics because of the wisdom and judgment of the trainers and teachers. But it sometimes happens in the case of the individual star who, by "making good" in several sports, can "win for his school or his college." Here caution must be exercised or the boy's whole career athletically, scholastically and for life may be ruined.



Who cares to measure every calory—merely in order to add a few more years to life?

I am not at all for limiting a boy to one sport. On the contrary, I believe in making him an all-around man and letting him take part in as many sports as he can without endangering his athletic and scholastic future. To let him compete in but a single sport is likely to confine his athletic as well as other exercise to a single season of the year and to let him go back physically and perhaps mentally during the rest of the time. And that is not good for his health or for his morals, as all physicians will agree.

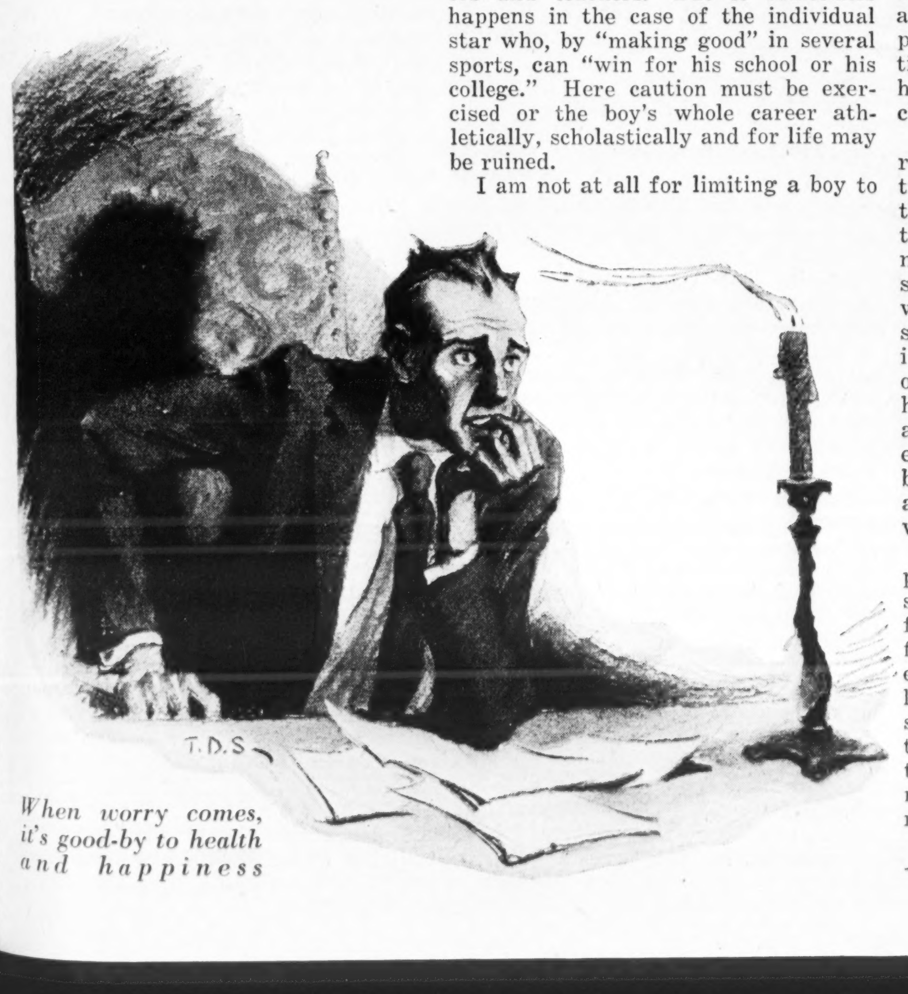
By the time the young man has reached the age of say twenty-four or twenty-five he should have arrived at the gates of his serious life's work. In the old days they used to say, "He must now get his nose down to the grindstone!" True. But the young man who then puts his nose to the grindstone, and never thereafter lifts it, will, in these days of modern civilization, not only pay a serious penalty in loss of health in the next score of years, but also prove of little worth in the world except as a money-making machine to be cast aside as worn out when others are just beginning to do their best work.

The games for this young man are plentiful in these days. Tennis and squash furnish the easiest and quickest forms, while golf, polo, hunting and fishing may supplement them. Properly used and proportioned with a religious observance of some form of setting-up exercise like the Daily Dozen, they will carry our young man safely through to middle life, fit for the maximum of work and at the minimum of risk.

And then comes the "dangerous age"—the age when the man who has kept up his sport becomes foolishly sensitive and maintains that he is "as good as he ever was." Full of self-pride, he proceeds to prove it—at the expense of no one but himself! Why shouldn't he keep up his five sets of tennis? Who says he is "getting too old for tennis"? He'll show them! And then he begins a hopeless struggle. For Age has never been vanquished yet and never will be! But, thinking himself different from any of those who have gone before him, he proposes not to defer old age but to defy it, and that means that some day I shall find his obituary sent to me as evidence once more that athletes die young, or that middle-aged men should keep away from all sport, sit up in the bath chairs and be spectators only!

You Can't Hide From Nature

THE worst of it all is that it is just this kind of men whose death frightens a great many of their more immediate friends into such a panic of caution that they, metaphorically speaking, do take to their bath chairs and spend their days in cautious semi-invalidism until they become real invalids the rest of their lives. Why join this party? Why not shift from tennis to golf gradually between forty-five to fifty? Why go to bed tired and get up tired just to prove that you are as good as ever? If you persist you become a joke to the youth who play with you, a "grouch" to your family and a menace to sport. Such "showing that you are as good as ever" will probably ruin all your later years of possible pleasure, for Nature is inexorable, and when she gets ready to punish you there is no "appeal to Cæsar"!

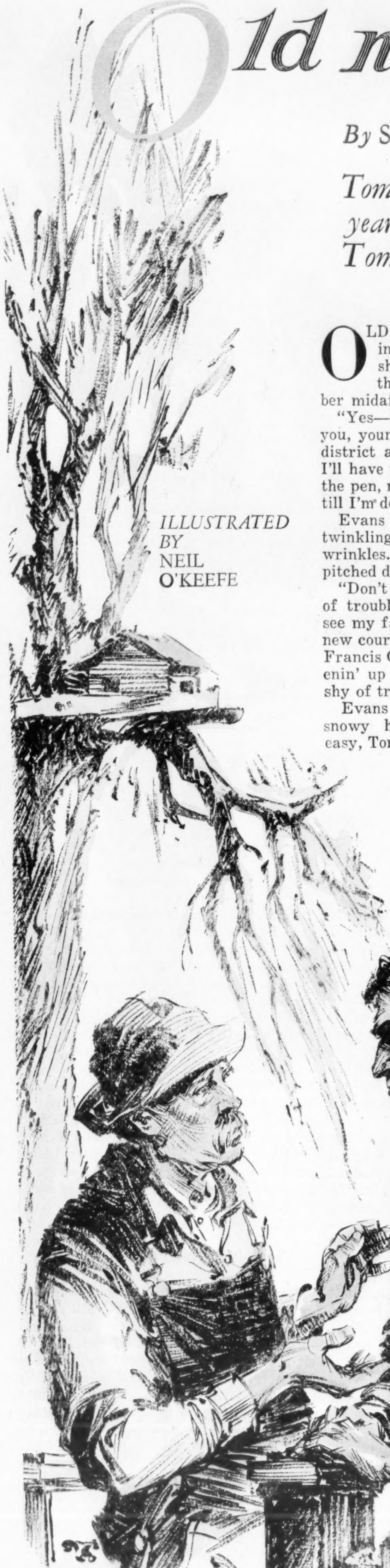


When worry comes, it's good-by to health and happiness

Old man Trouble

By SAMUEL A. DERIEUX

Tom Dawkins threw away the toil of fifteen years in a night. "Old Man Trouble," said Tom—but he was looking at his own shadow



ILLUSTRATED BY NEIL O'KEEFE

Tom saw in his neighbor's eyes a searching scrutiny

OLD TOM DAWKINS looked up into the face of Burton Evans, shaded by a Panama hat from the fierce glare of the September midafternoon.

"Yes—I reckon I'll have to vote for you, young man. You've made a good district attorney, folks say. I reckon I'll have to vote for you—to sen' me to the pen, mebbe, or hang me by the neck till I'm dead."

Evans smiled down into the farmer's twinkling eyes, set in a thousand kindly wrinkles. Tom went on in his high-pitched drawl:

"Don't know what started me thinkin' of trouble. Mebbe it's because I just see my farm recorded over thar in the new courthouse—pretties' little farm in Francis County—and things seems loosenin' up a bit. Mebbe I'm sorta gun-shy of trouble."

Evans mopped his face with his snowy handkerchief. "The moral is easy, Tom. Keep away from trouble."

Tom chuckled. "Well, that *is* easy, now, ain't it? Easy to say. But what I want to know is this—will Old Man Trouble keep away from me?" His eyes, that had been squinted by the glare, grew suddenly wide and serious. "Old Man Trouble's been ridin' me hard for nigh fifty years. He jumped off'n my back jus' now when I see my farm recorded in the books. But I reckon he's hangin' round, likely to pounce on me befo' I'm a day older—an' ride me to death on the home stretch."

"Well, Tom," Evans smiled, "anyway, I'm glad you own the farm. I know the place; I hunt all over that country. I'll come out some time next winter after birds. Put in a good word for me at Sandhill."

THE district attorney walked away, his Palm Beach suit shining in the sun, and Tom took up the survey of the new Francis County Courthouse, where it had been interrupted by the former. Now that he was to pay taxes on his own land, he felt a sense of ownership in the building. To his simple eyes, the dome, topped by a bronze statue of Justice, rose supernaturally lofty into the brazen sky. That was a fine courthouse. He would bring Martha and the children to town to see it next time he came. The blaze of the sun on the statue suddenly blinded him, started fiery specks dancing in his eyeballs. He turned away and shuffled up the street. He almost ran into John Richards, a planter, and his most prosperous neighbor in the Sandhill section.

"Whoa, Tom!" cried Richards. "You go with your head down like you're plowing. What's the good word?"

"Good word?" Tom straightened his bent shoulders.

"I just see my farm recorded—bought it from Luther Rowley. Pretties' little farm in Francis County. I reckon I'm the first man ever got the best of Luther Rowley. You remember the time he moved me onto his place, goin' on fifteen years ago? He made out to sell me that patch of land, me to pay along as I went, him to hold the mortgage on the whole place for the balance. He thought he'd let me build up the place, keep me in debt for supplies—him keepin' books, mind you—then foreclose sudden. You know him—cold-boiled fish!"

Richards nodded.

"Well," Tom smoothed his scraggly gray mustache over his mouth, "first of September he come to me. 'Note's due,' he says; 'I'm ready,' says I. You ought to have seen his face! Ain't pretty no time. You see, I'd took him by surprise. I'd been layin' up money all these years secret. Oh, he'd 'a' wriggled out if he could, hard-hearted son of the devil! He'd take a mortgage on a coffin an' foreclose it at the funeral."

Richards' eyes had been growing shrewd while Tom talked. "Tom," he said, "you know, I've been wanting that bit of land to straighten out my line. What would you say to—er—eighteen dollars an acre?"

Tom pushed his battered felt hat back on his head, and looked Richards hard in the eyes. "Did you ever work fifteen years for one thing?" he demanded—"save an' sweat an' starve for it? No sir-ee. I wouldn't sell it for eighteen dollars or twenty-eight dollars. I been a tenant all my life, workin' another man's land, never knowin' what day I'd have to pick up an' leave, me an' my wife an' chillun. I don't want them times to come again, Mr. Richards. There ain't goin' to be no more movin' days for us!"

Richards went on, and Tom continued his way up the street. He walked with a stiff lunge forward. He was knotty handed, sun-baked, plow-bent. He saw people only from the waist down; mostly he saw only the hot pavement passing under him. The earth, a jealous mistress, claimed the gaze of Tom Dawkins.

At an irritated "Whoa!" he turned. A wagon piled high with battered furniture and broken mattresses had stopped in the middle of the street. The load was slipping off. A man had climbed down; a woman on the seat held a child in her lap; the child was wailing. Tom hurried out to the wagon, helped the man straighten the load and tighten the ropes. Then he stepped to the front wheel and held a nickel up to the child.

"Git some candy." He winked knowingly to the tired mother. "Yaller candy with red stripes round it. Thar now—that's a good boy!"

He came back to the sidewalk. Creaking and groaning, the wagon kept pace with him, a grim reminder of the days when he too had been a renter, moving from farm to farm. He looked away from it into the store windows. The plate glass, shaded by awnings, mirrored the minutest detail of blazing asphalt, moving wagon, woman and child in the glare. He looked ahead of him; from a display window leading at an angle from the entrance of the store the wagon came toward him. He could see the woman's haggard eyes, and the heated, swollen face of the child. From every side the spectacle closed in upon him, singled him out like pointing fingers. He took refuge in the store.

He came out of the store with a box of shoes for his wife under his arm and a sack of candy in each pocket for his children. Now, he bethought himself, was time for him to celebrate on his own account. He used to do it in the old days, just occasionally, when he came to town. He hadn't touched a drop for years now, but a man didn't buy a farm every day of his life. The lid was off for one afternoon. He made his way down a side street and entered an alleged restaurant. At the rear was a blind tiger. Against the dirty bar leaned a tall, hulking, cross-eyed chap. Full of new-gained importance and the sense of a holiday, with its accompanying desire for companionship, Tom ordered drinks for two.

"Dawkins's my name," he said—"Tom Dawkins from Sandhill."

"Dickerson's mine," drawled the fellow. "I live down below Sandhill. Here's lookin' at ye."

THE glasses were raised again and again. The bottle that sat between them was fast emptied. Things began to swim around in a delightful haze. The years stretched before old Tom prosperous and happy, full of peace and beneficence. He liked the cross-eyed, hulking chap; he liked the surly bartender; he liked every fellow traveler through this vale of tears. They were all brothers, as the preacher said.

When, an hour later, he came out of the ticket office at the station and started down the platform for his train, his face was flaming red and his companion of the blind tiger shuffled beside him. He still carried his bundle under one arm; under the other was an unopened quart. There was a misty smile on his sweating face.

Everything was red—the people passed by, their faces red, worried by the intolerable heat; intricacies of switches and switch frogs flashed in red lines down the track. Blood red, big as a cannon wheel, the sun was dropping over a low-flying, fire-bordered turbulence of storm cloud.

Two men brushed past, talking. Tom hailed, and one of the men stopped short and turned. It was Luther Rowley, lien merchant of Sandhill, Tom's one-time landlord, on his way also to the train.

"Luther," the farmer raised his face to the merchant's, "here's me an' you goin' home on the same train. Here's me an' you goin' to be neighbors the rest of our days. I got the best o' you like you got the best o' many a man; things can't all go one way. Don't begrudge me my little farm; you got plenty left." He pointed drunkenly to the sun. "Let not that sun go down upon yo' wrath! Bygones is bygones. One of us might be dead by to-morrow this time. Shake!"

THE Sandhill merchant looked with a sneer into the farmer's face. Then without a word he rejoined the other man and the two got on the train.

Tom turned to his companion. "You see him snub me, surly devil!" He caught the hot brass rail of the rear platform, and Bud Dickerson shoved him on by the elbow. He staggered into the little smoking compartment, flooded crimson by the sun, and baked to an oven heat. He flopped down on a red-cushioned seat, unrolled the paper from the quart bottle, and borrowed a corkscrew from his companion.

"My treat, pardner," he said thickly.

The man turned the bottle straight up to his mouth and held it there a long gurgling minute. Then he handed it back and pulled off his coat. He was tall, raw-boned, sallow. The liquor did not haze his eyes, but fired them. Across the thin bridge of his hawk nose they seemed to be holding sinister converse with one another. He hung up his coat and dropped on the seat.

Tom settled down on his backbone, his legs stretched out. He only knew that the houses of the town, then fields of cotton and patches of woods, rushed distorted past the window. "I says to Burton Evans," he muttered thickly. "Know Burton Evans? He's prosecutor, he's frien' of mine. I says, 'Sometimes trouble follows a man—trouble—' "

The compartment, newly painted, smelled of blistering varnish. The train seemed to climb prodigiously steep hills, then to slide down with a great roaring. First his consciousness remained behind as the train plunged down, then ran ahead as it climbed again. His head drooped forward on his chest.

A voice broke in on a long silence, startling him vaguely. The window at his elbow was black now. At intervals schools of frogs went clattering past. Cinders sifted in. The panels glistened blood red in the light from overhead. There was a great roaring all about and a roaring in his ears. The voice spoke again:

"Gimme a chaw of tobacco."

His fingers groped with a queer numbness in his pocket. They closed on a plug and he lurched sideways toward the voice. It spoke again, close to his ear and loud:

"Lend me your knife."

He had a vague idea that he was being imposed upon, that the voice was asking too much. He straightened up in his seat and looked into two smoldering eyes, wavering, vanishing, drawing near, under a wide-brimmed hat. "Can't you see I'm sleepy?" he demanded. "Don't trouble me, pardner. 'Sometimes,' I says, 'trouble follows—follows—' " The roar started again; the cinders sifted through the window; the frogs went clattering past. Tom slipped low in his seat. Everything grew blank once more. Then he sat up with a start.

"Where am I at?" he demanded.

He was lifted by the shoulder of his coat; his bundles were thrust under his arm; he stood on sandy ground; the green rear light of the train was vanishing. Way off the black sky flickered with lightning, and thunder rumbled. A red switch light shot upward like a rocket, then floated jerkily back into place. Somebody was standing beside him.

"Where am I at?" he repeated; then with a drunken man's effort to show continuity of thought: "I says, 'Trouble follows a man—' "

Across the railroad track a light streamed through a wide door. He forgot the man at his side. That looked like Rowley's store; that looked like Rowley's assistant coming out. It was worth investigating. He staggered through the deep sand toward the light, up the steps, into the lighted store.

He stopped uncertainly, his bundle under his arm. There sure enough was Luther Rowley at his desk in the front of the store, and there was a man in his shirt sleeves talking to Luther. It was a city man's shirt, it was a city man's white straw hat. The stranger's face and Luther's face and the light above whirled round like faces and lights on a merry-go-round.

Rowley glanced at Tom. "Go back there and sit down," he said, "or get out of here!"

TOM started to remonstrate, but the presence of the city man overawed him, and he made his way resentfully to the back of the store. A cracker box rose to meet him and sat him down. Luther and the stranger were still carrying on some kind of dizzy transaction. He would wait till the stranger left, then he would speak his mind.

Somebody came in through the door. Tom thought he had seen this person before. The last arrival stood for a moment, looking at Luther and the white-hatted man; he said a few words to Luther, seemed to answer some questions. Then he floated out, as he had floated in, through the door.

Other men dropped in, and stood about talking. The floor rose and fell like a ship's deck in a storm, but the men kept their feet like sailors. On the tin roof a plank-planking began. It increased to a roar. Then through the open door for a vivid second the hitching rack, the pine tree, the railroad station stood out of the blackness. A terrible crash shook the store. With the crash Tom rose and staggered toward the crowd.

"Boys," he said, "know whasser masser with Loosher? Mad at me—mad 'cause I got the besh of him. Come out here from behin' the desk, Loosher, whar we all kin git a look at you. Lien merchant? Fat merchant, I say. Ain't named right."

"Shut up, Tom!" somebody said.

"I wo' shut up! Lien merchant? Fat merchant—fat off'n po' ign'ant white folks an' niggers, off'n widders an' orphans. What the Bible say? 'My soul, thou hass mush goods laid up in barns. Eat, drink, be merry—' What the Bible say? 'Fool—thish night thy soul—thish night—' "

Luther was coming at him, crimson of face. He was jerked backward, then forward, by the shoulders of his coat. He was rushed toward the door and the rain and the flashing lightning. At the door he broke loose. He faced the crowd and shook his hand above his head.

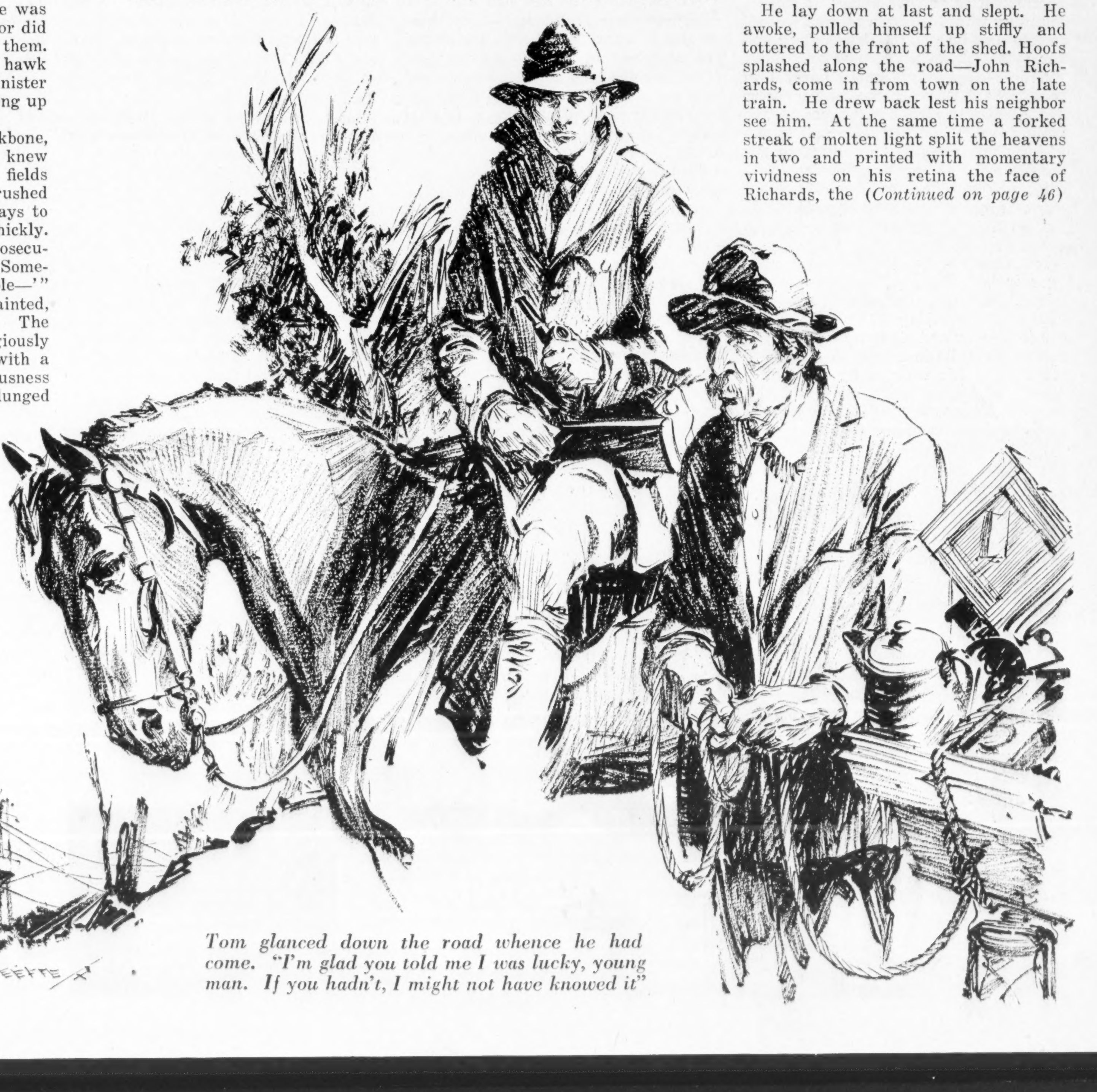
"This night!" he cried. "This night!"

He was thrown out into the darkness.

THE door closed behind him with a bang. He gasped and choked as a deluge of water dashed into his face. By a flash of lightning he made out across the road a shed used to store cotton. He groped his way toward it, under it, and sat down, the water trickling cold down his backbone. He discovered that he had a bundle clamped under his left arm. He felt it—a broken pasteboard box. Shoes he had bought in town for his wife. He stuck his hand in his pocket and drew it out sticky. Candy for his children. He sat staring into the roaring, flickering blackness of the night.

"What have I done?" he moaned.

He lay down at last and slept. He awoke, pulled himself up stiffly and tottered to the front of the shed. Hoofs splashed along the road—John Richards, come in from town on the late train. He drew back lest his neighbor see him. At the same time a forked streak of molten light split the heavens in two and printed with momentary vividness on his retina the face of Richards, the (*Continued on page 46*)

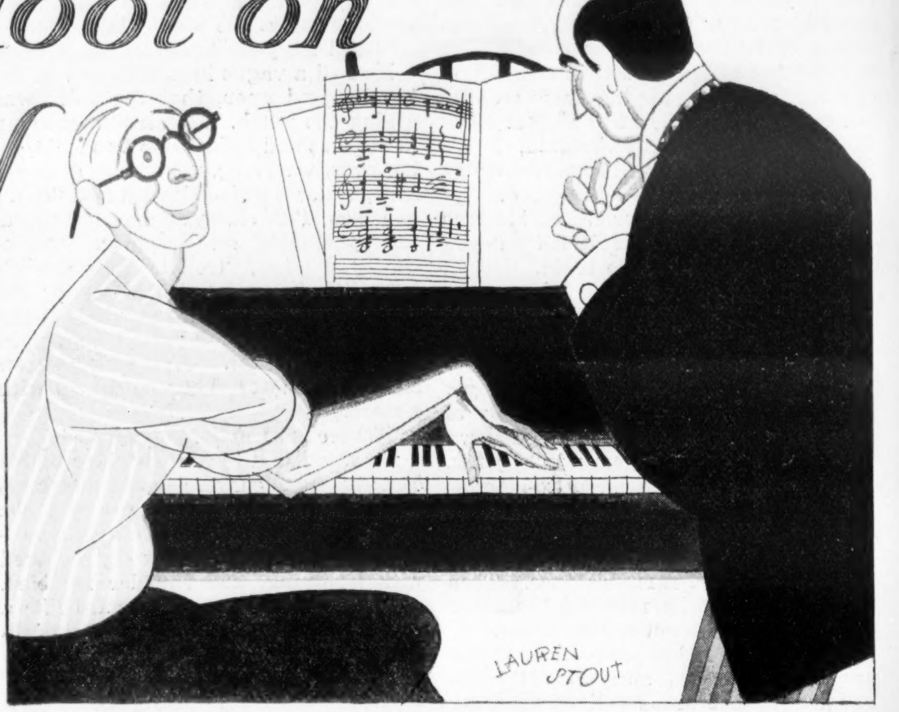


Tom glanced down the road whence he had come. "I'm glad you told me I was lucky, young man. If you hadn't, I might not have knowed it"

Tuning the loot on Broadway

By LAWTON MACKALL

You may think writing a musical comedy is easy: well, here are "regulars"—geniuses all—who will tell you a story full of surprises



"When I think up a new tune I play it over to Romberg"

AMERICAN theatregoers are music-mad. In a single week the New York public spent $412,500 on musical shows as against $348,200 for plays, even though there were thirty-four dramatic offerings and only nineteen musical ones. In the same week entertainment seekers in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and San Francisco bestowed a total of $310,500 on musical productions as against $234,000 on dramatic offerings. Add to that shows playing in other important cities and we arrive at the astounding total of over a million a week in cold cash handed to Miss Calliope and her side kick, Miss Terpsichore.

This means a gladsome harvest in royalties for the authors and composers—a golden reward which goes in the main to a comparatively small group of individuals. Yes, a small group, for the business of creating musical comedies and operettas for the professional stage is quite a different game from the writing of popular songs for the Amateur Uke-Strummers' League.

Not that the average theatrical manager is bent on shutting out natural talent. He isn't. But when a producer figures on investing $75,000 or $100,000 in a show and signs up a few high-priced stars, he is averse to adding to the risk of his venture by entrusting the writing of the words and music to persons inexperienced in the theatre; so he gives the job to a team of "regulars." Last season a producing firm which had commissioned "clever outsiders" to concoct a musical show dropped a neat $150,000 on the gamble. Another firm, experimenting in the same way, had the thrill of kissing $250,000 good-by—and failing.

Who Are the Fortunate Few?

THE fortunate few are men who have proved their knowledge of the theatre and of what "goes" with audiences. The composer of a show doesn't just write melodies: he is the architect of the musical structure. To do his own job successfully he must have a pretty good understanding of those of the book writer, lyric writer, scene designer, costume designer, stage director and dance director.

Such an extraordinary working knowledge being expected of him, it would seem almost impossible that anyone could ever get a start as a present-day Gilbert or Sullivan. Well, most of the men now in the habit of inscribing "For deposit" on the back of big royalty checks achieved their standing only after long struggles.

I had lunch not long ago with two of the most prominent of these Broadway composers, Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz.

"We've written music together for years, yet we're still friends," Schwartz informed me. "When I think up a new tune I play it over to Romberg. If he says it's good, I know it is. And he confides his new melodies to me. I will say, that for a fellow who started out to be a bridge building engineer, Romberg writes pretty fair music. He has had only four shows in New York this season, poor man!"

When Romberg was sixteen he actually conducted an orchestra of sixty professionals. Coming to America, he supported himself by playing in orchestras, and in two years he was leading an orchestra of his own. Then he jumped to fame as composer of the music of a Winter Garden revue called "The Whirl of the World."

Of Romberg's many songs probably the best known is "Sweetheart" from the operetta "Maytime."

Schwartz, too, came from Budapest. When he was twenty-six William Jerome suggested that he write a song to one of Jerome's lyrics. Schwartz had never composed a melody before, but he made the attempt, and "When Mr. Shakespeare Came to Town" was the result. After doing "I'm Tired" for Eddie Foy he composed a string of Irish songs of which "Bedelia" and "Irish Molly-O" are still remembered. Then he followed up with "Hello, Hawaii," "Chinatown," "All Bound Round with the Mason-Dixon Line," "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land," and "I Love the Ladies." And then—but I haven't space to list his hits.

"Half an hour a day is all you need if you've got the knack," he told me. "It may sound conceited, but it is the truth. You can write tunes—or you can't."

Clifford Grey, the lyric writer, joined us. He remarked dryly:

"What puts years on me is these chaps' trick of handing you a melody they've dashed off and telling you to redeem it with intelligent words. They expect you to take this puzzle they've given you, and fit bright words and ripply rhymes to it in no time at all."

Grey, despite his little difficulties, has done lyrics for five productions—among them "Sally" and "Annie Dear"—since he came here from London, where he struggled along for years as a comedian on "frightfully small salaries." It wasn't until he wrote "The Bing Boys," a war-time hit, that he emerged as a versifier for the theatre; subsequently doing twenty-six shows in quick succession.

Besides Romberg and Schwartz, Hungary has given us Rudolf Friml (perhaps the most distinguished living writer of operettas), whose "Rose Marie" has met with such an astounding success.

"Before I was five years old," he told me, "I had taught myself to play on a piano."

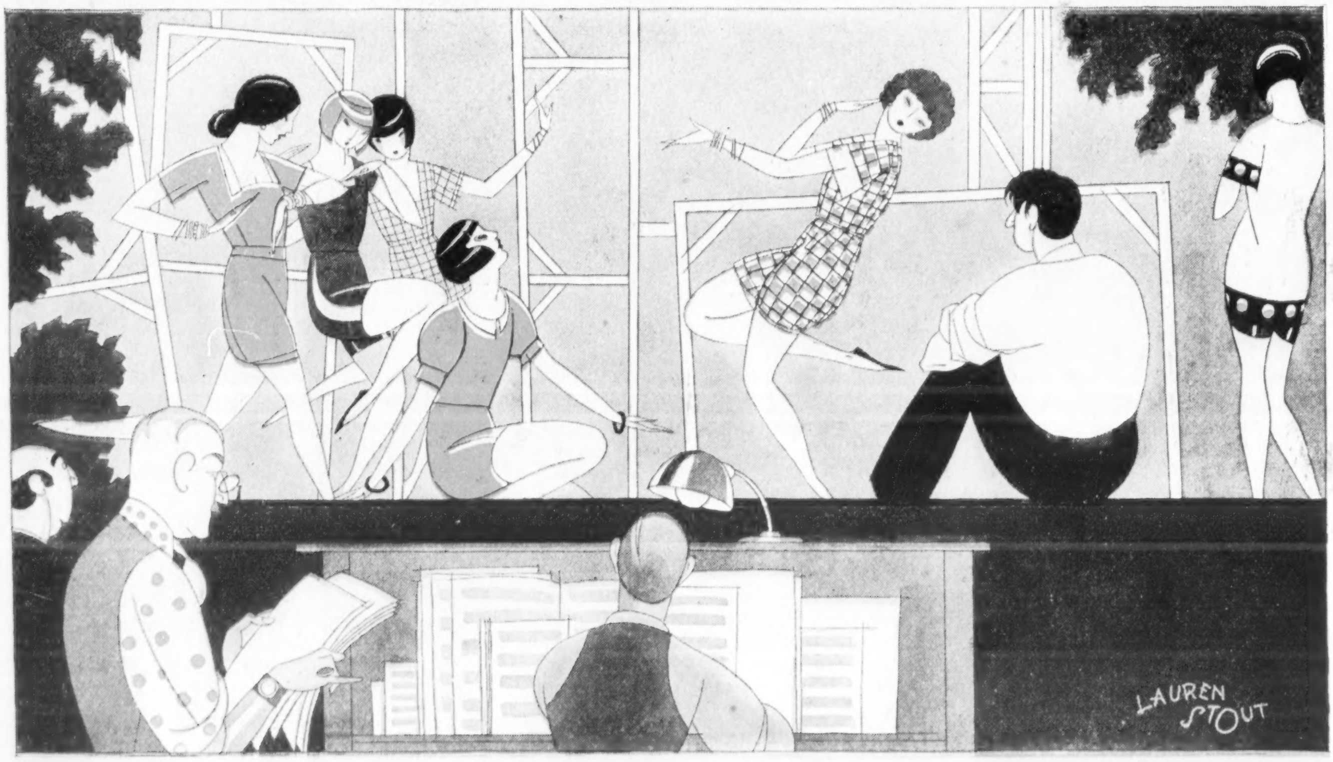
One of Friml's fellow students, later on, was Kubelik. The two became great friends and Friml toured with the violin virtuoso all over Europe and America as his pianist.

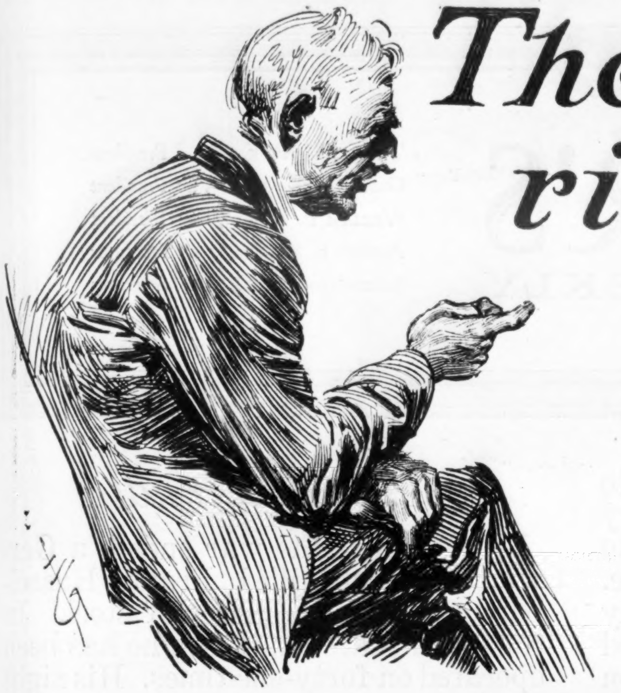
Victor Herbert gave him invaluable help in getting started here as a composer, so that before long several publishers were bringing out his work—mostly of a non-popular sort.

Jerome Kern has contributed music to so many shows that he can't count them any more.

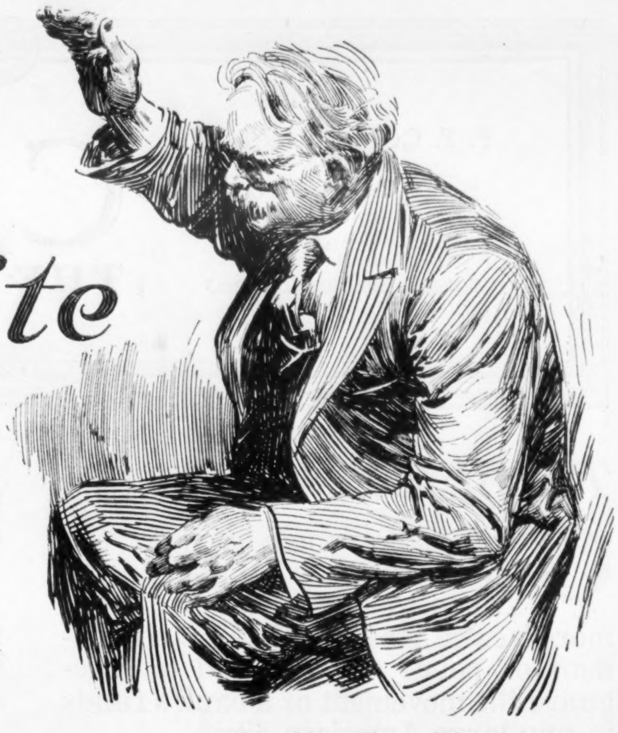
"It's either (*Continued on page 52*)

Before a song scores a hit (or miss) a number of clever people have to do some hard work





The rich man's mite



"A poor man has to work for his laughs, but the minute a rich man says 'That reminds me,' men and women have hysteria"

"A rich man," says Uncle Henry, "operates his pockets on the one-way plan, but a chap who's only a jump ahead of the sheriff never has traffic rules"

"IT'S a great thing to be rich," sighed Mr. Stubbs, looking up from a newspaper account of life at Newport.

"Indeed it is," admitted Uncle Henry, sighing in turn. "They tell me that John D. Rockefeller never tips more than a dime, an' then only on national holidays such as Fourth of July, St. Patrick's Day an' Yom Kippur. Why, if a poor man handed that amount to a caddie or a waiter, he'd be buried so deep in insult it 'ud take a steam shovel to dig him out. In restaurants I always have to eat twice what I want so my tip won't be bigger than my bill.

"An' look at the way the papers have been playin' up Judge Gary's recent indisposition? A mere stomach disturbance, probably no more than a miscount in calories, an' yet they give him columns every day, while here I am, filled to the brim with mysterious ailments that baffle medical skill, an' I can't get even my best friends to stand still long enough for me to describe my symptoms. It's that sort of thing that's makin' for class consciousness in this country, 'Lonzo.

"An' if you want further evidence of the way the world discriminates between the rich an' the poor, take charity! When a movement's started to raise money for the children of the Unknown Soldier, you an' me an' every other man in moderate circumstances are expected to plank down real money when the list comes round. But millionaires like the Astors don't even have to give their *names*. They only lend 'em.

"What hurts me most, however, is the gross favoritism shown in the matter of humor. A poor man, 'Lonzo, has to work for his laughs with all the patient assiduity of a spider weavin' a web. Not only must our impromptus be thought up days in advance, an' rehearsed before a mirror, but we've got to watch for a lull in the conversation, an' wait for an openin', muscles bunched for the spring until you're all worn out when the time does come.

Money's the Mesmerizer

"A RICH man is not called upon to undergo any such travail. His sense of humor is conceded without a struggle, an' people stand around with their mouths open so as not to be late with their laughs. Let him clear his throat an' an appreciative titter sweeps the room, an' the minute he says 'That reminds me,' doctors have to be called in to treat men an' women for hysteria.

"Money certainly possesses some sort of hypnotic quality. I've seen the mere presence of a millionaire reduce self-respectin' Americans to a state where he could stick pins in 'em, stretch 'em out on chairs an' break rocks on their chests, make 'em purr against his legs or roll over an' play dead—all without a single pass of the hands or askin' 'em to look him in the eye.

"Take the case of Abner Partridge. Why, if that old skinflint wasn't worth four or five millions, he'd have been killed twenty years ago. They could have auctioned off the privilege of hittin' him with an ax an' gotten enough out of it to put a new roof on the church an' pay the minister part of his back salary. People would have stood in line all night to buy tickets for the killin', an' additional thousands could have been raised by sellin' space to basket parties.

They Don't Look the Part

"AS IT is, Abner's march through life is a triumphal progress. He never puts foot to ground, walkin' from back to back, an' if he happens to stub his toe against a vertebra, people turn over an' let him use their faces as steppin' stones. His stinginess is laughin'ly described as eccentricity, an' his dirty old clothes are admired as a proof of his quaintness.

"Lord knows I'm jes' as bad as the rest. A thousand times I've made vows to myself that I'd look old Abner square in the eye an' tell him to go to Los Angeles. Night after night I've walked my room, practicin' noble speeches full of bitter dislike, an' accustomin' my face to expressions of scorn an' contempt, an' in the mornin' I'd start out huntin' for Abner with all the fierce enthusiasm of a leopard stalkin' his prey.

"But the minute I'd meet him, my knees developed hinges, my backbone dissolved an' ran down into the ankles, an' despite every effort of will I'd find my features softenin' into a grin of pure ingratiation. To my horror I'd feel a titter agitatin' the vocal cords, an' instead of cold, contemptuous speech, I'd hear myself laughin' like an idiot an' cryin', 'That certainly is a good one.'

"Why is it, 'Lonzo? Heaven knows it isn't that we expect 'em to haul off an' give us a hundred dollars or a diamond stickpin. As a matter of fact, they're far more liable to remove whatever valuables that happen to be on us. When I leave Abner, for instance, the first thing I do is feel for my watch an' gold tooth, an' the grateful tears brim my eyes when I discover that they're still with me.

"Poor people are really the ones that give. A rich man operates his pockets on the one-way plan, but a chap who's only a jump ahead of the sheriff never has traffic rules. After all, I reckon that's the reason why he stays poor. A dollar hasn't got much chance to hatch other dollars if you keep jinglin' it an' movin' it around from place to place."

"Well," said Mr. Stubbs, "you've got to respect a man who's built up his fortune by hard work an' ability."

"Bunk!" exclaimed Uncle Henry. "That's got nothin' to do with it. Once I happened to be at a summer resort when the word went around that we had a millionaire in our midst—a canned-goods king or maybe it was a Napoleon of the egg industry. Anyway, our suspicions fell instantly on a large, portly man with one of these rich, authoritative voices that start at the lower vest button, an' we clustered around him like flies about a honey pot.

"You can imagine how we toadied to him when I tell you that we even nodded agreement when he said that Scopes an' Darrow would be the Democratic nominees in 1928. By the time that everybody's back was permanently bowed, we discovered that he was only a lightnin'-rod agent who sold patent potato peelers on the side. The millionaire was a weazened little fellow that everybody had been snubbin', never lettin' him get in a word edgeways.

"An' look at Jim Hodges? You can't say that *he* made his fortune by hard work an' ability. Jim was so lazy he wouldn't even look up new places for his wife to do the washin', an' he was lyin' in a hammock on the porch at the time she struck oil while diggin' a storm cellar. An' yet when he came back home nobody opened a mouth while he took three hours to give his ideas on the Dawes plan, silkworm culture, Coolidge's mistakes, modern education, the best cure for colds an' the proper way to bring up children.

"Bankers, however, afford the most strikin' illustration of the hypnotic power of money. We furnish the capital for 'em to do business on, don't we? An' the way they make money is to lend out our money? On the face of things, then, a man who goes into a bank to borrow money is really conferrin' a favor, isn't he? He's got a right to feel that he is a customer who's givin' benefits rather than receivin' 'em, hasn't he? But did you ever see a borrower able to work himself up to that state of mind?

Weighed in Bank Balances

"NOT on your life! Before he's well across the marble threshold, everything inside him seems to give way, an' by the time he's reached the mahogany desk, he's trippin' over his heart an' lungs, an' tryin' to disentangle his feet from his spinal cord.

"Another five minutes an' he's sobbin' like a child, assurin' the banker that it's his first offense, babblin' about his wife an' children, an' beggin' him not to call the police.

"I'm not what is known as a weak man, 'Lonzo, or one afraid to face danger. In my time I've attended peace congresses an' Democratic conventions, an' once I dared to differ with my wife in the matter of lace curtains for the dinin'-room. But never yet have I been able to sit in front of a banker, watchin' his eye for signs of life, without a feelin' that I had jes' come from killin' my children, settin' fire to the city hall an' speakin' disrespectfully of Calvin Coolidge."

"It doesn't take brains to make money," muttered Mr. Stubbs in a distinctly defiant tone. "Everybody knows *that*."

"Good Lord, 'Lonzo!" Uncle Henry exclaimed anxiously. "You don't mean to tell me you're *broke?*"

P. F. COLLIER & SON
COMPANY
Executive and Editorial Offices:
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2
Published at SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
SEPTEMBER 12, 1925

THOMAS H. BECK, President
GEORGE J. KENNEDY, Vice President
WILLIAM P. LARKIN, Vice President
ALBERT E. WINGER, Treasurer
ADDINGTON N. OLDING, Secretary

The Blindness of Justice

ONE man, single-handed, can safely transport millions in the Yukon gold regions, while armored cars, small artillery and cordons of police are required to safeguard the movement of a bank's funds in any large American city.

The Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, as Mr. Liggett shows in this issue, "always get their man." The Canadian courts follow through. Justice is certain and swift.

American policemen are just as intelligent and just as brave as the guardsmen of Canada. Politics destroys police prestige and judicial effectiveness in this country. We seem to believe in enforcing the law except against friends. In American cities every kind of crime is concealed and condoned by privilege and sentimentality. Where enforcement of law falters, respect for law inevitably is weak.

Murder alone tells the story. Homicides are twelve times as frequent in the United States as in Quebec or Ontario. Life is twice as safe in Italy as in the United States despite the Italian vendettas. For every Englishman killed, nine Americans are slain.

Before life and property can be made as safe in the United States as they are in the highly civilized countries of the earth, far-reaching reforms must be made in our criminal laws, and in the enforcement of them.

But, first of all, public opinion toward offenders must be guided more by respect for law and justice and less by influence and sentimentality.

More than two hundred years ago, in Steele's paper, "The Guardian," Joseph Addison wrote: "Justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind." To-day we are facing a breakdown of law. One of the reasons is that Justice is regaining her eyesight.

Door-to-Door Libraries

"WHAT are you going to do about the 1,000,000 American children who leave school annually at the age of fourteen?" asked Charles E. Rush, Indianapolis librarian, at the American Library Association convention at Seattle. His answer is to have book dusters in libraries carry good books around until it is easier to borrow a book than to borrow trouble.

The late P. F. Collier had precisely that idea. The good work he started has resulted, so far, in the distribution of more than a hundred million volumes now in home libraries. His useful life was devoted to leading people to read more wisely and purposefully. That is also the work of the new librarian.

If the children Mr. Rush is worrying about are fortunate enough to take with them from the schoolroom nothing but the habit of close and eager reading, they are as well prepared for life as were many of yesterday's and to-day's leaders of America.

Too Many Things Lost

SECRETARY of Commerce Hoover deplores the fact that there are approximately two hundred bureaus in Washington to look after public affairs—so many that useless delays and confusion result. We once heard a cheerful statesman say that the bureaus in Washington were like the old bureau his folks used to have. It wasn't good for anything but storage. "What we need," he said, "is to replace some of our bureaus with dressing tables; then something will be done."

Gun-Toting is Bunk

PEACE and order have no show in mining camps while men dress up with revolvers and settle their business or personal scraps by gunfire. Everybody knows that. Change their clothes and change their minds and you have a livable town.

At the Williamstown Institute of Politics, according to press reports, the highbrows talked about all things under the sun; and every last one of them talked as if he expected war. Old mining camp stuff, and bunk.

The world to-day is just as civilized as its governments will let it be, and more so. The one big job of all those governments is to cut down gun-toting and let people live. The job for thinking people is to hold their government's nose down on that one fact.

Hope Eternal

JUST before the war ended, a German bomb filled Frank Hasselberger with little pieces of steel. In the seven years since then he has been operated on forty-one times. His sight has been restored and skin has been grafted, and the resources of plastic surgery tested all over his body.

While waiting for his forty-first operation, Hasselberger said: "After a couple of dozen more operations, they figure they'll be able to start work in earnest on me. I really don't think that my signature ought to be accepted any more, though, because I'm not really myself."

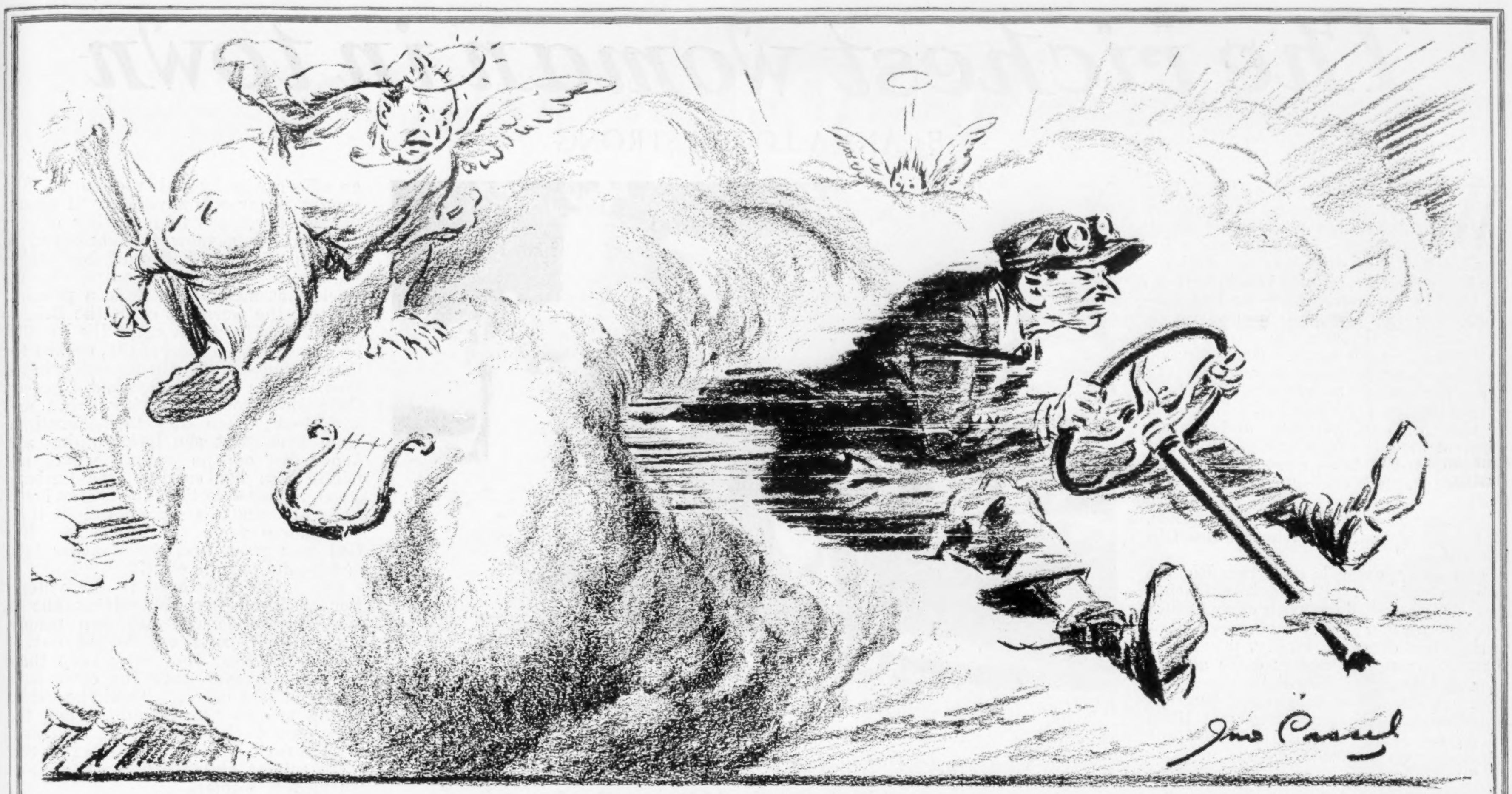
The papers say that he can't get around very well, but he still has hope. The glorious thing about the human spirit is that it usually clings to hope—even to the curious hope that some day men won't shoot other men full of steel.

What Price Beauty?

DIAMONDS are going higher still. Financiers have formed a syndicate to control the world's entire output. A leading importer says candidly: "Dividends must be produced and the public will have to produce them if it wants diamonds. The price will go up and stay up."

Well, who cares? Here is one industry which has no use for the Henry Ford formula of mass production and huge volume through lower prices. The more diamonds cost the better. Those of us who have 'em already can chuckle. Those who still have to buy are glad of the chance to give the girls the greater thrill.

There are many things more beautiful than a diamond—goldenrod in autumn fields, for instance, or snow crystals on the window pane, or even pictures painted by men's hands and reproduced millions of times on magazine pages. But those things are cheap and common—two splendid words debased by contact with our base modern standards. Give us rarity! Give us extravagance! Give us ostentation! For we are pagans, and have not yet learned to know the countenance of beauty.



The Reckless Driver Arrives

Own Your Own Home

BY JOSEPH P. DAY

The world's greatest real estate salesman.
He has sold a billion dollars' worth of land from coast to coast

© Keystone

THERE is one word of advice that I should like to give every young man and woman contemplating marriage and the family responsibility which marriage rightfully entails; that is: Get your own home and keep it!

The instinct for a home is as natural in humanity as the instinct to mate. Ever since the industrial era began the complexities of our modern civilization, especially in large cities, have compelled many to accept substitutes for home—tenement, apartment and hotel life. But the home instinct survives and, in my opinion, will survive whatever revolutionary changes take place in the mechanics of living and whatever conveniences we concede to apartment life.

A young couple beginning family life in their own home secure at once a background, an anchorage. They have the first material essential of family solidarity—a roof of their own. Without their own house there is an inescapable sense of being transients, of having no firm foundation for family life. They are subject to the convenience of others, apartment landlords and fellow tenants.

Economically, home ownership is the best possible beginning for married life. Although the costs of home-building and home sites have materially increased with the growth of our centers of population, the facilities for home-owning have also increased. Where fifty years ago a wage earner found it exceedingly difficult to own his home, to-day the competition between land and building concerns has taxed ingenuity to make home ownership easy and attractive. Everywhere in the United States it is possible for those who desire a home to get one with a small cash payment and a mortgage arrangement that is equivalent to an installment-purchase plan.

There are eleven thousand building and loan associations in this country, with memberships ranging from tens to thousands. Any wage earner is eligible for membership. Aid is given on a strict, coöperative business basis, without the slightest tinge of patronage or charity. The advantage of the system is that it enables the family of moderate means to finance payments on a home on the lowest terms and in the most convenient way, to be a profit-sharing partner in the organized efforts of other families acquiring homes. They are mutual benefit societies where the benefits are acquired and enjoyed during life, not postponed until after death.

Socially the advantages of home ownership are even greater. The home owner is a part of his community because he is a shareholder in it. He pays his taxes directly and reaps directly the benefit of those taxes. His life is fuller because his interest is keener.

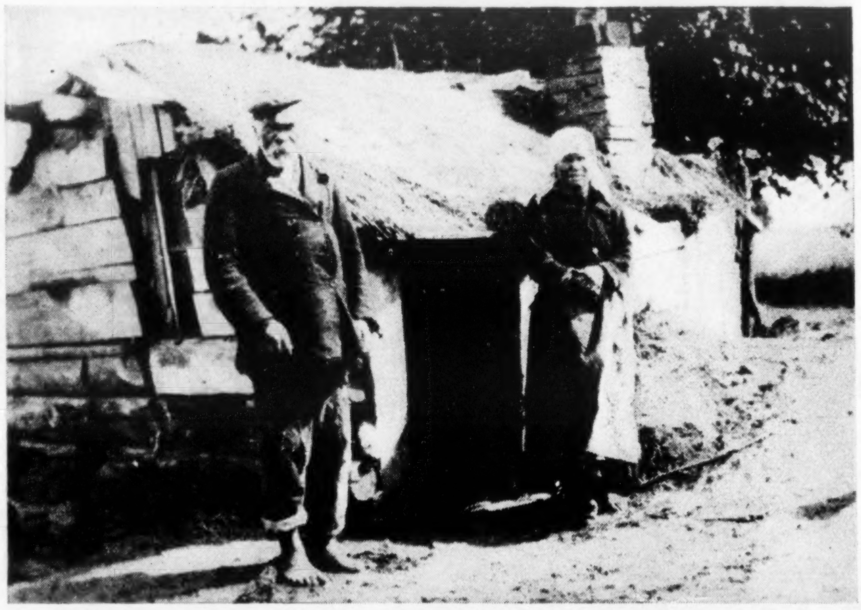
And home ownership marks a man with his employers and anybody else he deals with in business or trade as a man of capability with an aim in life and a capacity to accomplish that aim. It is a certificate of respect and an assurance of credit, a warranty of character and self-reliance.

Finally, the man who owns his home provides normal, wholesome atmosphere for the rearing of his children, gives them a starting point in life that will never fail in its beneficent influence. Children brought up in their own home have the supreme advantage of a domestic sentiment that is one of the most valuable of spiritual possessions. Their lives have a basis of security because their family roots have been nourished in the real soil of home.

In my career as a land operator I have participated in deals involving a round sum of a billion dollars, including skyscrapers and tenements, vast estates and vacant lots. But I have never experienced more satisfaction than when disposing of property designed to accommodate homes, because I am convinced that this country can only prosper and provide the means of true happiness for its inhabitants in so far as it is a nation of home owners.

The richest woman in town

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG



It's folk like these who love and understand the "Richest Woman"

She cooked for her enemies, traded with them—and cheated. Wit and shrewdness have made her so rich that all her family wear shoes in winter

WE WERE sitting at lunch in a small two-roomed building on the Russian border of Poland. It was headquarters for Quaker Relief in the district. Outside the large Red Cross auto truck, with Y. M. C. A. chauffeur, which we had borrowed for the trip, was pulled up in the shade and carefully stripped of everything which might seem valuable to a poor and pilfering people. Thirty miles back was the railroad, the telegraph line and civilization. Yet here, in this land of marshes and barbed wire, on the left-over edges of war, they brought on the table good white bread and butter. We exclaimed our compliments.

"Ah, yes," said the district worker, "I have for cook the richest woman in the village."

The door opened and the Richest Woman entered. Barefoot, pattering over the uneven floor, with clean, white kerchief on her head, and apron protecting her dress—a kindly, intelligent peasant woman. "She is quite accomplished," bragged the district worker. "She can speak two languages, Russian and Polish. She even knows a little German. Read and write—well, no! What do you expect?"

The Richest Woman lifted a basket to the table. "The potatoes they brought are no good," she said. "I give you these, my own potatoes." She poured them out, an offering from her hospitable field, larger and better looking than any we had been able to buy.

"How much do they cost?" we asked, but she waved the question aside. "What are these few potatoes?" she said superbly.

I laughed when she had gathered them up again and returned to the kitchen. "She is a gracious donor," I said, "but how do you pay her? What are the wages that induce the Richest Woman to do your cooking?

"She will not take money from me. She has learned in the war to distrust money. She is a clever woman and will set no wage scale. But she expects, from time to time, when we go to Warsaw, a return present for her labor—a piece of cotton cloth or even of wool. By wintertime I think she will expect an overcoat. She is acquiring clothing for all her family. It is worth much more here on the border than money."

"But how did you happen to choose the Richest Woman for your servant? Weren't there many others who needed the work more?"

"No doubt," said the district worker. "But I took her for the same reason the Germans took her, because she was clean and intelligent and a good housewife. I even hope in time to get rid of the bedbugs with her help. I value her for the same qualities that have made her the Richest Woman."

"And what is the story," I asked, "about the Germans?" But she waved me back and asked me to wait till I saw the background.

Where Dugouts Are Homes

ALL that afternoon I spent seeing the background—the desolate marsh country which century after century kept the boundary of Russia safe from invasion. In the last war the Germans won thus far, and then entrenched themselves knowing that beyond this point they must pay too dearly for swamp land which no one could hold.

Here man has fought for ages against the marsh. The high, safe lands are the property of serene but absent dukes and princes in the new Republic of Poland. But in the low, dangerous lands the peasants, shock troops of humanity, do battle against malaria and reclaim bit by bit the unending morass. Only the tireless peasants have other foes than the swamp to fight. For from time to time war and government come upon them, driving them forth to distant places, crossing their hard-won fields with barbed wire and trenches, or even—worst sacrilege of all—helping the swamp come back to assist the fortifications.

We passed line on line of old trenches crumbling into themselves. We saw solid cement dugouts which now are inhabited by whole colonies of peasants, since they are sounder than any structure raised since the war. There was no real fighting here, only the deliberate destruction of villages to make room for barbed-wire entanglements, which now lay, mile upon mile, across the lands which the peasants were reclaiming.

Most of this region escaped the great retreat of the Czar's armies, which were in this district too demoralized to drive out the peasants. But the Germans came next and gathered up the peasants into labor armies and sent them back even into Germany to till the fields from which soldiers had been taken. To any government a peasant knows that he is simply a creature to be moved about for military reasons.

One village boasted that, returning from Germany, they had rebuilt entirely since the spring. But in every house were men lying ill from malaria, for they had rebuilt in their ancient pesthole, now grown infinitely worse through six years' neglect. All the higher, better land belonged to a large estate that wound in and out between the villages; it was not cultivated, but the old noble was dead and the young one was in the city, sending orders not to sell.

Government drainage on a large scale might have reclaimed even the lower marshland, but no peasant dreamed that government might exist to drain land. They knew only the hard way of pitting human life against the swamp, gaining a yard or two at the cost of a spell of illness. The Quakers had helped, with spades and plows and quinine. And man was winning again, but many men were dying.

This was the background from which the Richest Woman had risen. Her village was higher built and freer from malaria, but still conditioned in progress by the poor crops of the sour reclaimed marshland.

Bit by bit I gathered from her the story of her rise to prosperity, a sordid tale, from the standpoint of the patriot, but a most honorable one as viewed by every peasant.

A Peasant Who Profiteered

SHE profiteered from the war. She traded with the enemy. Russians, Germans, Bolsheviks, bandits—she cheated them all alike and made them pay tribute. They were all alike the lifelong foes of her village, against whom the peasant was all but helpless. But she was a clever woman, and she did not flee them. When the Germans came she trusted to her own wit and shrewdness.

The Germans saw that her house was neat and orderly, and Germans admire good housewifery. When the rest of the village was shipped far back of the lines she was given a job as washwoman to the army only fifty kilometers away from home. Later she was promoted to cook for an officers' mess. Gradually she worked her way back to the front lines and her own village. She even managed to keep her husband and children with her on the ground that she needed them to help in her work.

A big feast came in the German headquarters. Three cases of vodka were put into her hands to serve. By the end of the second case she saw that the officers were too drunk to know what they were drinking. So she diluted half the last case with water and kept half for herself, to be sold later.

Risky, yes! But she had courage. She was fighting for her children's future. That half case of vodka was the foundation of her fortune. Little by little she collected small sums of money. At last, in the hour of the German retreat, came her chance. She went out on the great highway, the Moscow-Warsaw road, and bargained with the retreating, heavily encumbered troops.

"I should like that cow," she said to an officer who knew her cooking. She bought it for a few rubles. "I should like a plow," she told another officer; he sold her a plow that belonged to the army for a bottle of her stolen vodka. Bit by bit she acquired the live stock that means wealth to a peasant.

After the Germans came the Bolsheviks, and after them again the bandits. She met them all cheerfully, cooked for them, traded with them, and cheated them in the end. They had force on their side, commandeering grain and live stock; often they took something from her. But she had cunning and knowledge of the swamp where she might hide her cattle. Her husband stood, at her direction, for twelve hours up to his neck in a swamp, to hide their best horse from the invaders. But God was good, and the weather kind and he did not die of it.

She is much beloved in the village. For with all her shrewdness she is kind-hearted toward her own people. Two of her cows are loaned out to poorer families; they may keep them without payment until the cows have produced two calves. Then the calves belong to the poor family, while the cows come back to the Richest Woman, in time for her daughter's dowry. She is the village philanthropist, as well as the richest woman.

The face of the Richest Woman lit up when I asked about her daughter. It is to make her the heiress of the village that the mother is working. She is a pretty girl, almost of marriageable age. She sometimes wears shoes, even in summer. That, of course, is sheer vainglory!

"Will you send her to the city to school," I asked, "so that she may learn to read and write?" But the Richest Woman looked troubled. It was clear that her dreams for her daughter did not include an education. Why should an heiress with both beauty and cows for a marriage portion court trouble by being too superior to her fellows?

"How much, after all, has the Richest Woman?" I asked of the district worker. We counted it all up. Ten acres of land; a horse and a plow; two cows of her own, besides two loaned to neighbors; two bull calves, five pigs and three hens. She owns three houses, but two she loans to poorer neighbors. Her fall crop was 4,000 pounds of potatoes. She had shoes for every member of the family in winter. It was indeed an inspiring list of property.

Best of all, she has the high approval of her village, unmarred by any taint of Western patriotism. What to them was the government of the Czar, which touched them distantly, only to oppress? Or the government of the Bolsheviks, which swept across their fields briefly to take their grain? Or the government of the Germans, which built good roads for them and cast their fields back into marsh and barbed wire? Or the new government of Poland to which they were given by treaty and whose language they do not even know? What to them is any government except seizing of horses and grain and displacement of people? What do they hope from any government except to be let alone?

"The villagers admire her," mused the district worker, "chiefly because she, an untrained peasant like themselves, had courage and cleverness to face the ancient enemy and bring back both life and fortune."

"The ancient enemy?" I queried, and then I understood—not the Russians, nor the Germans nor the Poles nor the bandits, but all of them together: all that self-assertive political life which builds organizations and fights other organizations for land and power. What does it matter to the peasant under what flag his enemy comes, or in the name of what culture his fields are laid waste? The peasant's ancient enemy is always—the warrior!

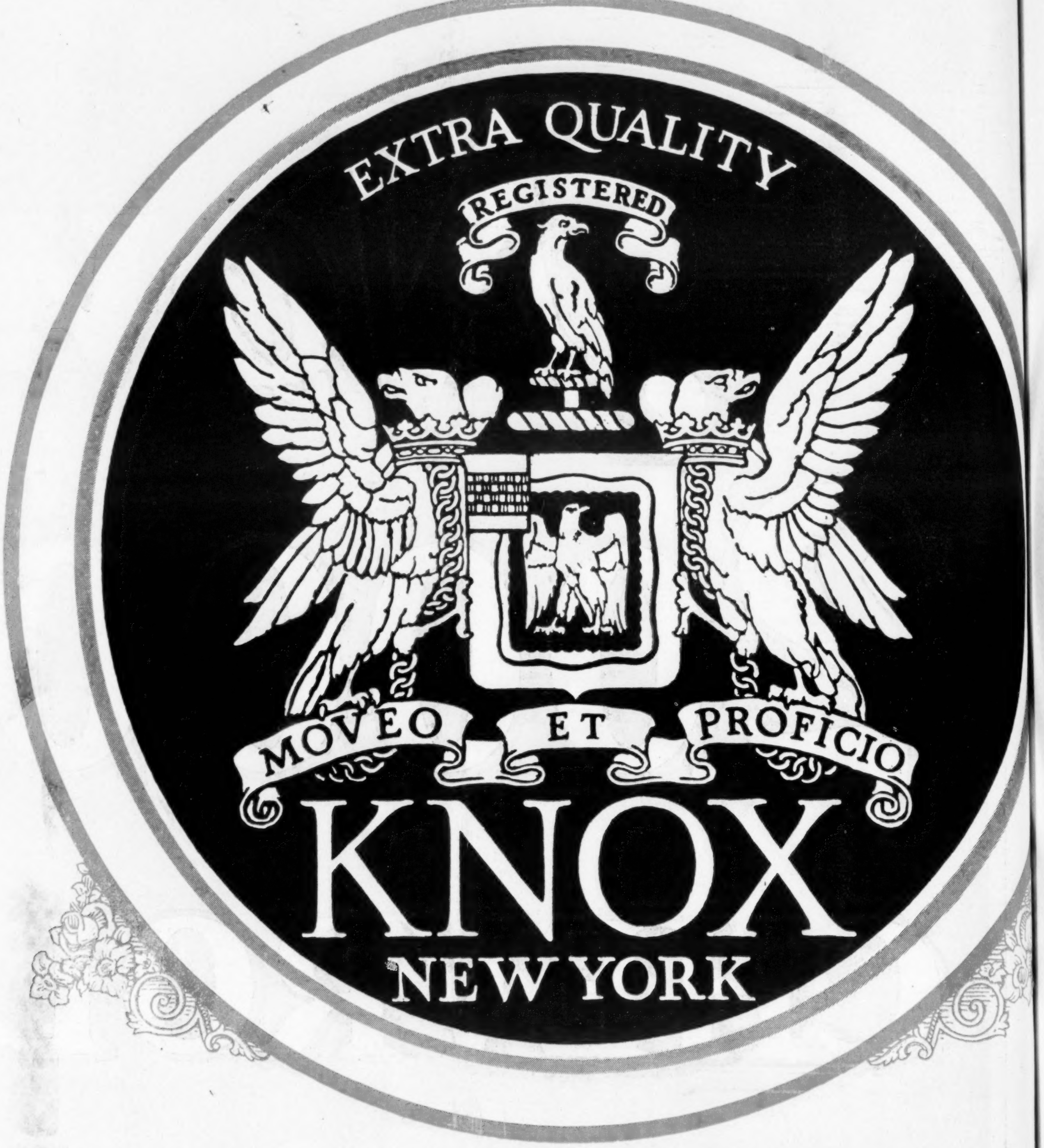
CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

Now-
2,000,000
CHEVROLETS
Why?

QUALITY AT LOW COST

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION


EXTRA QUALITY
REGISTERED
MOVEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX
NEW YORK

*THE KNOX SEAL on a store window identifies the dealer who carries hats with the distinguished Knox label. The Knox "Fifth Avenue" hat is in the newer colors of gray and tan with broader, deeper brim. Priced at eight dollars.

CORRECT style is as essential to a man's hat as the right head size. And the distinguishing mark in a gentleman's hat that is accepted as a symbol for authoritative style is as always the label of **KNOX***

KNOX HAT COMPANY
452 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Broadway (Singer Bldg.) New York
Madison Ave. (Roosevelt Hotel) New York
51 Grant Avenue, San Francisco

You will find Knox Hat Agencies in all the principal cities of the United States

WHITE FIRE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

The Story Thus Far

JUNE WYNNE, the lovely young wife of Tabor Wynne, of an old Philadelphia family, picks an unprovoked quarrel with him over black pearls which she claims are imitation. Next day Lance Fairless, a young society man, asks Tabor to go to New York, as a lawyer and friend, to buy back for $10,000 his love letters from Jennifer Challis, an actress. That evening Tabor finds a note from June saying she has gone to New York with her sister. Tabor follows but doesn't find her at her regular hotel.

Next day after cashing a check large enough to buy real pearls for June, Tabor calls on Jennifer, who proves to be very lovely. She returns the letters, refusing the money though she plainly needs it. She had at one time been sincerely in love with Lance. On leaving her room Tabor sees in the corridor Lance Fairless and June with a bellboy carrying two bags and he realizes that June has lied to him and why. He sends back the letters to Jennifer, and rushes out.

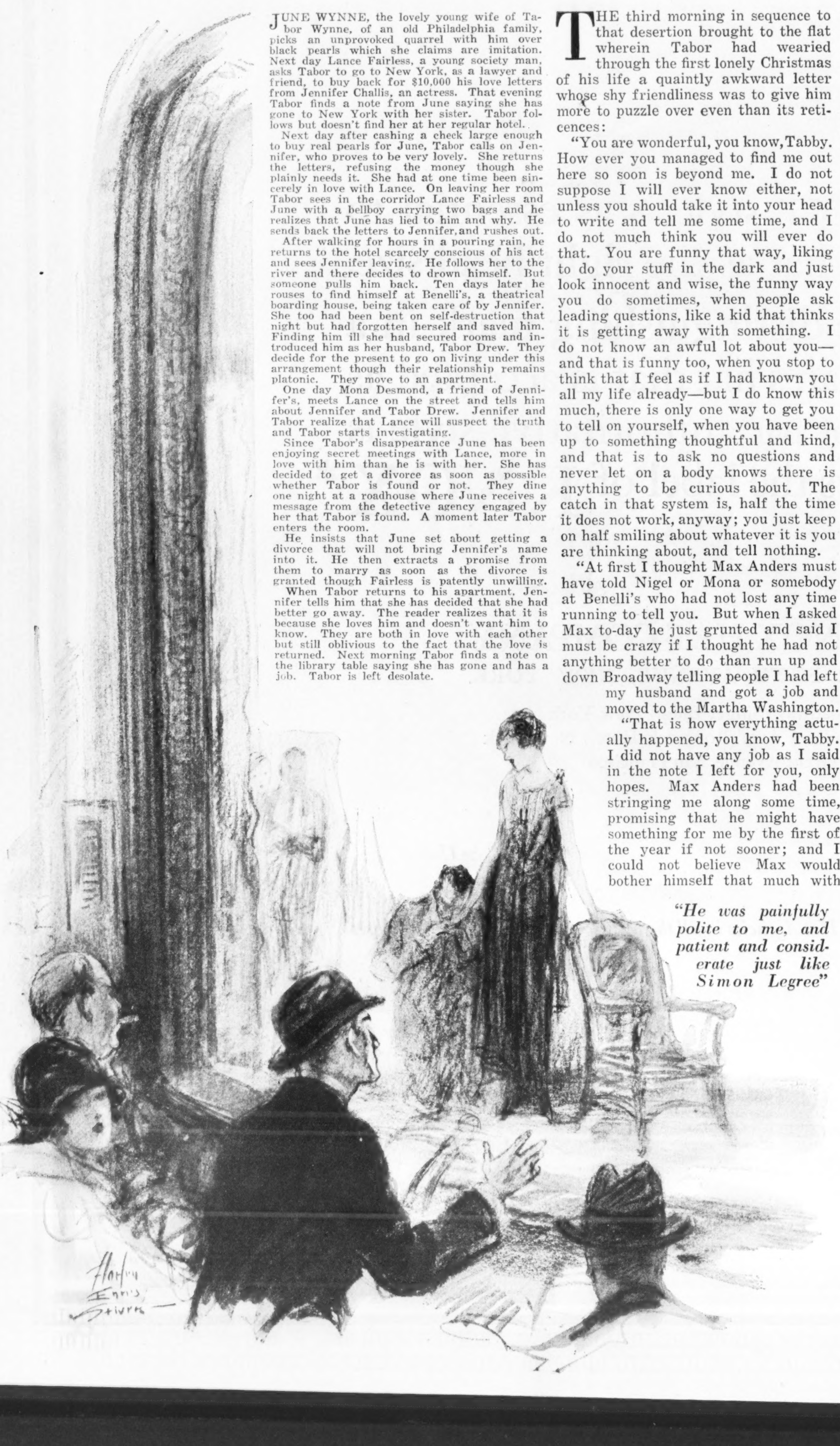
After walking for hours in a pouring rain, he returns to the hotel scarcely conscious of his act and sees Jennifer leaving. He follows her to the river and there decides to drown himself. But someone pulls him back. Ten days later he rouses to find himself at Benelli's, a theatrical boarding house, being taken care of by Jennifer. She too had been bent on self-destruction that night but had forgotten herself and saved him. Finding him ill she had secured rooms and introduced him as her husband, Tabor Drew. They decide for the present to go on living under this arrangement though their relationship remains platonic. They move to an apartment.

One day Mona Desmond, a friend of Jennifer's, meets Lance on the street and tells him about Jennifer and Tabor Drew. Jennifer and Tabor realize that Lance will suspect the truth and Tabor starts investigating.

Since Tabor's disappearance June has been enjoying secret meetings with Lance, more in love with him than he is with her. She has decided to get a divorce as soon as possible whether Tabor is found or not. They dine one night at a roadhouse where June receives a message from the detective agency engaged by her that Tabor is found. A moment later Tabor enters the room.

He insists that June set about getting a divorce that will not bring Jennifer's name into it. He then extracts a promise from them to marry as soon as the divorce is granted though Fairless is patently unwilling.

When Tabor returns to his apartment, Jennifer tells him that she has decided that she had better go away. The reader realizes that it is because she loves him and doesn't want him to know. They are both in love with each other but still oblivious to the fact that the love is returned. Next morning Tabor finds a note on the library table saying she has gone and has a job. Tabor is left desolate.



"He was painfully polite to me, and patient and considerate just like Simon Legree"

Part VII

THE third morning in sequence to that desertion brought to the flat wherein Tabor had wearied through the first lonely Christmas of his life a quaintly awkward letter whose shy friendliness was to give him more to puzzle over even than its reticences:

"You are wonderful, you know, Tabby. How ever you managed to find me out here so soon is beyond me. I do not suppose I will ever know either, not unless you should take it into your head to write and tell me some time, and I do not much think you will ever do that. You are funny that way, liking to do your stuff in the dark and just look innocent and wise, the funny way you do sometimes, when people ask leading questions, like a kid that thinks it is getting away with something. I do not know an awful lot about you—and that is funny too, when you stop to think that I feel as if I had known you all my life already—but I do know this much, there is only one way to get you to tell on yourself, when you have been up to something thoughtful and kind, and that is to ask no questions and never let on a body knows there is anything to be curious about. The catch in that system is, half the time it does not work, anyway; you just keep on half smiling about whatever it is you are thinking about, and tell nothing.

"At first I thought Max Anders must have told Nigel or Mona or somebody at Benelli's who had not lost any time running to tell you. But when I asked Max to-day he just grunted and said I must be crazy if I thought he had not anything better to do than run up and down Broadway telling people I had left my husband and got a job and moved to the Martha Washington.

"That is how everything actually happened, you know, Tabby. I did not have any job as I said in the note I left for you, only hopes. Max Anders had been stringing me along some time, promising that he might have something for me by the first of the year if not sooner; and I could not believe Max would bother himself that much with somebody he did not have something pretty sure for. So I put in that P. S. just to make your mind easy about me, and the first place I lit after my sensational leap for life was Max's office.

"I do not know yet which seemed the most wonderful, the chance he had found for me or his saying he had been holding it back to be a sort of Christmas present. He was not kidding either—Max showed me the letter he had all written and waiting to be sent around by messenger Christmas morning.

"He called right up and made an appointment with Charley Arlington to see me this morning. A sure-enough appointment for Jenny Wayne with Charles B. Arlington! though I don't suppose you know what that means to a person in the show business. And when I called to see him this morning, Mr. Arlington was as nice and kind as he could be. He told me his scouts had been watching me a long while and now he was ready to back their judgment that I would see my name up in electric lights before I was many years older. That was the last straw, so far as I was concerned. I did not believe it even when he handed me a contract on the spot to play the lead in a No. 3 Marriage Market Co. which he is sending out on the road week after next. I am to get $200 a week, and Max has loaned me $100 against my first week's pay, so there is no reason for you to worry about how I am going to get along. And to pile on the agony, Mr. Arlington said if I made the hit in this part he expected me to he would give me a chance to play next to Barry Pemberton in the piece he is going to star in next season. I have just *got* to make good for more reasons than I know how to tell you.

"You see now, don't you? It was not for any such reason as maybe you thought that I had to run away in spite of our bargain and everything. It was simply I could not help seeing what sacrifices you were making for my sake and could not let you go on making them for a girl who was not worth it. And with that hopeless father of mine turning up the way he did, too, and tumbling to the fact that there was something queer going on—I am positive he suspects who you are really—and scheming to make you *loan* him money for fear of his cutting loose and spilling whatever he thinks he knows—well, if I had not had any other reason, that one would have been enough. Not only that, but I could not help thinking how you would feel, a man as sensitive as you are about things, to have people putting the wrong construction on appearances if anything ever did leak out about us.

"But one thing I will never be able to do, that is sure—make you understand what that lovely Christmas present means to me. It is too beautiful, Tabby, and I do not know how to describe how it thrills me to wear it and think who gave it to me. But the best part of it all was to have it come yesterday morning when I was missing you so much and worrying for fear you would be thinking I was ungrateful and angry with me and never forgive me for running away like that.

"It is no use, Tabby, I do not know the right words to say what I want to say to you. But you surely know that I do thank you from the very bottom of my heart. Bless you! JENNY."

When Tabor (*Continued on page 32*)

Burroughs

More Than A Machine

is what you get when buying a Burroughs. The Burroughs man brings expert knowledge of modern methods. He analyzes *your* business needs and helps select the right machine for *your* work. He shows how it will make *your* business pay a bigger profit.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6294 SECOND BOULEVARD DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ADDING · BOOKKEEPING · CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES

White Fire

Continued from page 30

gave over reading between those lines, to no better profit than one more teasing interpretation of each reading, and set himself to compose a reply, he found an outlay required of time, tact and thought that measurably amazed him, and then was given several weeks in which to nurse misgivings as to the reaction of a nature impulsive and generous, miscast by life and struggling against odds to orient itself to such stark and arid phrases as were the incurable addiction of his legal mind.

When he had concluded it was improbable that he would ever hear from Jennifer again, at all events directly, a letter came on the stationery of a Louisville hotel.

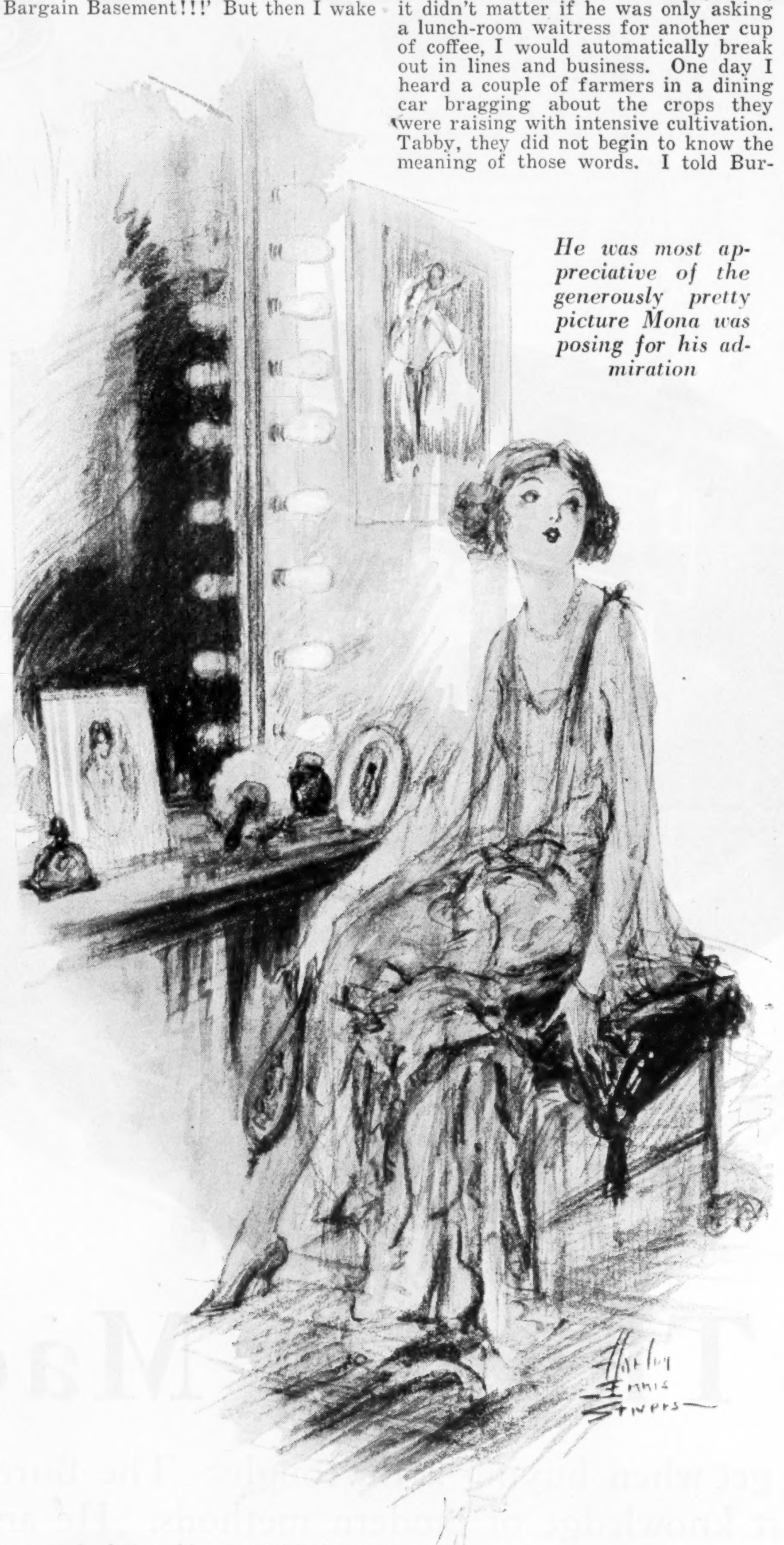
"You must be wondering, Tabby dear, and maybe getting cross and thinking wrong thoughts about me. If you are, I will be the last to blame you. But you must not think it was a short memory for the best friend I have ever had or any other sort of ingratitude that kept me putting off writing day after day. I have been having some pretty rough going, Tabby, simple slavery from morning to night seven days a week, what with performances every night besides matinées Saturdays and sometimes Wednesdays too, and rehearsing all the time in between, and chasing all over the map of three states in poky local trains between stands, and sick of myself and discouraged into the bargain. And I could not get my nerve up to write to you until I could make an honest report that would not read like an obituary of Jenny Challis.

"WE OPENED in Altoona three weeks ago, and goodness only knows why they didn't cancel the next bookings till somebody could be rushed on from New York to put in my place. My part was so big for me I rattled around in it like a penny in a kid's bank, and the performance I gave the first night was perfectly priceless. I knew I was going to be bad, of course, and so did everybody else, after rehearsing with me for two weeks and getting sicker and sicker about it every day. But nobody could have guessed how ghastly I would be. I didn't dare leave my dressing-room till everybody else had cleared out but the night watchman, and then I slunk home to the hotel through back streets and had gooseflesh every time I saw a policeman. And at rehearsal next day the way the company behaved—well, any leper that might have dropped in would have felt at home with me as a matter of course. But by night I had got so mad at myself I was emitting sparks, and in the first act was doing a good deal better, up to when I looked down over the footlights and saw Charles B. Arlington in person sitting in the third row. I got it then and there he had come on from New York in answer to an S O S and promptly blew up with a muffled report, and for the rest of that performance I was a public scandal. He came around back after the second act and when I found him standing alongside me while I was waiting to go on in the third I wanted to die and the only thing I could think of to say was to ask him if he would mind getting somebody to show me the way to the potter's field after the show. He only laughed and said I must not be so downhearted and called a rehearsal for nine o'clock.

"I did not see any more of Mr. Arlington till he strolled in about ten the next morning with who do you think in tow? Who but the great Burchell Brown! At first I supposed it was just an accident—Brown just happened to be in town and Mr. Arlington had run into him by chance. But when I found the truth was Mr. Arlington had wired for Brown to come on overnight and take me in hand and try to make an actress out of the Amateur Night imitation I was giving of a Cherry Sister speaking her first piece—well, Tabby, I passed into a trance I have not really come out of yet. I still keep muttering in my sleep: 'Things like this don't happen! Ambitious little women have got to show something in the theatre more than stage fright before Charles B. Arlingtons hire Burchell Browns to coach them! Snap out of it, Jenny, and realize there are probably a million railroad ties between you and the job God made for you in Gimbel's Bargain Basement!!!' But then I wake up and what could not possibly happen calmly goes on happening to me just as if it was natural.

"One of the other girls I have made friends with in the company told me the other day if she had my luck she would not waste time working to be an actress; she would start right in and make a princely living shooting craps. But the mysterious thing about it all, Tabby, is that I am not such a bad actress any more. The rest of the company has quit already arguing about whether it is a hanging crime to poison their leading lady. And some of the notices I get in the small-town papers are hardly vindictive at all.

"The great Burchell Brown stuck with us two whole weeks. He was painfully polite to me all along, and patient and considerate just like Simon Legree. He hardly ever rehearsed my scenes while we were running to catch trains or when I dropped in my tracks to snatch a few winks of sleep. But the rest of the time rehearsals went on a non-stop schedule, practically. I got so if I heard Brown's voice any time, it didn't matter if he was only asking a lunch-room waitress for another cup of coffee, I would automatically break out in lines and business. One day I heard a couple of farmers in a dining car bragging about the crops they were raising with intensive cultivation. Tabby, they did not begin to know the meaning of those words. I told Burchell Brown that, the same night after the performance. It was his last night with us, and he was catching an early train for New York the next morning, and I was trying to thank him for teaching me how to act. He just laughed. It was the first time anything like that had happened to him since we met, so I suppose the prospect of not having me to rehearse the next day had made him sort of hysterical. When he felt strong enough to speak again he said: 'Don't kid yourself, Jenny. All I've been doing these two weeks is teaching you how *not* to act. The rest is up to you. I think you have got a swell chance of learning the trick inside the next hundred years if you will just bear this in mind: every time you get a new part to study, make yourself remember everything you used to do on the stage before you met me, and then don't do any of it where an audience can see you.'



He was most appreciative of the generously pretty picture Mona was posing for his admiration

"I think you would like him, Tabby. He is a funny little thin man with lantern jaws and eyes hardly any bigger than electric-light bulbs. He is awfully nice, really, and pokes fun at everything he tells you, but what he doesn't know about the theatre wouldn't stage a Sunday-school cantata. He did almost as much for this piece we are playing as he did for me, simply with side suggestions to the other actors that he would let drop more as if he was wondering how they would work than if he knew what he was talking about. Even the hick critics recognize that it's a comedy now instead of a 'searching social satire.'

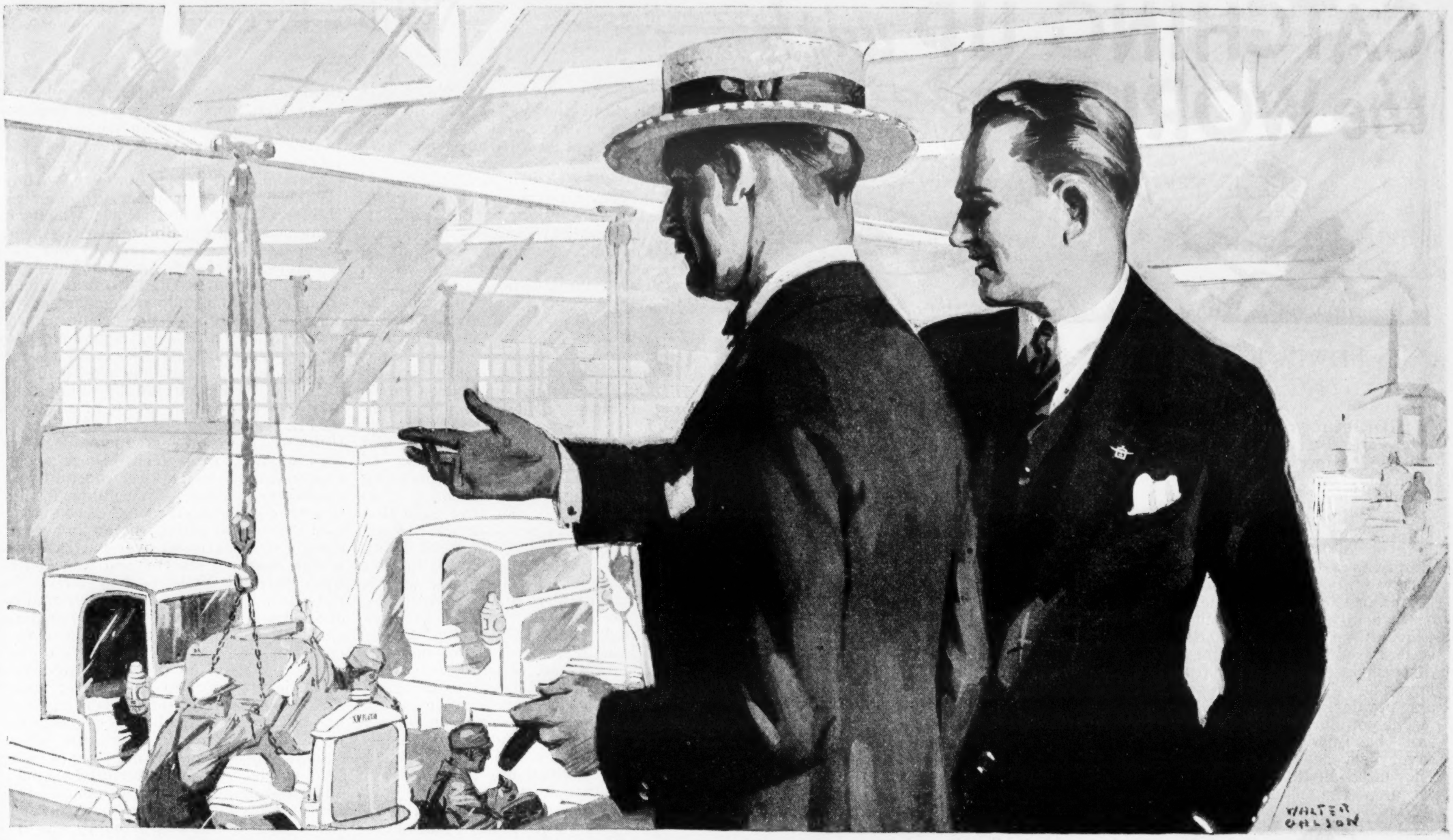
"I am letting myself run on, just gossiping with you, Tabby, whenever I get a few minutes to spare. If I stop to worry about how I'm saying things, this letter will never get written. As it is, it's getting written by fits and starts—parts when I'm in bed after the show and trying to keep my eyes open long enough to finish at least a sentence, and parts on board trains, when they don't rock so a person can't write fit to read, but mostly between scenes, on corners of dressing-room tables, in a paradise of grease paint and hot lights and hard work—things that are not the same anywhere outside of a theatre. I don't suppose anybody would understand what I mean that had not been born like me with the fever of the theatre in her blood, but when a person has been born that way, such things do make a paradise in spite of every drawback and disappointment.

"WHAT I am trying to tell you, Tabby, is that I am quite happy now, especially since I have begun to give fair to middling performances, much happier than I ever remember being before. I mean that. I used to think I was happy in those days, but now that I am able to look back calmly at that time I can see I was only having glimpses of real happiness, so to speak, just enough to keep me excited and craving for more. I expect that is one great mistake people make, women especially, taking it for granted that just being in love is all there is to happiness. Of course you and I know it isn't; but a person has got to fall out of love to find out the truth, that love isn't enough to make a full life. Love, it seems to me, needs a lot of extras to come true and be all people expect it to be; you have to be sure you are worth being loved, and you can't be that if you are nothing in the world but just a person in love; and you have got to be sure the one you love is worth being loved, too: and—

"Oh, I don't know, Tabby—I guess a scrub actress has a lot to learn about expressing herself before she can set up to be a philosopher and get anybody to take her seriously. But you are such an understanding person, I know you will understand I am just talking to get things off my mind and show you I am quite cured now of that old trouble and happy because I am able to discuss such things without going all to pieces with feeling sorry for myself.

"The best part of it all is, the way I feel about it, at least, that I owe it all to you—I mean this happy feeling that has come over me of being somebody all by myself and not just another woman going to waste because she has been foolish with her life and had a disappointment. I owe it to you because if it hadn't been for you—well, I don't know what would have become of me. I don't know if I can make it sound sensible, but what I am trying to say is, I had to have you to run away from because I wanted to do something that would make you think you had not been wasting friendship on a shiftless baggage. I know it sounds as if I attached an awful lot of importance to

(*Continued on page 34*)



- - and you know even the best truck needs service at some time - - with Whites you are always sure of quick service, well done, at low cost

A White Truck salesman and a buyer are going through the service station at a White factory branch.

Salesman—The whole thing—men, materials, tools, even the laying out of the building itself and the choice of location—makes it possible to give you *quick service, well done, at low cost.* Even the best truck needs service some time.

Buyer—Yes, every salesman brags about his service. But, try and get it! . . . . and they rob you on parts.

Salesman—The White Company regards service honestly—just as it does manufacture. Service is part of the business of furnishing dependable transportation. Whites are built as well as a truck can be built, and then The White Company stands right behind them, throughout their long life, to see that they are kept rolling. And White service at *low cost* means White *parts* at *low cost.* White parts are priced exactly as White Trucks are priced—the *cost* of *manufacture*, plus a *fair profit.*

Buyer—This is all right for trucks here in this territory. But you know I've got to send two to our Memphis plant and one to Seattle.

Salesman—The same sort of service is available. You can send them anywhere you like. White Trucks are at work all over the world and no White Truck is ever far from interested care. With its system of modern, fully equipped branches and its hundreds of dealer establishments, The White Company has spread the boundaries of its factory yard throughout the world.

Buyer—Well, I've had a couple of "orphan" trucks—no parts, no service. Cost me $30 every day one of them had to be laid up.

Salesman—Some of those old Whites I told you about that have been running 200,000 and 300,000 miles are eight, nine and ten years old. Their needs are still provided for. If they weren't right out there hauling their *pay load* every day, you know their owners wouldn't keep them year after year.

Buyer—True enough. When they stop rolling they stop earning. Then they begin to cost you money.

Salesman—And that leads right back to the bedrock of this whole transportation business. More White Trucks are in service today than trucks of any other high-grade make because Whites have always given their owners the *most money-earning miles.* The White Company couldn't be the leader in its industry after a quarter of a century if it sold just trucks. It has always sold continuous, sustained, economical transportation.

A White salesman is ready to show you how White Trucks can serve you. Let him show you a White Service Station. Let him show you how a White Truck can earn money for you. Terms may be arranged. There is a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Truck chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Bus chassis, $4,950—f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

CATCHING UP with the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director Science Service

I HOLD in my hand as I write this—yes, truly, for I am so skillful with the typewriter that I can run it with only two fingers of one hand—a sample of synthetic rubber.

It was "made in Germany," but there is no reason why it should not be made here or anywhere, for the material is simply soy-bean oil.

Soy is one of the things that we thank, or should thank, the Chinese for.

Naturally they know more about its possibilities than we. But we are catching on rapidly, and may get ahead of them in time, as we have in finding new uses for their inventions, paper and powder and porcelain.

The popularity of the Chinese restaurant has made us familiar with the savory soy sauce, the brown, pungent, fermented liquid in the cruet in the center of the table of chop suey of the real old-fashioned sort. They leave it off the table in some of the recent American jazz imitations, which is a pity, because soy sauce is the only thing that will make plain rice palatable. It is said to be the foundation of the Worcestershire sauce which flows or spatters wherever the English language is spoken or sputtered.

The soy bean is peculiar among seeds in being short on starch and long on protein. The ingenious Chinese take advantage of this and make all manner of dairy dishes out of soy.

THEY extract from the bean a milk in which a kosher cook could seethe a kid without violating the law of Moses. They make curds and cheese as snappy as the foreign brands, for which the restaurants charge us two bits a bite.

But so far the Chinese have not made rubber out of soy, so there is still a chance for us foreign devils to get ahead of them in this field.

This block of synthetic rubber that I hold in my hand—still—squeezes like real rubber, looks like it and smells as bad. It also will erase pencil marks, which is why Priestley, the Anglo-American chemist-preacher, called the stuff "rubber" in the first place—for which we all owe Priestley a debt of gratitude, since "caoutchouc" is such a hard word to spell.

But when I try to stretch this lump of "rubber" it breaks.

It resembles rather the red rubber tips on our pencils which are mostly made out of maize oils. Mixed with real rubber to give it the necessary stretching strength, it might well go to make up automobile tires.

The chemist put the indigo and madder plants out of business. He can make real rubber, the genuine caoutchouc, but it is not a profitable process, for rubber is now grown in orderly rows on plantations, instead of having to be hunted for in the jungle.

In fact, the rubber growers are having to fight to keep their product from getting too cheap—not too cheap to suit them, who make it, but too cheap to suit us, who use it. The United States uses 70 per cent of the rubber crop of the world and grows zero per cent of it.

This is not for lack of land, for Uncle Sam possesses good rubber ground in the Philippines and is supposed to have a certain interest or influence in tropical territory nearer home.

U.S. RUBBER CROP 0%

A glance at the map in the pamphlet that has recently been prepared under Mr. Hoover's direction on "The Plantation Rubber Industry in the Middle East" shows us that 93 per cent of the world's rubber is grown on the peninsulas and islands of southeastern Asia, chiefly British Malaya and Ceylon, and Dutch Sumatra, Java and Borneo. The Philippines appear right next to these rich rubber-growing districts, but somehow do not appear in the table of yields.

The cost of producing a pound of rubber on British and Dutch plantations is calculated to range between 13 and 17 cents. It could be sold in America at 25 and 30 cents a pound and leave the planter about 13 per cent profit.

Actually the price of rubber in the United States has varied between 14 cents, in 1922, and $1.40 a pound, in 1913, and the profits of the planters have averaged 26 per cent for the period 1909-1922.

The price jumped from 17 cents in 1924 to over a dollar this year, owing to the restriction of output of the British producers under the Stevenson plan adopted by the English and colonial governments, so the United States had to pay out $185,000,000 in 1923 and may pay out twice that this year.

Pay out, mind you, for somehow the rubber tree does not grow in the shade of the Star-Spangled Banner. The last Congress appropriated half a million dollars to find out the reason.

SHALL we live to hear the farmer tell his hired man: "Say, Bill, you better sprinkle a little more hexamethylenetetramine on the bean patch?"

Perhaps we shall on two conditions: first, that further experimentation confirms the favorable report of the French Academicians as to the fertilizing value of this chemical, and, second, that nobody invents a handier name for it.

more hex thar—
Sam.

Probably the manufacturer will make up a synthetic name for the synthetic compound, and if he doesn't the farmer will call it "hex" for short.

The substance already has two trade names, "formin" and "urotropin," by which it is well known in medicine. It is a white powder, and ought to be a fine fertilizer, since it has an ancient, fishlike smell.

A solution of one part in ten thousand parts of water, sprinkled on crops, is reported to stimulate their growth and increase their dried weight. It appears to be one of the few nitrogen compounds than can be absorbed directly by plants.

To make it, all you have to do is to bring together ammonia and formaldehyde, the familiar disinfectant. But we are not making ammonia from the air as much as they are abroad and we have not caught on to the German scheme of making formaldehyde cheap from water gas, so the new fertilizer is not likely soon to come into common use.

White Fire

Continued from page 32

being a leading woman in a No. 3 road company; but the way I look at it, I am only starting. But I expect you know better than I do what I am making such a hash of saying.

"Please do write to me, Tabby, and tell me everything you think would interest me—everything about yourself would, I don't have to tell you that. I am inclosing a route card showing all our bookings for the next eight weeks, so you will know where to write. I think you were very wise to sublet the apartment and move to a good hotel; you would have been too lonesome there all by yourself, and besides it was not good enough for you after there was no reason any more for you to keep under cover. I am sure you are more comfortable and contented where you are, and I hope you are not being silly and letting the funny view you take of divorce keep you from seeing something of your old friends now. And yet, do you know, Tabby? To save myself I just can't seem to see you, when I am thinking about you—and I do think about you an awful lot—except in that little apartment. I don't know why it is, but that little time we spent there together seems *real*, when I look back at it, much realer than that longer time at Benelli's, which seems more or less a dream to me. I suppose it must be because I did not begin to do much thinking about things before we moved or feel that I was a real person myself instead of a sort of shadow-woman living in a sad and jumbled sort of dream. But I expect friendship is more real than love between people, Tabby, it is so much more rare. And now that I have got those words down on paper and read them over and believe them, I can see, what nothing would ever have made me believe before, that friendship is much more beautiful."

If its predecessor had both provoked and baffled intuition with the things it left unsaid, this second letter opened to guesswork a number of new blind alleys. And Tabor for some time continued uncontent to accept its expressions as altogether one thing or the other, the spontaneous confidence of a heart curiously honest or the finenesses of a mind uncommonly clever in the business of dissembling its cleverness.

In the end, however, he found a certain medicine for doubts in the reflection that Jennifer, after all, stood in scant need or none of being subtle with him. Her feet were fixed at last where she had prayed the chance to set them, upon the rounds, if the lowermost ones, of the ladder that led, for those who had the courage and the strength to climb, to high places: circumstances which would have made a nature normally self-centered feel warranted in jettisoning any friendship from which nothing in the way of wordly advantage was to be expected, whereas every line the girl had written cried, to Tabor's understanding, a genuine if hardly a demonstrative attachment.

It was enough, he protested; he had earned, he asked no more; and, protesting, sighed a quiet sigh.

THE greater ease with which Jennifer was already beginning to use her pen was a fair omen, too, Tabor reckoned—bore out the promise she had made in that self-conscious and stumbling first communication, so argued command of a faculty rarely met in humankind, most rarely in women so young, the faculty of self-criticism. One so ready to see and reform slack habits of speech, ever the most stubborn to deal with, was competent, it seemed reasonable to assume, to accomplish almost anything that she might aspire to.

Improvement in this respect was furthermore fairly rapid and constant. Once she had settled her shoulders into the yoke of routine, Jennifer seemed to be moved to write Tabor at least a few lines daily, saving these up to be dispatched in batches under one cover—consignments of gossip whose want of constraint betokened completest confidence in him. Tabor, indeed, in more human moments could have welcomed some sign that the girl was less unaware of him as a man whose interest in her was conceivably not altogether altruistic.

Her letters related, however, without the least apparent reservation, everything that happened to her which she imagined he might find interesting; how her performances, gauged by her own standards, varied from night to night; what newspapers had to say about them, and what fellow members of the company thought of her acting as well as what they told her they thought of it; the various attitudes which these obliged her to adopt toward them collectively and individually and their attitudes toward one another: all woven into a rambling account of the fortunes of "the road"—a cinematographic sort of life, it seemed, whose scenes flickered restlessly between mean dressing-rooms, stages ill-managed and poorly equipped, irksome accommodation trains and grubby hotels in second-class cities scattered over half a dozen middle western states—and illuminated with spirited little pen sketches, for the most part in lines of light malice, of the more aggressive among her associates. Tabor was thus able before long to piece together a mosaic of impressions whose whole gave a tolerably fair picture of the conditions which that little band of quite everyday folk had to cope with in their scrabbling for wages and preferment: a life whose endless discomforts and annoyances kept the lot of them alternately squabbling and doing one another small kindnesses, prosecuting grim private feuds twenty-one hours out of every twenty-four but "parking their hates in the wings" lest something happen on the stage to mar the teamwork they owed the paying public, and at all times standing as one against the knaveries that house managers and hotel keepers would practice on them, the pilferings of minor theatre pests, and those common nuisances who hold every season an open season for actresses.

IN THIS way made the spiritual familiar of Jennifer on her travels, Tabor learned how to worry through a night on two seats in a day coach when the company was making a "sleeper jump" after a performance and the promised sleeping-car space was not forthcoming; why the average boarding house is preferable to a hotel, as a rule, if one is fortunate enough to be playing a week stand; what to do when your trunk forgets to get off with you at your station; and how to exist on wayside food—lunching on the stuff that railway-station counters serve, slabs of half-baked bread with a wafer of nondescript meat between, synthetic pastries, and rings of sweetish dough fried in deep fat till soggy with it beneath their rough brown bark and utterly defiant of mortal digestive powers; making the best of "regular dinners" parceled out in a multitude of small tubs such as caged birds are given to bathe in, by waitresses whose hair wants washing; and surrendering to the gay abandon of after-theatre suppers in Night Owl lunch wagons.

And discovering that Jennifer not only thrived on that sort of thing, but actually liked it, Tabor fell prey to a profound and abiding amazement.

If life had fetched him a long way in a short while from the old house on the square, he had still far to journey before he would be able to share the actors' love for the country of Cockaigne which is their native habitat.

"I am so happy, Tabby dear," Jennifer wrote after some months. "There's nothing like doing the thing you like and getting on at it. And then—of course I keep looking forward to the end of this tour and getting back to New York and seeing you again and opening next fall in Barry Pemberton's support—if Mr. Arlington doesn't forget or change his mind about that!—but—though I imagine one does have to

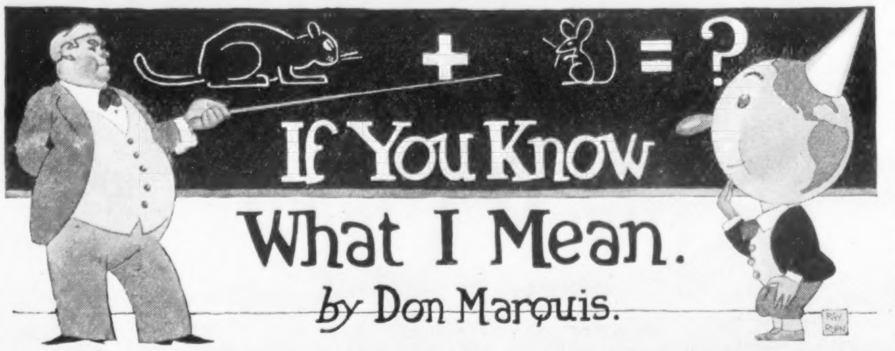
(*Continued on page 36*)

GOODRICH SILVERTOWN BALLOON
"Best in the Long Run"

Trails to golden spots and golden hours can be traveled *easily, comfortably* and *confidently* when your balloon tire equipment is the handiwork of supreme skill, superfine quality, and fifty-five years of well-applied experience, as in

Goodrich Silvertown Balloons

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
In Canada: The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario



If You Know What I Mean.

by Don Marquis.

THIS is an era, and a nation, in which men come from the country in their youth and work for forty years in the big towns in order to get money enough to go back and live in the country again. Against business, productive business, I have no kick; but against mere Busyness for the sake of Busyness I am in revolt. And much of the activity in our American cities is mere Busyness; a sort of feverish condition of mind and nerves and body which produces nothing but more fever. We are so imposed upon by our own fussy restlessness that we are unable to discriminate between it and real work. If a man expends his nervous system in making a million dollars by the time he is fifty-five years old, he has to spend the million in the next five years trying to buy a new nervous system from the doctors and sanitariums, and in the meantime he has neglected to have any fun.

Do it now!
PUSH

I BEGAN a few years ago a campaign against Busyness in the newspapers for which I wrote, and I am delighted to learn that my labors are bearing fruit all over the country. Formerly these forty-eight states, and I forget how many territories, if any, were all cluttered up and plastered over with Desk Mottoes, Slogans, Pepigrams, designed to sting, stimulate and incite the already overdriven Business Classes to Do It Now, to Keep a Clean Desk, to Push the Job Lest it Push You, etc., etc. . . . you all know the kind of iniquitous thing I mean. They demanded, every instant of every moment, that the Business Classes put the last ounce of blood and the last shred of brain into the detail immediately before them—as if the crucial second of a Battle of the Marne or a Dash for the Pole were forever at hand. But now, thanks to my missionary work, there are hundreds and even thousands of desks from Seattle, Wash., to Jacksonville, Fla., and from Los Angeles to Portland, Me., which display neatly printed mottoes such as the following:

Texts
that thunder
"Do it now!"
Always pained
my noble brow.
Down
with that antique
tradition!
Down with toil
and superstition!
Joy dwells with
procrastination.
When that fails,
take a vacation!

These reforms take time, of course. But within five years we hope that every one in America will stop work at 4:30, in the English fashion, for tea; and the week-end will begin at noon on Friday and finish at noon on Monday. This is the sort of thing that has made the British Empire. You may not like the British Empire—but there it is, functioning calmly and restfully and serenely in the midst of its own private oceans.

WHEN the Constitution of the United States shall have been so amended that it is illegal to teach the Darwinian theory of the evolution of the human species—and it is quite possible that such an amendment may come—will the evolutionary process itself cease in these states? Or perhaps the process has already ceased—perhaps such an amendment could not have been contemplated unless the process had already come to a full stop.

IN THE meantime the Scopes case in Tennessee has served a very useful purpose. Thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of persons have begun to read up on the subject, and at least some of them are bound to get a general idea of what it is they are defending and what they are attacking.

Personally I should like to see the puritanical reaction in America become absolutely triumphant. Prohibition enforced, completely. Laws against tobacco enacted and made to stick. Theatres, moving-picture houses, all places of amusement, tightly sealed up. Gayety abolished. Acts regulating dress and diet put into operation. Church attendance made compulsory. I should like to see the country, for a period of ten years at least, sewed up tighter than England under Cromwell's Puritans. Then the lid would blow off. There would be a kind of Restoration—which would, of course, go too far in the opposite direction. But the pendulum would gradually return to a normal rhythm. And never again, or not for a couple of hundred years at the least, would the enemies of personal liberty—who are really the enemies of the individual conscience—regain political control.

ARCHY the Cockroach came into my office recently, and butted out a few remarks on the typewriter. Writing is a painful process for Archy. He has to jump into the air and come down hard on the key which he wishes to strike, and he is unable to make capital letters or punctuation marks. Archy tells me that he not only believes in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, but can prove it. He says he actually used to be a *vers libre* bard, but that he died and his soul went into the body of a cockroach. The communication which he left follows:

i gave a ball
on top of your desk
last night in honor of your
cleaning it up
for the year
there were three cockroaches
two spiders a katydid
and a peruvian flea
that came in with the decayed
gentleman who says he
is really the rightful czar of russia
and who tried to sell you
the story of his life in poetical form
for a dollar
a centipede danced a dozen
different dances all at once
what we need here
is a cricket or two for
an orchestra
well boss you see that
we insects are almost
as frivolous as the so called
human race

archy

Archy maintains that what difference there is between insects and men is usually in favor of the insects, but whether this is a pose or a conviction we have never been able to determine.

White Fire

Continued from page 34

be born to it—there's no use talking, this *is* the life! I don't suppose I'd think so, though, if I wasn't doing a little better right along. I thought I was, and was afraid to think so, but lately I've been getting proofs I wasn't mistaken. Old Joe Grosset—I'm sure I've told you about him; he plays the heavy father in our piece and is one of the best actors on the American stage and ought to be heading his own company, only he drinks, so he's sore about his luck and perfectly poisonous to young things who come into the theatre and get ahead without a tenth his training—even old Joe Grosset, who has barely been civil to me up to this time, thawed out the other night and paid me a kind little compliment on the way I played up to him in his big scene. And yesterday, after the matinée, Murdock McGuire, who owns this house and one in St. Paul too, and keeps both open all summer with stock, came to my dressing-room and told me he'd been watching my work and wanted to know if I would consider playing the leads in one of his companies next summer. He offers me $250, and the work isn't as hard as regular stock, with a change of bill weekly, because the two companies alternate—I mean, his St. Paul company plays each of its productions a second week here in Minneapolis, and vice versa; which gives a body time to breathe between learning new parts, at least. And I was tempted, Tabby. I told McGuire, of course, I couldn't give him a definite answer within a week—that's to give me time to get an answer from Mr. Arlington; I wrote him right away and asked him to wire me what he thought I ought to do. I'm sorry now I did, or almost sorry. Of course, it won't do me any harm with Mr. Arlington, when he finds out that other managers, even a small-timer like McGuire, are beginning to sit up and take notice. But I'm scared to death he'll say yes, he thinks it might be a darn' good idea and keep me in training and out of mischief this summer, that is, till he's ready for me. If he does, it means months and months more before I will see you again.

"You see, I do miss you a lot, Tabby. I wish you'd write and tell me what you think I ought to do. And I do wish, when you do write, you'd try to be a little more free-handed with news about yourself. You don't tell me an awful lot, you know—only the other day I was rereading some of your letters and they were practically all about Me and nothing at all about You. I want to know how you like your new place, and what you do to keep from feeling lonesome, and what shows you've seen, and whether you see Mona and Nigel ever, and how Mona's made out with her Belasco engagement—I saw a notice in the paper the other day about the opening in Atlantic City, but it was just a brief telegraphic notice and didn't mention Mona—and how things are going—you know what I mean, Tabby; if you feel like writing about that matter—and about everything that has anything to do with you.

"Please, Tabby dear!"

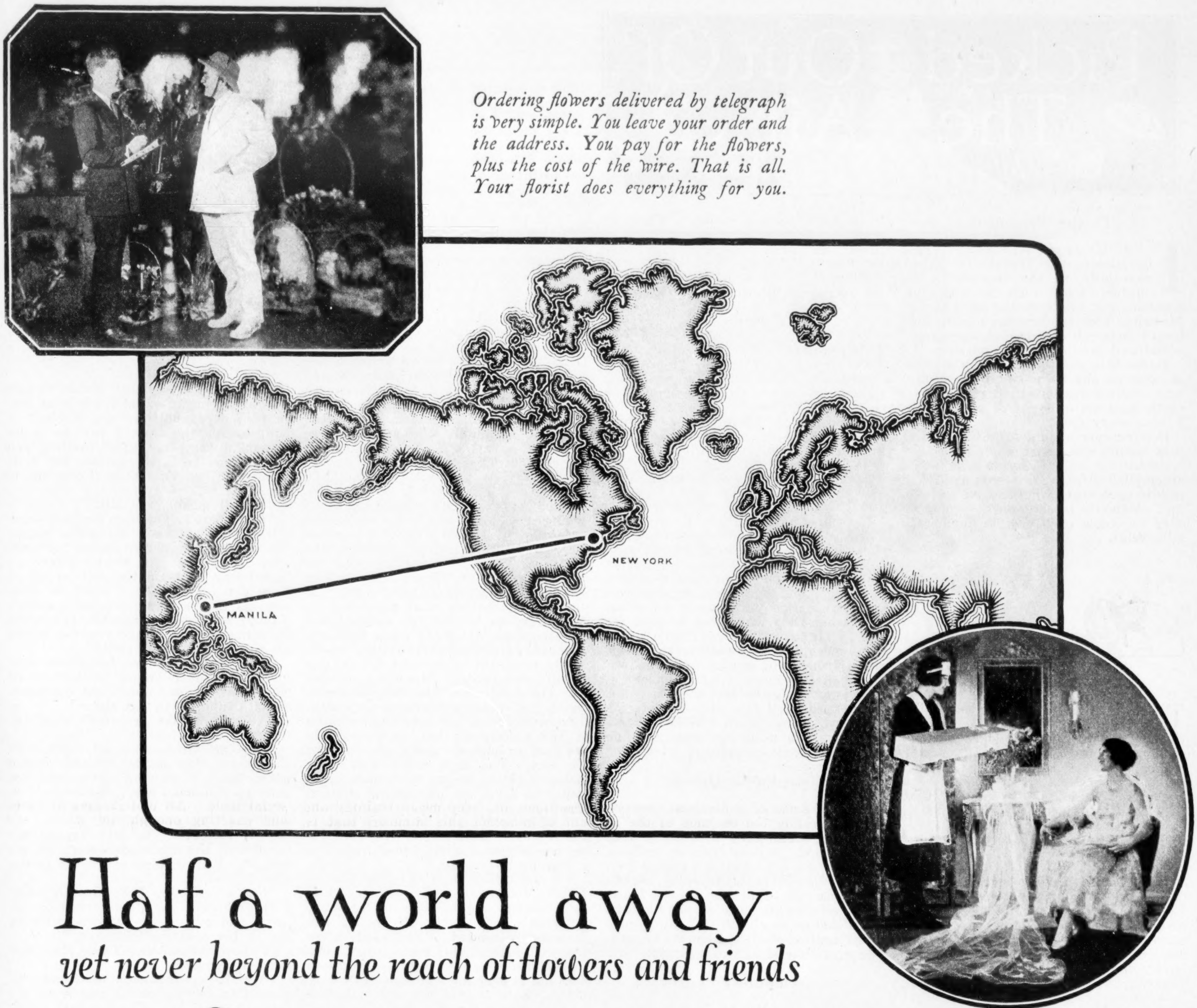
TABOR had to report that he had seen nothing of either Miss Desmond or Mr. Tormay. He had, indeed, been rather at some pains to avoid those young people as well as all other acquaintances of the Maison Benelli days. He did not particularly relish the prospect of being asked or expected to explain, in the public-spirited way that was in vogue in that milieu, the truth about the crisis in his private life which had put such an abrupt and early end to the marital history of "Mr. and Mrs. Tabor Drew." And this disrelish had been so strong and immediate in him that he had, from the moment when he had discovered Jennifer's desertion, denied himself to the telephone and doorbell until it had been possible to pack and move out of the flat and seek the seclusion a suite at the St. Regis afforded. Since that time he had made no special effort to avoid being seen and recognized—he could hardly have done that and gained the knowledge of the theatrical world on its business side which he had to have if he were to be as useful to Jennifer as he wanted to be—but chance had been his friend, he had yet to find himself cornered by any one of the Benelli clientele.

It was not the first time, either, that Jennifer had interpolated such inquiries in her letters. Tabor had put off taking steps to satisfy them, however, more because he had been preoccupied with more pressing matters than in consideration of a sensitive ego. If events had disappointed him in what he madly had conceived as a rather simple undertaking—to drop voluntarily out of the society that knew him and fit himself into another entirely under a new identity—they had well borne out the apprehensions with which he had contemplated, when constrained to, the return to life of Tabor Wynne. Complications had multiplied about him since that night of his last interview with June. She, true to her covenant, had lost no time preparing to divorce him on the flimsiest pretext that the laws of Nevada would countenance—had been for some weeks in Reno, making ready to qualify when the time came as a resident of the state entitled to all the blessings its good citizens enjoy. But that first move alone had been impossible without adjustments which even so good and willing a friend as Ben Thurlow had not been able to make except with his client's advice and approval. And then there had been the old house on the square to dismantle and close, the summer home in the hills to be put up for sale as it stood, with countless other interests demanding last rites—all the widely ramified roots to be dug up and extirpated that a family and fortune identified with Philadelphia since the time of William Penn had sunk into its social mold. An undertaking involved and exacting enough in itself, and rendered trebly difficult by Tabor's shrinking from encounters with old friends who could be counted on, nine out of ten of them, to be damned sympathetic! . . .

HE HAD, furthermore, been giving some of his time to settling the question of a permanent home. It's to be doubted whether there ever was or will be a Wynne willing to define "home" as comprehending anything less than a house with a roof and a cellar of its undivided own. He found at last a modest dwelling, a relic of a well-preserved one of a more spacious day in the history of New York, sandwiched by stark and shining apartment blocks in the upper Sixties, a few doors west of Park Avenue. It needed considerable reconditioning—perhaps the architect's "modernizing" is more accurate—but Tabor didn't mind waiting so long as he could feel sure, in the end, of a home less haunted by the seven devils of loneliness than, to a man of retiring tastes, any populous hotel of the first excellence. Meantime, it was something to do with one's spare time to winnow the shops for furniture not too offensively new. He had salvaged from the wreck of yesterday only books and a handful of intimate belongings.

Now Jennifer's repeated suggestion found him feeling something less averse to the thought of seeing a friendly face, hearing friendly voices. He inquired after the Belasco production in which Mona Desmond was to have played, and was told it had been found wanting when weighed on the road and withdrawn—whether or not permanently nobody seemed to know. The Maison Benelli, interrogated by telephone, asserted no information as to the whereabouts of Mona, or of Nigel Tormay, either. And Tabor was on the point of writing Jennifer that her friends could not be found when, in the first days of spring, a new comedy came unheralded to town and won more consideration

(*Continued on page 38*)



Ordering flowers delivered by telegraph is very simple. You leave your order and the address. You pay for the flowers, plus the cost of the wire. That is all. Your florist does everything for you.

Half a world away

yet never beyond the reach of flowers and friends

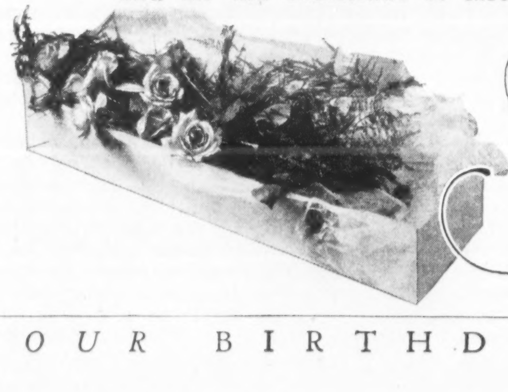
The family is all present or accounted for—for tomorrow is Marjorie's wedding day. Uncles, aunts, cousins, chums—all heard from except Uncle Jim, the favorite, who is off in the Orient on his long-planned world cruise.

Marjorie is all a-thrill with excitement. Tomorrow is the day, and yet there is so much to be done. Just now a pause in the exciting task of packing the trunks, displaying the presents, and all the multitude of last minute things to do—a pause to try on that dream of a wedding gown for the last, final touches. And still no word from Uncle Jim, half a world away.

A tap on the door, Celeste returns, her eyes sparkling. An enormous box of glorious flowers and a cable from Uncle Jim! "Just arrived Manila. Love and every best wish for your happiness. Flowers for the sweetest bride!" From Uncle Jim! Flowers! All the way from Manila—*by wire.*

Wherever you live, wherever you go, you can not possibly get beyond the reach of friends and flowers and stay in civilization!

From New York to Los Angeles—from Omaha to Cape Town—from Seattle to Palm Beach—*any*where, *any* time, sending flowers requires just long enough for the telegram to go from your florist to the corresponding florist at the destination.



Say it with Flowers

ON *YOUR* BIRTHDAY SEND MOTHER FLOWERS

Picked Out Of The Air
by Jack Binns

To the Pessimists

IS RADIO a fad? Will it last? These questions are frequently asked, especially in the summer, when outdoor stuff such as motoring, baseball, golf and camping have the upper hand. Twenty years ago, equally brilliant minds called "horseless carriages" a fad and predicted their passing.

Radio is a marvelous means of communication and no means of instantaneous communication that requires no costly medium or right of way can be a temporary fad.

It is one man's opinion (this writer's) that within ten years *portable pocket transmission and reception* will be an accomplished fact. Yes—you and I will talk to each other wherever we may be, and without interference, providing only we know each other's number in kilo-cycles.

"hold 'em Yale"

Esquimos Try Radio

THE McMillan expedition gave the esquimaux at Etah a demonstration of the miracle of science by permitting several of the famous Arctic blubber chewers a chance to talk and listen via wireless. It is said on good authority (tabloid daily paper) that they greatly enjoyed the experience.

Is It an Ill Wind?

MRS. G. J. TYLER of Denver, Colorado, tells me that a very peculiar condition exists between that city and Colorado Springs, about sixty miles away. Residents of the two places cannot hear the broadcasting done by stations in the other city. "Why this is, no one seems to know," she says, "but maybe you could suggest a reason."

We don't know either, Mrs. Tyler, unless perhaps the two communities are not on speaking terms with each other, and Nature is helping that condition along in a spirit of sympathy.

Naughty Marietta

WHEN the radio craze started, Addison Clark of Oakland, Cal., broke into fandom with a one-tuber at San Diego. That was before the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company ended fan eavesdropping on its Catalina Island radiophone line by putting the radio equivalent of a maxim-silencer on the waves. One evening Clark states he tuned in just in time to hear a feminine voice on the island very evidently expressing deepest regret to friend husband, apparently tied down to the business grind in Los Angeles, that he was unable to spend the week-end with her at the popular resort. Three minutes after she said a sorrowing good-by Clark says he heard the same unmistakable feminine voice—this time addressing the owner of a male voice pitched in a deeper key. "Hello Dearie!" she cooed, "it's all right, you can come over Sunday."

Sounds Bad for KSD

MRS. TILDEN ORCUTT of St. Louis reports the following: "I have a yellow-headed parrot. As soon as I walk over toward my radio to get a station, he understands, and before I can even plug in he announces—'Station KSD,' and then starts singing in a high soprano voice. When we want to hear a station we have to cover the parrot's cage and put him to sleep."

That bird seems to have diagnosed the recurrent ailment of radio.

Hams

LICENSED amateur radio fans, otherwise known as "hams," are continually making new and amazing records on short waves. Some of them cover half the world in their sending and receiving. There is a real thrill in being able to call and talk to an unseen friend in New Zealand!

A Good Job for Someone

BETTER program management is sorely needed. It is obvious that most of the studio managers know little or nothing of public taste.

Publishers of magazines, backers of "movies" and angels for theatrical productions pay large sums to men who know what the public want or, better still, what they want that is good for them. Manufacturers of radio apparatus can effectively feather their own nests if they will employ and empower a competent general superintendent of programs to establish a *policy* and *character* as well as *quality* of material.

No, we do not mean a Will Hayes—you have the publicity—you need an editor who *knows people.*

The Radio Home

THE influence of radio has begun to impress itself upon the minds of architects. The very first thing that can profitably be done from an æsthetic point of view is to employ a copper roof so that the present unsightly aërials which mar the appearance of a house can be eliminated. The copper roof can be utilized as an aërial, and can be protected against electrical storms by suitable provision of lightning arrestors.

A Community Station

STATION WAMB of Minneapolis is evidently a real community station.

According to Mrs. Agnes Shellhouse of St. Paul, Minn., this station broadcasts the entertainment which its own listeners provide in their own homes.

Anyone who desires to sing to the neighbors merely calls up the station on the telephone and the operator there places the voice on the radio. Whether this is conducive to neighborly good will or not, time alone will tell.

Advertising and News

THE richest hired man in the world—Arthur Brisbane, famous and able editor—often quotes Confucius or some one equally brilliant to the effect that a picture can tell more than 1,000 words. 'Tis true, Dr. Watson, noted behaviorist, has proved that the mouth actually waters more freely when your eyes see an appetizing food picture than it does when you merely hear a description of the same food.

Messrs. Ochs (New York Times), Curtis (Saturday Evening Post), and their fellow publishers have nothing to fear until the wireless vision is accomplished. Meanwhile, some advertisers will continue to give radio concerts.

White Fire

Continued from page 36

than it merited of the critics because one of the cast playing a distinctly minor rôle had with calculated impudence pushed herself forward on the opening night and given a performance whose downright audacity and technical brilliance cruelly eclipsed anything that the star and her leading man had been able to offer.

"The play qua play is hopeless," the self-elected dean of the New (or Algonquin) School of Dramatic Criticism reported with all the sprightliness that a tedious season had left in him, "but the imp now known to fame as Mona Desmond is distinctly a Young Hopeful and is by these presents nominated, for the duration of this piece in New York, Our Favorite American Actress. If the verdict of the Death Watch which convened in the lobby during the second entr'acte holds good, this distinction will, not later than 11 P. M. next Saturday, revert to Mistress Ann Pennington and vest absolutely in her until some other gamin takes a low advantage of her company and warms the cockles of this senile heart with antics of similarly unforgivable effrontery."

Tabor experienced no difficulty in securing a seat in the third row on the aisle for the second night. The scattered audience which waited on the tardy rising of the curtain was, he reckoned with eyes which Jennifer had taught discrimination, fully half "paper." And nothing that happened on the stage, as he saw it, contradicted the strictures which the press had pronounced. He was, on the other hand, wildly mystified to account for its one specific enthusiasm. Mona did undeniably cut a figure of charming impertinence, individual and vivacious in contrast with the rather morose mumming of her associates; but as undeniably she had no business doing anything of the sort. The high relief which her audacity lent to a rôle manifestly meant to serve as background merely, threw out of joint every situation in which she took part and turned a play, which had at least started life as nothing worse than a wistful weakling, into a limping deformity.

BUT Mona was ready with self-justification.

"What's the odds, Tabby?" she shamelessly pouted. "The skids were greased to shoot this piece into Cain's Warehouse before we began rehearsing. It wouldn't ever have got that far, only it was cheap to try out, with only one set and eight in the cast, and it wouldn't ever have been permitted to show its head in New York, after the scouts had given it the once-over up in Stamford, only it's the fag end of the season and the Shuberts didn't have anything else to keep this house from standing dark all week; and in the theatre you never can tell, anyway. But we all knew it was a flop before the middle of the first act last night, and the star simply laid down on her job. So I thought I might as well get some fun out of the obsequies, and cut loose just before the curtain. They liked it out front, and that made them all mad back here, because by rights this part I've got oughtn't to get even a hand, much less a laugh. So I went on cutting up all through the second act, just for devilment, and gave the audience such a good time they simply made the star let me take a curtain call—she was trying to hog the applause, of course, but they wouldn't have it—and some kind friend out front, probably pickled, kept yodeling for Mona Desmond! And then the management lost its head and kidded itself maybe I was saving the piece—actually begged me to keep it up in the third act. And that's how Fame came to Mona Desmond, mister."

An usher had brought Tabor a note as the curtain rose on the second act: "Tabby, you devil! What do you mean by sneaking in to watch me act up before the white folks and never sending me a word of warning? Please come round after the second act; I'm just crazy to see you, and I don't go on till late in the third, so we'll have a few minutes—and I'm booked for supper after the show. Love & kisses. MONA."

And Tabor, diffidently applying at the stage door as directed, had been promptly conducted to Mona's dressing-room, where he now sat, a smiling listener, most appreciative of the generously pretty picture which Mona was not too unconsciously posing for his admiration, and wondering if he really resented as he ought to the significance of the leer with which his guide had left him at the door.

A man must be old indeed, he concluded, transferring to a handkerchief the rouge an unexpected salute had stenciled his lips with, to mind very much being thought a devil of a fellow. . . .

"BUT there'll be plenty of time to talk about me to-morrow night at dinner. Where shall we go, Tabby? I suppose it's the least I can do to let you name the place, after inviting you to save me from starvation, but I do hope your heart's set on taking me to the Ritz."

"By all means, the Ritz."

"But where've you been keeping yourself all this time? Benelli's buzzed with gossip like a continuous performance sewing bee for weeks after you and Jenny shut up the flat so all of a sudden. Not that I want to seem anxious to ask any personal question, Tabby; but what under the sun could have happened to make you two break up housekeeping like that?"

Tabor was prepared to return only glimmering good humor to the bore of those shrewd blue eyes that managed, notwithstanding, to look naïve.

"You won't take Jennifer's word for it?"

"The cat," Mona snapped, quite as if she meant that epithet, "never wrote me a line! I guess your secrets are safe enough with her."

"I wish I could feel as sure of them with you," Tabor chuckled.

"Oh, Tabby!" The girl clapped her hands with the extravagance of a child's delight. "You're going to tell me *everything?*"

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. Arlington sent for Jenny through an agent and gave her a good position in one of his road productions—"

"I know, the Number Three Marriage Market Company."

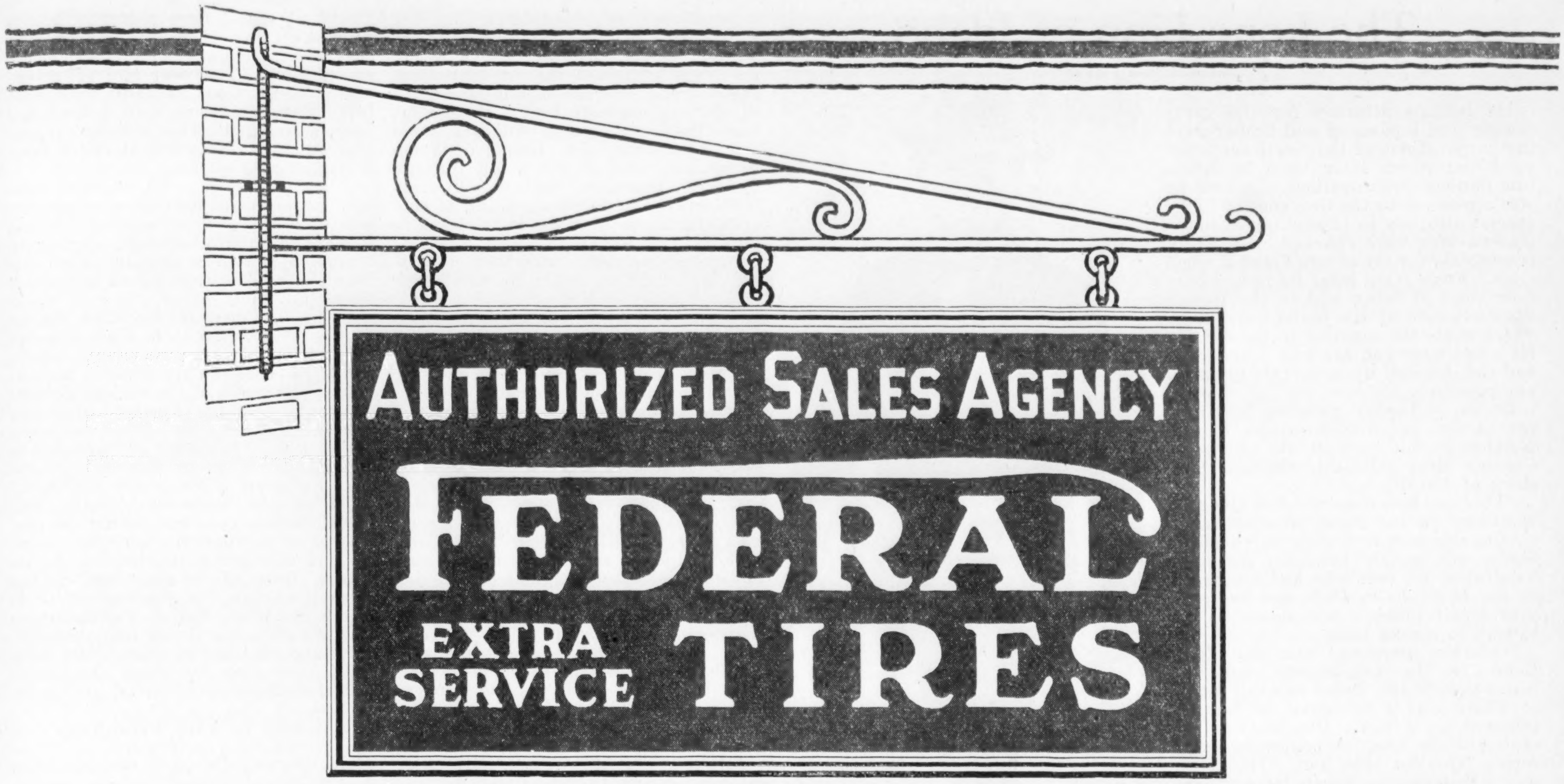
"And it was obviously her duty to herself to accept; and I had some affairs to see to out of town, and didn't care a great deal for the flat, once we had moved into it. And there"—Tabor stated with the wan bravado of one who doesn't really hope to be believed—"you have the whole story."

"Like fun, I have! Never mind, if you don't want to tell me. Only, if you two have quarreled, I'm awf'ly sorry, Tabby. What I would like to knows is: how did Charley Arlington happen to pick out Jenny?"

"Afraid you will have to apply to him for that information."

"Won't he tell you?" Mona laughed mischievously at Tabor's hunted expression. "You don't know it, but somebody saw you having luncheon with him at Sherry's the other day, and said you seemed to be no thicker than a couple of thieves. That's all I'm getting at, Tabby." The impishness died in glowing eyes and left them wistful; and the extremely decorative young person in the inspiring night clothes, which she was presently to parade upon the stage, bent nearer and dropped a confident hand on Tabor's knee. "This bust's going to diaphragm out Saturday; and I suppose you know my engagement with Belasco blew up; and taking one thing in connection with another, it ain't been a mild winter for Mona. If you could put in a kind word for me with Arlington, I'll never forget it, Tabby. And of course, if you don't want anybody to know you've got a drag with him, I'll never let out a single peep."

(To be continued next week)

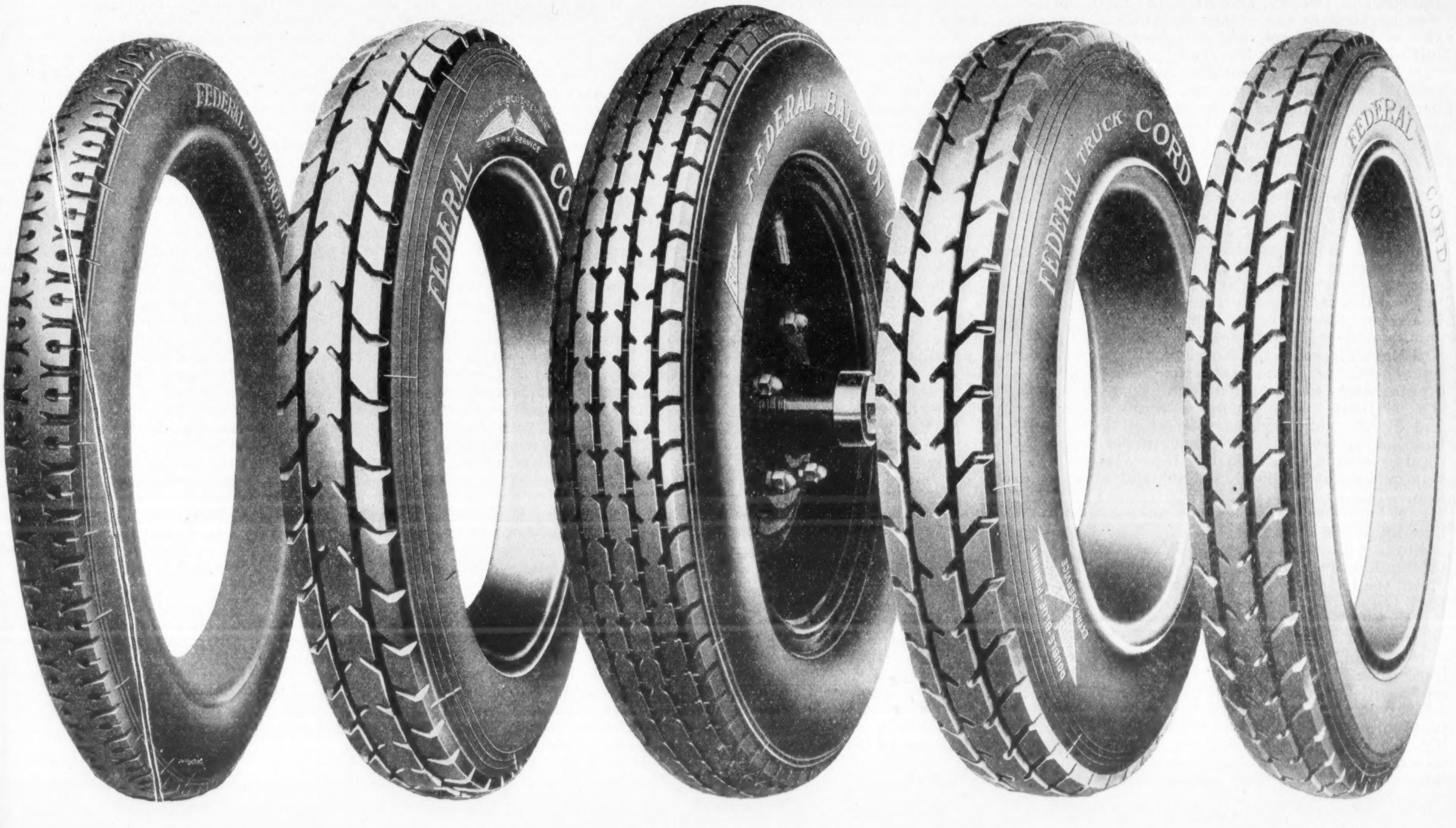

AUTHORIZED SALES AGENCY
FEDERAL
EXTRA SERVICE
TIRES

This Sign Takes the Gamble Out of Tire Buying

There is no gamble left in tire buying when you do business with the Federal Authorized Sales Agent, the man near you who displays this sign.

He first sells you the Federal Tire which he knows from experience is best fitted for your particular needs. He then makes it his business to see that you get the real, helpful attention you deserve as long as you use Federals.

Any one of these five Federal Tires will cut your tire costs and eliminate your tire disappointments.


FEDERAL DEFENDER
FEDERAL
EXTRA SERVICE
FEDERAL BALLOON
FEDERAL TRUCK CORD
FEDERAL CORD

The Lone Lion of Idaho

Continued from page 6

Harris & Ewing

For two decades the restless lion has worried his party's gods

He became attorney for the great mining and lumbering and timber-owning corporations of the Northwest, corporations which later were to merge into national organizations. In 1899 he was appointed by the Governor of Idaho special attorney to prosecute the union leaders who were charged with being responsible for the bloody Cœur d'Alene riots. Four years later he lacked only four votes of being sent to the United States Senate by the Idaho legislature, which chose the senators in those days. He could have had the four votes if he had tied himself up to certain unpleasant promises.

Borah, as lawyer, gave his legal talent to the great corporations of the Northwest, but he kept his own soul. Charles Merz tells this characteristic story of Borah:

"This incident concerns Jim Quarles, shortstop on the Boise baseball team.

"Quarles was a Negro, an excellent fielder and a fair batsman, one of a handful of his race who had journeyed as far as Idaho in 1905, and one of a very small number who could handle throws to second base.

"Quarles journeyed one day from Boise to the neighboring town of Nampa with the Boise baseball team.

"There was a hot game in Nampa, followed by a row. Quarles was the center of the row. A policeman interfered. Quarles shot him. This news was telephoned to Borah by a friend.

"An hour before midnight the friend telephoned again, to say that the town was surging, and that without some interference Quarles would certainly be lynched within an hour.

"Borah dressed. He was not a state official with responsibility for this affair, but he was an interested citizen. While dressing he telephoned his friend, the governor, and arranged to have an engine and two cars run to Nampa as a special train. It is the interesting part of the story that on the trip to Nampa he thought of going through the cars and pulling the window curtains down.

"Nampa is twenty miles from Boise. At Nampa the train ran into the mob before the jail. Borah tried to talk from the top of a dry-goods box, and found himself howled down. He tried another dry-goods box, and found himself howled down again. He climbed the steps of the jail, and while the mob was hacking at the stones in which a row of bars was set, had a momentary lull in which to face the crowd.

"'You men,' he shouted, 'want to understand that we are not going to permit you to disgrace the state. We are here to prevent lynch law. We are going to do it peacefully if we can, but by force if we have to. That train is loaded with militia.'"

Quarles went back to Boise in the smoker. Times without number Borah has used that empty train.

In 1907 Borah went to the United States Senate. He had incurred the enmity of organized labor by prosecuting Big Bill Haywood for the murder of Governor Steunenberg and also the enmity of the Hanna type of conservative Republicans in the Northwest. The friends of the Idaho state Republican organization, more or less financed by the National Republican Committee, had Borah indicted, charging that he had helped some of his great timber-owning clients to evade the law. He was indicted immediately after his election. The local organization prepared for a long-drawn-out lawsuit to keep him out of the Senate.

But Borah sent a friend to Washington to Roosevelt demanding an immediate trial. Roosevelt sent the word that Borah must be tried immediately. Borah was the only witness in his own defense. It took the jury less than ten minutes to return a verdict to acquit him. The town called out the fire department, rang the church bells, had a militia parade, and Borah had such a triumph as a Lentulus had with returning legions one fine day in Capua. After that he was the idol of his people. Since the United States constitutional amendment passed providing for the popular election of United States senators, Borah has had no trouble in returning to the Senate.

Aldrich, the Republican leader of 1907, misread Borah. The fact that he was attorney for seven of the greatest corporations of the Northwest was Aldrich's excuse for putting Borah on the Senate Committee on Judiciary, where for years he was a force for militant liberalism.

He is the heir of the Roosevelt tradition, but no Presidential candidacy lures him. He makes no grand gestures for national leadership, but he is the only congressional leader who can and will determinedly oppose the Coolidge policies. So let us consider what sort of things Borah has done that we may know what sort of things Borah may do in checking the advance of conservatism under the Coolidge administration. He was one of the authors of the amendment to the Constitution giving Congress the power to levy an income tax, and one of three authors of the resolution which provided for national prohibition. He was the author of the bill creating the Department of Labor, making its head a member of the Cabinet, and also of the bill which created the Children's Bureau. He is the author of the law providing for an eight-hour day for government employees. It was his resolution, providing for the investigation of the conditions of the working men of the steel industry, which put the government's ban on a twelve-hour day and made President Harding appeal to the steel magnates to abandon it.

Borah was one of the original movers to expel Senator Lorimer of Illinois from the United States Senate on the charge of having acquired his seat through corrupt practices. He was one of the original movers to expel Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin and Senator Newberry of Michigan. And he spoke against the seating of these senators originally. It was his bill which provided for the limitation of the campaign expenditures of candidates for the House and Senate. And he was the author of the resolution which led to the investigation of the pre-convention expenditures of Presidential candidates in the campaign of 1920. It was he, more than anyone else, who prevented the nomination of Leonard Wood. Borah has tried to get a bill through Congress providing that in all questions where the constitutionality of acts of Congress or of state legislatures is involved not less than seven Supreme Court justices shall concur before holding the act in question unconstitutional.

An Irreconcilable Independent

HE WAS the author of the act creating the Coal Commission, an act with broad and searching powers. He made a determined fight during the war to tax war profits 80 per cent. He was the author of a resolution which failed, demanding that steps should be taken for the recognition of Russia.

Here is an interesting incident: He went to the White House, convinced the President that some such step should be taken and President Coolidge put into his first message an obvious invitation for Russia to open negotiations. Russia opened negotiations. Secretary Hughes slapped Russia's face. The senators, even though they disagreed with Borah, saw that the President would allow a member of the Cabinet to override his public message: thus began the senatorial distrust of the President which led to the revolt of March, 1925.

It was not Borah's revolt, nor Borah getting even with the President for allowing a Secretary of State to annul a Presidential invitation to Russia. It was the feeling in the Senate that senatorial dignity had been touched when the President—clearly at Borah's suggestion, for no other senator was interested—invited Russia to negotiate and then rebuked Russia when Russia started negotiations. Borah urged the release of political prisoners immediately after the war, kept at it and at it during the Wilson and Harding administrations, and finally succeeded during the Coolidge administration.

Nearly every one of these measures above listed shows in its intent a desire for justice and a scorn for such property interests as are denying justice. In his foreign policy Borah has been called an isolationist; he made reply:

"Over and over again I have said there was no such thing as isolation. Throughout all the debate in the Senate I have advocated principles of coöperation with other nations when an exigency occurred. I have never opposed coöperation in a grave emergency. What I have opposed from the beginning is any commitment of this nation to a given line of procedure in a future exigency the facts as to which could not be known before the event."

No one in our government has denounced extravagance in public expenditures as Borah has denounced it.

He took an active part in opposing the military occupancy of Haiti and Santo Domingo, not as an isolationist but because he felt the cruel injustice of asking American troops to give their blood to collect bankers' notes and because he realized the tyranny that comes when an army of occupation is set over a feeble people or an inferior race.

There is his intellectual mirror in home affairs, in foreign affairs, as revealed by his past senatorial career. He must repeat himself as Coolidge must repeat himself, as every strong man must repeat himself in the equation of his life. No bolter he, yet a partisan merely by courtesy. He refused to follow Roosevelt in 1912 out of the Republican party. He refused to support Taft in the Republican party. When his party convention in Idaho declared against the direct primary in 1922, he called the platform a stained-glass affair and took the stump in favor of the primary and carried the legislature. When he came up for reëlection the party organization in Idaho marked him for slaughter. He went home, faced the fight manfully, recanted nothing, did not surrender. He had declared:

"People have said severe things about me. They say I have never been a Republican; that I have generally been a renegade. Let them be assured that they will not engage me in any personal controversy. The next two years are mine. Only God Almighty can take them away from me, and I shall say what I think, do what I believe right, regardless of the political effect upon myself or any others."

Those words define his spiritual quality: a grave, determined man consistent in his liberalism, militant in his patriotism and, above all, daring in everything, with a certain talent for drama which he rarely uses but which never fails him.

Politically he and his kind are in eclipse. The minority he leads is nebulous, unformed. It is hardly a minority; it is perhaps only a vague uneasiness in the minds of the various citizens who produced the Coolidge majority that perhaps something is not going exactly right. The eclipse of liberalism—which began with our entrance into the war and grew black in the disillusion following the Versailles Treaty, and was gloomy in cynicism during the procession of corruption under the amiable and easy-going Harding—is by no means lessened to-day but rather strengthened by the presence of Coolidge in the White House. For he is honest. He gives the strength of respectability and efficiency to what, under Harding, must have become a short-lived and riotous policy of greed and grab.

Mentor to Five Presidents

THE Democratic party during these early years of the Coolidge régime offers nothing in contrast with the conservatism of the administration, no definite liberal policy, no constructive liberal program. The Democratic party in 1924 was merely calling the Republican party "another" and making faces rather than issues for the delectation of the public. In the first part of the Coolidge administration the Democratic party is not the party of opposition to the President. It is divided upon the issues for which the administration stands. Liberalism and conservatism clash within the Democratic party. The aristocracy of the old South and the unwashed Democracy of Tammany stand for a conservatism even deeper than the Coolidge brand. The liberalism of the West and the South, added to the ignorant radicalism of certain hillbillies and crackers of the South, flaunts a liberalism that approaches demagogy too closely for serious consideration as a national liberal policy.

The foe of Coolidge conservatism is Borah liberalism.

Yet the two men personally are self-respecting friends. Borah has beaten a path to the door of the White House under five Presidents. Coolidge is letting no grass grow in the path. He invites Borah often. Three of these five Presidents have been conservatives, and the path has been kept hotter in their days than in the days of the liberals. Those conservative presidents needed to know honestly and without the soft weasel words of courtiers what was in the liberal mind and heart. This they got from Borah pure and undefiled. They consulted him, lunched him, dined him and—doubtless with a sigh for his madness—ignored him and went on their ways. It was a sad way for Taft, a bad way for Harding.

As for Coolidge—the world has changed since the days of Taft and Harding. The purpose of the people has veered from old ideals to new. Twenty years ago the old order gave place to the new. In the middle of the third decade of the twentieth century the new order grew old and it in turn gave place to the new, "lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

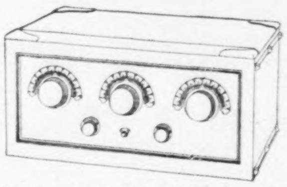
William Allen White's next article, "The Man Who Rules the Senate," will appear in an early issue of Collier's

Thorola Loud Speakers with new burnished Bakelite horn and gold throat-band are even better in appearance and performance.

Thorola 4	$25
Thorola Jr.	$15

Thorola Low-Loss **Doughnut** Coils installed in your present set will give you many of the greatest Thorola advantages.

Complete set (3)	$12
Per coil	$4



The very proportions of Thorola Cabinets suggest new internal design.

In smart Thorocco Cabinet the 5-tube Thorola Islodyne is	$85
In stunning Burled Walnut Cabinet with Circassian top the 5-tube Thorola Islodyne is	$115

ANNOUNCEMENT

This is of interest to opera-goers, to patrons of lectures and symphony concerts, as well as to the dancing set, and to those scientifically interested.

Artistic radio has come with Thorola Islodyne, the only receiver embodying the *Isolated Power* principle made possible by Thorola Low-Loss Doughnut Coils. They conquer the causes of interfering currents, "pick-up" of unwanted stations, wasteful "feed-back" of power, uncontrollable "oscillation," complicated and freak wiring, uncertain operation. Radio experimenters know what all this means. Radio listeners no longer need to know!

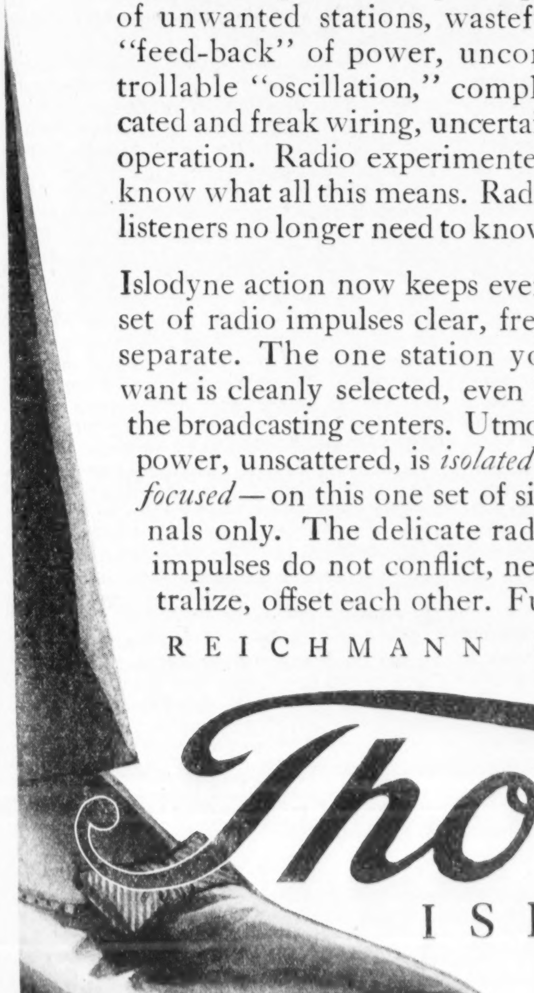
Islodyne action now keeps every set of radio impulses clear, free, separate. The one station you want is cleanly selected, even in the broadcasting centers. Utmost power, unscattered, is *isolated—focused*—on this one set of signals only. The delicate radio impulses do not conflict, neutralize, offset each other. Full tone, unmodified—full volume, full distance at last are possible, at all broadcasting wave lengths.

With the uncontrollable, temperamental factors of radio reception banished, Thorola Islodyne achieves uniformity of results. Every Thorola Islodyne is as good as the best one ever built. The same stations keep coming in the same. The set your dealer demonstrates tells you what your set will do.

Radio reception is unmistakably elevated to a new plane. What thousands had hoped for is accomplished. There is a complete Thorola receiver leading its field by far, just as Thorola excels in loud speakers and apparatus.

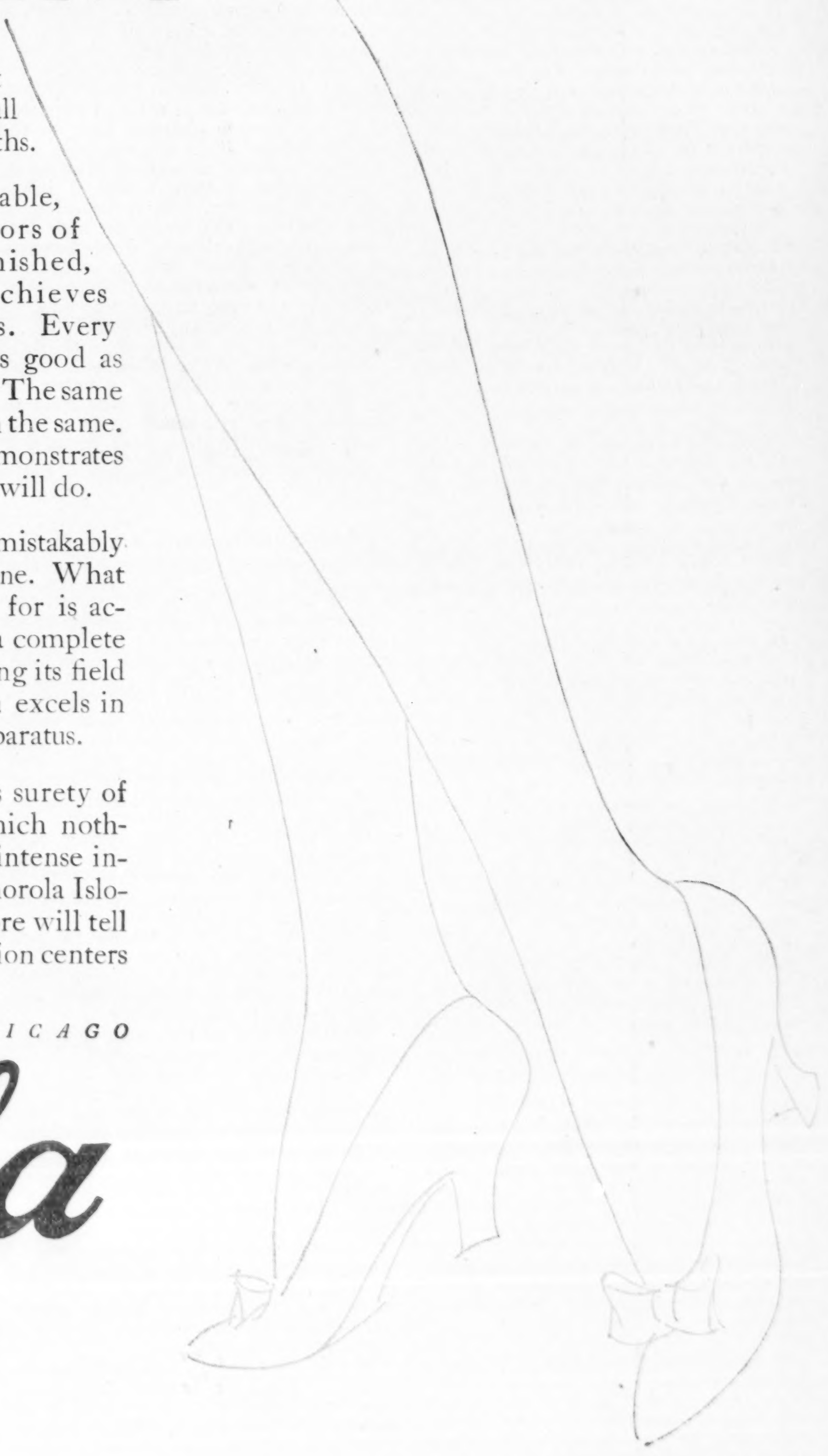
The Thorola name is surety of radio development which nothing will eclipse. The intense interest in the 5-tube Thorola Islodyne at every radio store will tell you where expert opinion centers today. Go and listen.

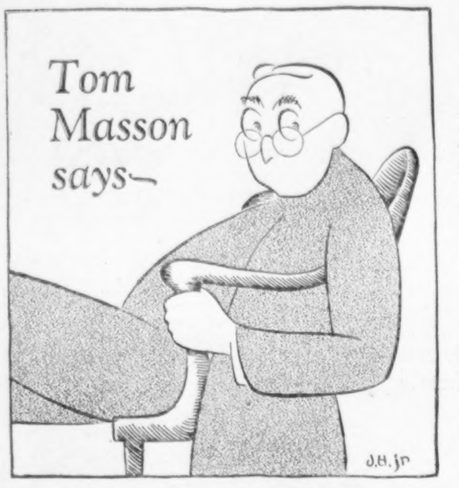
REICHMANN COMPANY, *CHICAGO*



Thorola

ISLODYNE





THE *increasing demand for knowledge about our government is shown by the fact that they are considering the dismissal of the Capital guides.*

* * *

Two new comets have already been discovered in 1925. As soon as enough more have been gotten together, a speed contest will be organized to see who can get around the milky way with the smallest amount of gas.

* * *

A naturalist has recently discovered that many wild ducks die of lead poisoning from swallowing shots of lead dug up from the bottoms of lakes and streams. Ducks should hereafter examine all lakes carefully before going in swimming.

* * *

A writer in the London Times has been praising up the Prince of Wales. If those boys are not careful, the thing will become general.

* * *

Here it is going on 1926 and nobody has compared Calvin Coolidge with Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

Civilization seems to consist of a protoplasmic cell at one end, a fake sell in the middle and a federal cell at the finish.

* * *

How about putting the birth control experts in charge of our law making industries?

* * *

It now appears that about one-half of the citizens of the United States failed to vote at the last presidential election. They ought to adopt as their slogan: "We care not who fights the battles of our country, so long as we don't have to trouble ourselves about redressing its wrongs."

* * *

They are now running motor busses from coast to coast. Most of us are happy if we can get from curb to curb.

* * *

The next thing in order is to get up a few intelligent tests for those who make them.

* * *

Life in a bungalow is all right if you have trained up beforehand enough friends to do your week-end housework.

* * *

A veterinary, Dr. Whipple, has produced a barkless dog by a simple operation. The next thing in order is a speechless banquet orator.

* * *

Major Astor has presented to the London zoo an American ostrich. This quaint bird lays its eggs on a grade crossing while projecting its head over the rails.

* * *

At a fashionable wedding in Newport the photographers had to use a telephoto lens. Even at that the bridegroom wasn't visible.

On the Back Seat

Continued from page 14

Middle-Westerner like myself, eh?" he commented. "That's fine, that is. I can't seem to talk much to these New Yorkers. So your son died, eh? Only child?"

She nodded and dropped her eyes again.

"That's too bad," he resumed. "I've got one too, an only child. His mother died when he was only three, and I never seemed to have gumption enough to marry after that. I'm waitin' for him here in New York now. He's been east about fourteen years and doin' pretty well too—you know, stocks and bonds and high-finance stuff. He's up in New England on a deal we're both interested in, but he'll be back before the end of the week. Charlie's a smart one, I can tell you, and I'm certainly glad I had the chance to help him."

She sighed almost inaudibly.

"I wish I'd been able to help mine," she said tremulously. "Jimmie didn't get very far, and maybe that was the reason."

"Now don't you go accusin' yourself, or anything like that, ma'am," he replied quickly. "You can't never tell what's best and what ain't. I helped Charlie because I *could.* If I hadn't been able to, he'd have talked the money out of someone else. He said he wanted everything right in the family, and I agreed with him. I figured that it was just as he said—darned foolish keepin' what I had tied up in a lot of property when there were chances here in the east of puttin' it in a good goin' concern and realizin' something that would amount to more than a hill of beans when I passed on. So I just cleaned everything out and came on here last week. Gave Charlie the whole twenty-eight thousand, and he's up in Massachusetts now attendin' to the details of organizin' the company, and so on."

"Oh, it's a company, is it?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am. We're takin' over some patents for a new kind of a valve for gas engines from a fellow who lives in Boston, and we're goin' to start a little plant somewhere over in Brooklyn, where Charlie's picked a site. I'm goin' over to look at it with him when he gets back."

HE RAMBLED on unceasingly for another quarter of an hour, and at the end of that time Mrs. Davis felt herself to be in possession of practically all the salient facts in the family history in so far as they concerned the head of the house. His name, she knew, was John Turner; he was a "spry sixty-seven," as he called it; he had lived for more than five years in one of those small Iowa cities peopled largely by retired farmers like himself; he didn't take any stock in this thing of helping out Europe, voted the straight Republican ticket, was slightly troubled with rheumatism in his left knee during cold weather and considered cigarette smoking by women as something utterly satanic. The transparent simplicity of his character was charming, and Mrs. Davis found herself listening to him with such interest that she didn't notice the bus filling up. A warning "All Ready!" from Bill Burgess sent her bustling down to the sidewalk.

"Good-by," she said hurriedly, as she slid past him. "I've got to go."

She looked up from the curb and saw him gazing at her in wonderment at the abruptness of her departure. The next moment he was climbing out of the bus and was at her side, hat in hand.

"I want to apologize, ma'am," he said humbly, "if I've said anything to offend. I'm a plain old darned fool sometimes when I get wound up."

"No—no indeed," she murmured. "You needn't apologize. I just had to get off. It wasn't—what I mean is, you're not to blame. You'd better hurry or you'll miss your ride."

He bowed awkwardly.

"If you ain't ridin', I ain't," he said quietly. "I'm sure I must have said something I shouldn't have. I'd like to make up for it somehow. Maybe you've got time to eat a little lunch, or something."

"It's all right, Mrs. Davis—you can take an hour off for lunch if you like," boomed Bill Burgess behind her as he gave the final signal for the start.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "I'm sure I won't be that long."

"So you're workin' for this concern," he chuckled as they walked up the street together. "Sort of settin' a trap for the unwary. I guess you must be sort of new at it because you blushed something beautiful when the fellow spoke out. There you go again. It's darned pretty."

She stopped and started to turn back, but he caught her by the arm.

"There now, Mother," he pleaded. "Don't mind me. I talk too much for my own good sometimes. Let's go in this place. Those cakes there in the window look pretty indigestible but I'll bet they're mighty fine eatin'!"

John Turner ate even more than she did, but somehow found opportunity for a running line of conversation. A little of it rather intimately concerned herself—frank comments on the clearness of her skin and the soft whiteness of her hair. Her rational self whispered to her that she should not encourage him further, but when he had paid the check and they were out in the street once more she could not refuse his request for a further meeting.

"I won't walk back there with you today," he said, "because that fellow that sells the tickets might take it into his head to kid us. I'll wait till about the day after to-morrow, and then I'll drop by and have a little chat, and maybe you might be kind enough to go out to dinner and maybe a movie if I make it along about evening. What do you say?"

"I'll think it over," she said coyly, smiling at him with the pretty archness of a young girl. The next moment she turned abruptly and slipped away down the street with a fleetness that belied her sixty-one years.

She felt that she had been quite utterly mad, and the thought, strangely enough, did not greatly disturb her. She was not even annoyed the next day when Mrs. Kerrigan ventured a comment on her visitor of the day before.

"Burgess was tellin' me that an old fellow took you out to lunch yesterday," she remarked. "Sure, it's usually the young ones they do have their eyes on: that is, the most of them, though there was a sensible one a couple of years back that got struck with one of the women workin' alongside of me—a settled widow of forty-six or seven she was—and married her right from under me nose. He had a hardware business out in Kentucky or Michigan, or what not, and I had a postal from her once sayin' she'd planted herself down in a soft seat. Sure maybe something like that might happen to you."

The older woman gently pressed the hand of her companion and turned away to hide the gathering moisture in her eyes. Was it possible, she wondered, for her to sail at this late day into the sort of peaceful haven Mrs. Kerrigan suggested?

JOHN TURNER came the next afternoon, as he had promised. It was a little before six o'clock when he appeared in sight around the corner. He climbed aboard the bus with alacrity and wedged himself in on the back seat between the two women. Mrs. Kerrigan, who was introduced, seemed greatly impressed and tried to convey her sense of approval with elaborate side glances in the direction of her companion.

When the bus started on its six-thirty trip it left them standing on the sidewalk. Mr. Turner coughed nervously and looked rather askance at Mrs. Kerrigan.

"How'd you two ladies like to come out for dinner?" he inquired cautiously.

"I think it would be very nice indeed," replied Mrs. Davis demurely. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Kerrigan?"

"Not givin' you a short answer," replied that lady heartily, "but as me mother used to say in the old days two's company and three's in the way. Besides, I'm takin' a bite to-night with an old neighbor. Good evenin' to you both. I'm thankful to you, sir, for thinkin' of me, but if you take my advice you'll be keepin' *her* on your mind exclusively. She's a darling."

She bobbed briskly up Seventh Avenue as they stood there in an embarrassed silence.

"Sensible woman," remarked Mr. Turner finally. "Darned sensible. I was sort of wishin' she'd have something else to do."

Dinner in the restaurant at which they had lunched two days before was the same sort of intimate affair the earlier meal had been. Mr. Turner called her "mother" throughout, and he said it with such tenderness that she found herself wishing once or twice that she might gently touch his hand as it lay there on the table between them.

THEY tarried in a pleasant glow of friendly talk until it was too late for anything except a stroll home through the noisy streets. He caught and pressed her hand as she stood on the steps of the frowzy down-at-the-heels house in which she lived.

"We're goin' to see a lot of each other, Mother," he said. "There's better things in store for you than you know about. Maybe my Charlie may come to take the place of your Jimmie before long."

He grew a little bolder the next evening at dinner.

"Charlie's sure to be home to-morrow," he confided, in a low tone, looking around to make sure that there was no one listening, "and there's something I'd like to be able to tell him right off the reel. You probably think I'm crazy and an old fool and seventeen kinds of an idiot, and so on, but I can't help that. I'm just a lonely old fellow here in this great big lonely town, and so far as I can see you're somewhat of a lonesome person yourself. Now, we're both past foolishness, and so on—what I mean is maybe if you were kind of docile like we might possibly—hitch up."

He swallowed hard before the last two words and reached impulsively for a glass of water.

"There's a little more I'd like to say," he went on, "before you make any answer. You don't know much about me. You'd have to take me on trust. That's the way I'd be takin' you—trustin' and knowin' that you were what I felt you were that first day I saw you—the sweetest-faced and most lovable dispositioned woman I ever laid eyes on. I'm sort of old, I know, but there's days when I feel as spry as a baby grasshopper. My health's good, barrin' that touch of rheumatism I told you about already; I ain't the least bit fussy about little things; I don't talk in my sleep; my swearin' habits are sort of irregular, as you might say, and sooner than do or say anything unkind to you I'd jump off one of these skyscrapin' buildin's around here. I'll have enough to keep us goin' fine with that investment in Charlie's company, and we can begin right at the start and keep house for him. It's sudden, I know, but so is summer showers and—and lots of other good things. What do you say to the old man—eh?"

His hand stole into hers among the dishes, and she suffered him to hold it for a moment. Then she drew it away gently as if a little frightened at the familiarity which the contact presumed.

"I can't say anything for a little while," she replied softly, "except that I'm mighty obliged to you, as a southern uncle of mine used to say. I've got to have a little time to think things out."

"That's only fair, Mother," he returned. "I'm presumin' a lot, I know, on such short acquaintance, but I've been so darned lonesome for someone to sort of hold to that I just had to speak out. I hope you won't make it too long because I want to let Charlie know the first thing and, as I said before, he's certain to be back home to-morrow."

She smiled at his eagerness.

(*Continued on page 44*)

The Pacific Northwest

MONTANA WYOMING
IDAHO
OREGON WASHINGTON

They're harvesting half the nation's commercial apple crop now
© By Reeves

On the beach at Seaside, Oregon

Great skyscrapers tell the rapid progress of business (Seattle)

Glorious Glacier National Park is a nearby playground

© By Hileman

Clean, beautiful cities are the pride of this homeland

Here the great lumber industry now centers

For *every one* - a better chance to get ahead

Many a prosperous poultry farmer in the Pacific Northwest left a "white collar" job back East.

Many a successful business man got his start out here in overalls.

You can follow the work you are in now, or you can make a fresh beginning at something new.

Whatever you undertake, you will find you have a larger chance to get ahead in the Pacific Northwest —if you are willing to work for success.

Grow with the country

Don't be misled; you will find that here, as elsewhere, hard work and plenty of it is the price of success. But you will find too that here, if anywhere, the rewards of working, planning and saving are rich and sure and lasting.

The Pacific Northwest will welcome you and give you a real chance because it needs more people to develop its enormous resources—its farms, its industries.

The country is growing with amazing swiftness. *You can grow with it.*

People who have succeeded

Thousands of families like yours have found a larger opportunity and greater happiness in the Pacific Northwest. These people make a better living than the average. They have resources which provide 50 per cent more for the education of their children. More of them own homes and automobiles. In 10 years bank savings have trebled.

People of the Pacific Northwest have more of the things worth while—*and they enjoy life more.*

A beautiful homeland

They live in a natural wonderland. The most beautiful outdoors in the world is their daily playground. They enjoy a delightful climate, and their group of states is the healthiest in the country.

Pacific Northwest cities are clean and up-to-date and beautiful. Homes, schools, colleges, churches—all the advantages of modern American life—are found here at their best.

Send for this free book

We shall be glad to send you the free, illustrated booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now," which tells you in detail the things you want to know about the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming. A copy is yours for the asking. Just sign and mail the coupon for it now.

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Great Northern Ry.
The Northern Pacific Ry.

FREE
Descriptive Booklet and Photo-Travelog

MAIL this coupon for both

Booklet contains 32 pages of interesting, authoritative information — fully illustrated. Photo-Travelog consists of scores of beautiful photographs — an absorbing pictorial tour of the Pacific Northwest. Mail the coupon to

DEVELOPMENT BUREAU
DEPT. 38-G
BURLINGTON RAILROAD BLDG.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Name ....

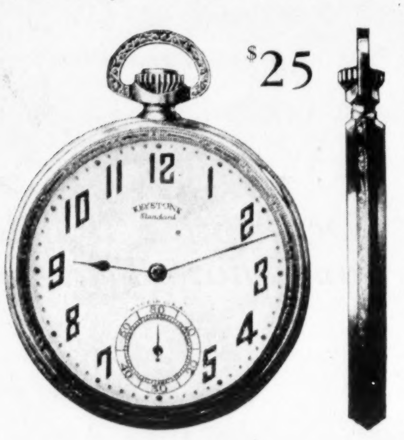
Street ....

City .... State ....

"Just before the battle, Mother"

AND now, ladies and gentlemen, will you please look at that little time-keeper! With the only good watch in the crowd, he's as proud as a peacock!

And why shouldn't he be? The Keystone Standard is a fine, man's watch—too good for a boy you might say. But it's moderately priced, and, after all, why not give the kids watches they'll take pride in and care for accordingly!



$25

The Keystone Standard 10 size is a beautifully made, thin model with a 15 jewel movement. It keeps excellent time. The watch is cased and adjusted at the factory.

The case is a **Jas. Boss** 14K Gold-Filled Case and can be had in either white or green. This watch has been called an American achievement. And so it is! For never has it been possible to purchase a Standard watch of this character at such an extremely low price as twenty-five dollars. Ask your jeweler to show you the Keystone Standard.

Other styles and sizes at correspondingly moderate prices. Write for free booklet.

Made and guaranteed by The Keystone Watch Case Company, sold by jewelers everywhere. If your jeweler does not carry, send your order direct to this company at Riverside, N. J. Made in America.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY

Established 1853

New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

KEYSTONE

Standard Watches

On the Back Seat

Continued from page 42

"I'll have some word for you to-morrow evening, if you should happen to pass by," she said simply.

SIX o'clock came and went the next afternoon with no sign of John Turner. Mary Davis, tremulous with excitement on the rear seat of the big bus, found herself waiting for the signal that would bring her day's work to an end. A hundred vague and half-formed imaginings tormented her. He had been hurt or perhaps killed by a motor car. He had told Charlie without waiting for her answer and Charlie had put his foot down. Perhaps he'd changed his mind in the sober contemplation of events that comes with the early morning and had looked upon himself with great pity as a silly fool. Perhaps—but Bill Burgess was at her elbow nudging her to alight.

She stepped down and moved, bewildered, through the hurrying crowds of homeward-bound workers that clogged the avenue. She slipped through the press into the side street, determined to wait for a last five minutes on the edge of the rushing human stream in the vain hope that he might yet come. Huddled against the window of a cigar store, she scanned the passing faces with pathetic eagerness.

She did not notice him until he was at her side. She turned to find him standing with his hat in his hand, and something in the droop of his shoulders and the drawn tension of his face told her instinctively that all was not well with him.

"I've been waitin' for you for more'n an hour, Mother," he said in a far-away voice. "Right across the street there. Something's happened to-day that I've got to tell you about, but I didn't have nerve to get near you till you'd knocked off work. I was afraid somehow—I've been afraid of meetin' people all afternoon. I've just been wanderin' around and I'm sort of tuckered out."

He sagged against the window as her heart sank. She caught him by the arm as if to straighten him up.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Perhaps you can tell me in the restaurant—that is, if you want to take me to dinner."

"Of course I want to," he mumbled. "But maybe first I'd better—well, I guess maybe we've got to talk things out some place else. There's a theatre alleyway up the street here, and there's a packin' case I noticed that maybe we can sit on for a spell. Let's walk up that way."

HE STRAIGHTENED up slowly, and his body seemed to hang limply as he slouched up the street. She walked at his side in a dull daze. He led her to a rough box in the shadows under a maze of fire escapes in a narrow passageway that led to the stage door of a theatre. He waited for her to sit and dropped beside her in such a hopeless fashion that she put her arm out to support him. He took off his hat again and wiped his face with the blue handkerchief.

"The old man ain't quite as lively as he was last night, Mother," he murmured, trying to force a smile again. "He's had the life squeezed out of him to-day."

"What is it?" she inquired tenderly. "Maybe I can help."

"That's just like you, Mother," he groaned. "I knew you'd say something like that. You can't help any, Mother. It's too late for that. It's—it's Charlie."

His voice broke as he murmured his son's name, and he turned away to hide his emotion.

"You haven't told him?" she managed to inquire.

"No, Mother, I ain't told him anything. I'm afraid I ain't never goin' to see Charlie again. He ain't—well, he ain't panned out the way I thought he was goin' to. Charlie ain't comin' back this way—well, I guess I might as well get the nasty truth out—Charlie ain't comin' back this way unless they *bring* him back."

"Unless who brings him back?"—the truth flashed on her, but for a moment she could not bear to believe it.

"The police—they're after him. He's taken a lot of money. There was a couple of detectives at the apartment this morning, flashin' their badges and tryin' to get me to admit something about where he was, and so on. They've been watchin' the place for more'n a week now, interceptin' mail, and everything. It seems Charlie got mixed up in this Wall Street game heavier than he'd ought to. He took some money from his firm, and when he found out that wasn't enough to get him on the right side again he cooked up this story about the patent and got me to bring on all I had. That's gone too, Mother—all I had in the world."

His voice trailed off into a half sob again, and she put a mothering arm around his shoulders.

"How do you know it's true?" she asked.

"They showed me a letter he'd written me from 'way down in Mexico some place. They'd opened it. He said in it that he'd sunk everything I gave him tryin' to get back enough to make good what he'd taken from his firm, but that it wasn't any use and that he was goin' to make a fresh start. Some day, he said, he was goin' to pay me back, and so on. He was sorry enough and wanted me to forgive him and hoped I'd get on somehow. I guess you can sort of figure out now why I couldn't take you to dinner at that place we've been eatin' at. I'm a little shy on money—just a little bit shy."

HE SMILED wanly through a mist of tears, and she took one of his trembling hands in her own.

"Haven't you anything left?" she asked gently.

"Not much. I had about a hundred and twenty-five left in ready cash in my inside vest pocket, but most of that went for rent that was owin' by Charlie in that place I was livin' at. I packed up my suitcase and got a room around the corner with a nice woman who gave it to me for six dollars a week in advance. I've got about seven and a quarter left. That'll keep me, I guess, until I get a job some place. I don't know at what exactly, but there must be something that an old fellow who's pretty spry yet can do. I see a lot of old men hangin' around new buildings at night—sort of watchmen, I suppose. Maybe I could take a crack at that sort of thing. I don't suppose you know anyone who might be influential in findin' me something with one of those concerns, do you?"

"There might be something I could do," she said quietly. "If you'll meet me at the bus at ten o'clock in the morning, I'll take you to a certain man I know and put in a good word for you. And now you're coming to dinner with me."

She stilled his feeble protests, and they dined in her own particular restaurant on Eighth Avenue.

"I hate to be beholden to womenfolks," he murmured, as he trudged alongside of her on the way to her home. "I ain't meanin' any offense to you, Mother, but I've always been able to pay my own way before. I guess you understand what I mean. Gosh-a-mighty, I ain't never felt so hopeless before in my whole life. . . ."

She found him on the back seat of the bus with Mrs. Kerrigan when she came the next morning. That weather-beaten decoy was solicitous about his state of mind.

"Maybe you can cheer him up, Mrs. Davis," she remarked. "Sure, he's so low this mornin' that if he was Irish I'd be fancyin' he heard a banshee callin' in the night or had a visit maybe from the bad one himself in a dream."

John Turner forced a smile as he climbed laboriously down to the sidewalk.

"Tell Mr. Burgess that I'll be right back," said Mary Davis as she took his arm and led him across the street.

"I hope this job you're figurin' on

ain't goin' to take much muscle work, Mother," he murmured as they worked their way slowly through the Broadway crowd. "You see, this thing has kind of knocked me out, and I don't think I'd be up to much heavy liftin', or suchlike."

She did not dare tell him their destination. She trembled a little as she led him through a side street and into the hallway of a shabby-looking office building. As they emerged from the elevator on an upper floor she caught his hand for a moment.

"Please do what I want without any argument," she said gently. "It's the best way out—trust Mother."

"That's what I wanted to do for the rest of my life," he replied with a wistful smile, "but that's all done and over with now. It ain't as if I didn't want to still. Gosh-amighty, how I *want* to!"

She gently shoved him through the door of an office down the hall. The thick-set Mr. Fisher, lolling in a chair by the window, turned to greet them and stood up.

"Hello," he said pleasantly. "What's the idea? You ain't quittin', or anything, are you?"

She found it difficult to reply for a second or two. Her companion shuffled uneasily and twisted his hat nervously in his hands.

"No," she said finally. "I'm satisfied. It's a lovely place. This is Mr. Turner, a very dear friend of mine. I've got a suggestion to make. We're planning to —that is, Mr. Turner and myself—we're planning to get married and—and I thought you might have something for him too."

John Turner couldn't quite grasp the situation.

"Why, Mother," he murmured, "you mustn't—you—"

"You see we decided upon it suddenly," she broke in, "and he—well, he needs to keep doing something just as I did, and the doctor says he's got to stay out in the open air a lot. I thought it'd be nice if we could both work together if there's any chance. I guess probably it would look even more natural if an old couple like us were sitting on the bus instead of just two women. Maybe you could move Mrs. Kerrigan to the other side of the street."

Mr. Fisher beamed on them.

"Married, eh?" he chuckled. "Well, that's a good one, that is. When does it come off?"

John Turner would have spoken, but she checked him with a glance.

"This morning," she replied, "if you'll let me off for a couple of hours. He'll be ready to start this afternoon if you want him."

"I guess I'd be a fine fish if I didn't let you off for the rest of the day," remarked Mr. Fisher. "Of course I want him. You can both start on the job in the mornin'. You'll look more like the legitimate articles than anybody we've ever had pullin' this stunt. I'll pay him the same as you and I'll take care of Kerrigan. Don't worry about that. Married, eh? Well, it's a funny world."

In the dingy hall a minute later John Turner put his arm around her.

"I don't deserve it, Mother," he said brokenly.

She blushed as she kissed his flushed face, and bundled him off toward the elevator.

Mrs. Kerrigan was the first to see them early that afternoon when they came back to the bus.

"Is it done and over?" she inquired excitedly.

They nodded as she grasped their hands.

"Well, may God stand between you both and harm for the rest of your days," she said piously. "Sure, I felt it in the air about me from the first."

Bill Burgess sauntered over to add jocular congratulations to them both. Mary Davis looked up at him timidly.

"We thought we'd like to ask a favor," she said in a hesitant tone. "We can't afford any honeymoon nonsense, but we'd like to take a trip to Coney Island if you can spare a couple of tickets. You see, we've both wanted to go for a long while, and somehow we never had the chance."

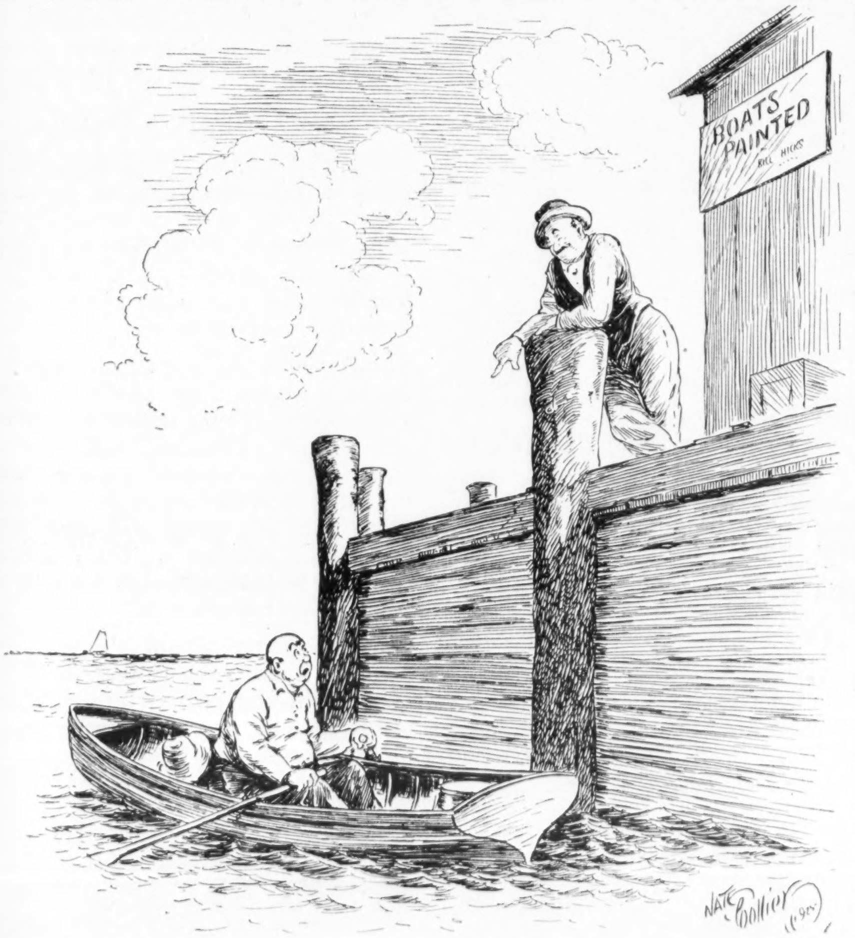
The ballyhoo man chuckled amiably as he handed her two tickets with a bow.

"They're on the house," he said. "Watch your step, and don't eat too many hot dogs."

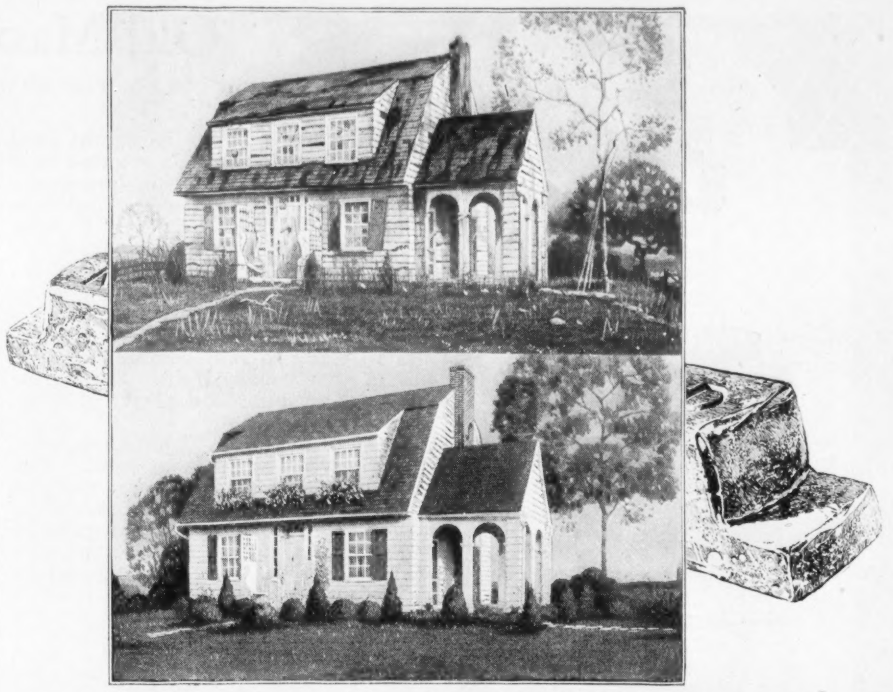
They were both on the back seat, hand in hand, when the bus swung slowly down Seventh Avenue ten minutes later.

"I don't suppose it's half as wicked as they used to say it was out in Iowa," remarked John Turner.

"I hope it's much wickeder," she replied gayly.



The Man on the Wharf: "Ye better be puttin' a bit o' paint on that old scull—"
The Man in the Boat: "Paint! Never! I'll wear a wig first!"



Both homes cost the same to build

Consider their value today

It costs real cash not to paint regularly. Just as surely as weather varies, property deteriorates when left unprotected from air, rain, sun and snow.

BOTH the homes you see here were built of the same materials. The workmanship in both was of equally high standard. The designs were identical—the costs alike.

Yet the passing years have made quite a change—a change in appearance, a change in dollars and cents. One house is ugly, shabby. Steps, window sashes, porch pillars are rotting. The entire house is in danger.

The second house still looks like new. It needs no costly repairs. It is worth every cent it originally cost, and more.

What makes the difference? From year to year the surface of the second has been saved and kept beautiful by a constantly maintained film of weather-resisting white-lead paint.

Your best weather insurance

Dutch Boy white-lead is nature's true paint pigment. It is made from lead and like the metal possesses extreme durability, toughness and weather-resistance.

Mixed with pure linseed oil it makes a paint that neither force nor time's changes can separate from the surface it covers. In resisting the attacks of weather, it wears down gradually—but smoothly, with no cracking, no scaling.

The same qualities of toughness, elasticity and hiding power that have made Dutch Boy white-lead the preferred exterior paint, also recommend it for all interior work. When mixed with Dutch Boy flatting oil, it makes a paint that is smooth and silky. With it rare finishes once found only in homes of wealth can now be produced at the cost of ordinary painting work.

Free booklet tells how

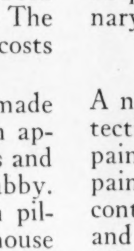
A new booklet, "Painting—Protective and Decorative," tells what paint is, what paint does, and why paint protects the surface. It also contains color plates of exteriors and interiors decorated in correct color tones, and many useful suggestions for interior wall effects that can be obtained with paint. Write for this booklet. It will be sent free. Our Department of Decoration will also submit individual color schemes for painting your home, inside and out. This service is free to all home-planners.

Other Dutch Boy products

Besides Dutch Boy white-lead, the Dutch Boy line includes flatting oil, solder, red-lead, linseed oil and babbitt metals.

National Lead Company also makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life.

Why not learn more about the many uses of lead, the wonder metal? We shall be glad to answer any questions. Simply address your inquiry to nearest branch.

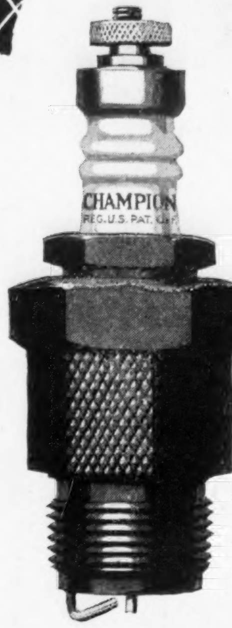


The Dutch Boy Painter has become the exponent of beauty and protection. He inspires confidence in every one he serves.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.



Cost Less
60c-75c

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs can be bought from your local dealer for less because the enormous economies resulting from a production of 40,000,000 Champions per year are passed on directly to the car owner.

Champion Spark Plug Company
Toledo, Ohio
Windsor, Ont. London Paris

Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars 75 cents. Genuine Champions have the double-ribbed sillimanite core.

Old Man Trouble

Continued from page 21

glistening flanks of the horse, the road running like a river. He crawled back under the shed and went to sleep again.

When he came out the stars were shining. It was cool; it must be very late. Still a light burned in Rowley's store; burned smoky, red. He could see it through the bars of a window, like bars of a jail. Funny Luther should be working so late; never knew him to work so late before, and that such a poor, smoky light. It must be going out; Luther had plenty of kerosene.

He started to go over and apologize. But Rowley was surly at best. Now he would be tired and cross, working until the morning star shone. Tom turned his face homeward and splashed and slipped along the mud. Some echo of his drunken talk still sounded in his befuddled brain.

"This night," he muttered. "This night—"

"YES, Marthy," spoke up Tom to his wife at breakfast, with the half bashful look of a man trying by conversation to make amends, "I says when I see that wagon piled up with furniture an' that po' woman an' baby —'Thank God, our movin' days is over.'" He swallowed his last gulp of coffee, and with his hand on the red oilcloth of the table helped himself a little unsteadily to his feet. He went to the window and looked out.

"Thar goes Mr. Richards," he announced. "Something must have happened at Sandhill. Five or six buggies have gone by already, drivin' fast. Well, boys, we must fix that terrace."

His two boys, ten and twelve, pushed reluctartly back from the table, wiping their mouths on their shirt sleeves. Opposite the boys, two girls, fourteen and sixteen, each with a younger child at her side, looked up at their father furtively. The mother sat at the head of the table, feeding a child strapped to a high chair, and did not look at him at all. There was a family resemblance in all these Dawkinses, big and little—not bad looking, with the faces of English folk, but all sallow and thin, and in the eyes of all that wistfulness of the Southern poor white. The dining-room was unceiled and floored with broad unplaned boards. The room hummed with flies.

"Hurry, boys—the sun's high."

The three came out, pulled two shovels and a pick from underneath the house and started off. Already the plow handle and the hoe had begun to shape the boys of Tom Dawkins. The house they were leaving behind was a mere shack with a rough porch across the front and shed rooms that had been tacked on with each third visit of the doctor.

They stopped at a place where the rain, like a charging army, had broken through a terrace and streamed off fan-shape down the hill. Tom shook his head. It gaped open—a fresh wound on the bosom of his piece of earth.

"Fall in, boys. Ever' lick we put in now counts. I see the farm recorded with my own eyes, me an' Luther Rowley—pretties' little farm in Francis County. I reckon Luther didn't sleep much last night for dreamin' of it. When cotton pickin's over we'll all go to town. You never see anything as fine as the new courthouse. Statue on top of a woman with scales."

As he shoveled he talked on. They would all forget last night—even Martha, even the recording angel, even his two girls who now came out of the house in their peaked sunbonnets, with gunny sacks about their waists, and started picking cotton, the hot sun beating down on their backs as they bent to the stalks. Tom rammed his shovel in the dirt and went to them.

"Gals, I forget to tell you at breakfast—yo' cotton-pickin' days ended yistiddy. Pull them sacks off. Git back to the house in the shade."

"Why, pa," said the oldest, "we don't mind!"

"I do, though, 'Lisbeth. God knows how it's tore my heart for my gals to have to work in the field. Git to the house now. Don't say nothin'—just—just go 'long."

He came back to his boys. The jag of yesterday had unstrung his nerves; his face was working, his hands trembling. "No, boys," he announced as he went back to his task, "nobody'll ever say again that Tom Dawkins' gals picked cotton in the field like niggers. It's school for all of you nex' fall. We worked hard to git this place. Nothin's goin' to take it away from us now."

"Pa," the older boy broke in—"who's that comin' with ma?"

Tom straightened up stiffly. His wife and a man were hurrying across the field toward them. The woman's skirt was flying out as she kept pace with the man; her face was turned up to his. Her voice came to her husband, high pitched as if she were pleading, explaining. Close behind hurried the girls.

"That's Sheriff Long," announced Tom. "Fine mornin', Sheriff."

The sheriff came straight to him, mouth set hard.

"Lend me your knife!"

Tom's heart jumped suddenly. He felt in one trousers pocket, in the other, in his hip pocket, his face sweating, red. He looked up with a smile of relief.

"Hit's in the clo'se I wore to town."

"No—it's not there," said the sheriff.

"What? Did you look in my Sunday clo'se, Marthy? What do you want with my knife, anyhow, Sheriff? Is ever' body struck dumb? What you cryin' about, Marthy? God A'mighty, I ain't done nothin'. If it ain't in my other clo'se, I lost it yistiddy in town."

"Your knife's been found," said the sheriff.

"Well, what you makin' all this fuss about? Found whar?"

"Found beside the body of Luther Rowley. He was layin' in his store this mornin', with his throat cut. Come along, Tom Dawkins!"

TWELVE solemn-faced farmers sat around the corpse in Rowley's store that day, listened to half a dozen witnesses, passed a blood-stained knife from one to the other, and brought in a verdict in accordance with the evidence. The sheriff took Tom Dawkins to town and shoved him in a cell whose barred window looked out on the dome of the courthouse, with the statue of Justice on top. His wife had followed him. A married daughter and her husband, poorer than he, were admitted to the jail, and there was much hysterical weeping on the part of the women in the stone-flagged hallway in front of the barred door. He must have a lawyer, a good lawyer.

"But I never done it," said the man behind the bars. "What do I want with a lawyer, Marthy? Lawyers come high."

"Tom," pleaded his wife. "The coroner's jury was neighbors. The other jury will be strangers."

"Well, the court will give me a lawyer free."

"Yes, but what kind?" put in the son-in-law. "One that ain't got nothin' else to do—likely one that never had a case in his life."

"You spoke a mouthful there, Jim," said old Tom. "But I can't afford a lawyer, an' that's all there is to it."

They left him then. But that afternoon when they returned, they brought James Prescott with them.

In the jailer's office he sat down with them all. He was full-fleshed, ruddy, prematurely gray, but physically fit with his golf and his country estate. His skill in handling criminal cases was a tradition amounting almost to a superstition in that circuit. His first question now probed the spot like a diagnostician's fingers. The knife—was Tom sure there was no hole in his pocket? Was he sure, very sure, no one else had had the knife? He leaned across the table and stared hard into Tom's eyes.

Bewildered, Tom stared back. Laboriously he traced his steps that day—

Prevent tooth trouble

Use COLGATE'S

It removes causes of tooth decay

Smile at the years as they slip by. Guard carefully against tooth decay, for the poisons that result from infected teeth can totally destroy good looks and good health. Bad teeth may even shorten life itself.

Preventive dentistry—combating disease by preventing tooth trouble—is the new scientific advancement. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream always has been in the fore-front of this move for better teeth and health.

Why Colgate's Is Safe

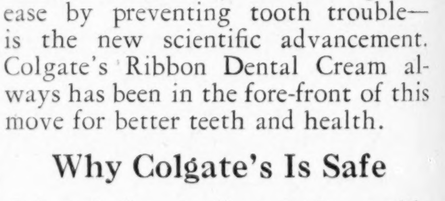
Colgate's "washes" teeth thoroughly clean without scratching or scouring the thin enamel of your teeth. It contains no grit, for grit in your dental cream is dangerous. The U. S. Public Health Service warns against any dentifrice containing grit.

The principal ingredients of Colgate's are mild soap and fine chalk, the two substances that modern dental authorities approve. The combined action of these ingredients gently removes clinging food particles. Causes of tooth decay thus are safely and effectively removed by Colgate's. The delicious taste of Colgate's makes its use as pleasant as it is effective.

You can't be too careful of your teeth. "Wash" them with Colgate's. It is made right and priced right—25c for the large tube, at your favorite store.

COLGATE & COMPANY
(*Established 1806*)

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture



from the blind tiger—to the ticket office—to the train—to— "I was drunk," he said and hung his head.

Over and over the lawyer forced him back through that day, until at last Tom's face knotted and he cried out in agony: "I can't remember, Mr. Prescott! Not to save my life. I never done it, though—God knows I never!"

"Unfortunately," said Prescott, "it's a jury you have to convince."

Briefly then Prescott laid down his terms. The firm, he said, had not for years taken a capital case for less than five thousand dollars. He looked hastily at the clothes of the group. "I'll make an exception in this case, however—two thousand."

At Tom's hesitation he rose and picked up his hat. He had reached the hall when Martha jumped up with a cry and followed him. When she came back, Prescott was with her. He would take the case, he said, for the terms he had mentioned last, and old Tom nodded.

Prescott obtained bail and Tom Dawkins was free to go home. In a few days school opened and he watched his boys and girls set off down the path, their books over their shoulders. At noon on the third day the two girls came home, and the younger flung herself sobbing on the bed.

"They say things about—about pa!" she moaned. The older girl had more steel in her make-up. "I'll never go again!" she cried. She sank breathless into a chair and rocked rapidly, her cheeks flushed, her young breasts rising and falling quickly.

Tom rose and walked out on the porch, loosening his collar. He stumbled across the fields and into the woods. When he came back his boys had returned, sullen and ugly, one with a blackened eye. Next morning the teacher marked "absent" after the name of Dawkins.

That afternoon he walked over to John Richards, his only neighbor with money. Richards came out to the gate at his hail. When Tom asked for a loan to pay the lawyer with, Richards shook his head; and suddenly Tom saw in his neighbor's eyes a veiled, narrowed, searching scrutiny. Aghast, the accused man started to protest his innocence, hands thrown out wide, face working. Then he stopped, turned his back and hurried toward home.

He took a short cut through the woods and pasture. Halfway home he sank down on a fallen log and mopped his forehead and hair with trembling hand. "God A'mighty!" he gasped. A half hour he sat there staring. Then he pulled himself together. "I ain't hung *yet*," he said.

NEXT morning from the field he saw Richards ride up to the house, dismount and tie his horse. When he reached the house the planter was inside, talking to Martha. He had come to offer two thousand for the farm—twenty dollars an acre. It was more than the land was worth, he declared, and Tom could stay on it until March.

"I won't sell it!" cried Tom.

Martha ran to him sobbing, his daughters clutched his sleeves. "It's for your life!" they pleaded.

"Then I'll hang! They don't charge for the man to convict, an' the rope don't cost nothin'. You've got the farm, woman. You can educate your chillun. I'd rather be dead than lose the farm!"

Martha was still clinging to him. "You're more to us, Tom, to me, to Sally, to 'Lizabeth, to the boys, than all the farms in the world. Oh, Tom! Tom!"

He sank down in a chair, breathing hard. A long time he sat while 'Lizabeth knelt on the floor beside him, and Richards looked out of the window. Finally he spoke.

"What's got to be's got to be," he said. "Git the papers ready, Mr. Richards."

When Richards was gone he turned to his wife.

"The sun shines pretty on them fields," he said a little wildly. "Pull down the curtains, Marthy."

He took the money to Prescott. Prescott called him into his private office. "I've gone over the evidence," he said. . . . "It seems that a young man, a cotton buyer, came out on the train with Rowley that night, and was, so far as anyone knows, the last to leave the store. Nobody seems to know him or his whereabouts. I'm trying to find him. His testimony may be against us. But one thing is certain—it can't make matters much worse."

By a wide detour Tom passed the store of tragedy that night and reached home. Far in the night Martha shook him.

"Tom, Tom," she sobbed. "You was cryin' out in your sleep somethin' awful."

ON a Sunday afternoon at the beginning of the term of court, Tom and Martha took the train for town. Next morning at eight-thirty—the case was called for nine—they stood in an office building, before the door of Prescott & Burbage, Attorneys.

"I wonder why he ain't here," complained the woman.

"Well," Tom shook his head. "It ain't *his* neck."

His wife looked at him, and her face was ashy.

"Forgive me, Marthy," he said, his hand on her arm. "Forgive me, gal!"

When at last Prescott came, there was a young man with him. "Come in here," directed the lawyer. "Sit down. This is Mr. Mathews, the young man that came to Sandhill with Rowley that night. We found him in Massachusetts; we got him here yesterday. Just twenty minutes before court. Tell him what you know, please, Mathews."

The young man crossed his legs. "Don't guess you remember me, old fellow," he said. "You were a little off that night. I was with Rowley when you came in the store. I'm a cotton buyer, and left for the North that night and didn't know anything about the murder until I got Mr. Prescott's letter. I had bought the cotton Rowley had on hand. I paid him part cash—three hundred dollars. While he was counting the money a fellow came in, a cross-eyed ugly chap. As well as I remember, you had gone back to the rear of the store. The fellow stood about while Rowley raised some objection to one of the bills I gave him that had been torn and patched. I told him it was good at any bank. Rowley put the money in a drawer, and questioned cross-eyes pretty sharp."

"There was no money found in the drawer," broke in Prescott.

Mathews went on. "I don't remember the name the fellow gave. I remember he said he lived at Rough Shoals and must be getting on before the storm came. I made out reports during the storm; didn't pay much attention to the row you raised with Rowley in the front. Just before time for the eleven o'clock train I left the store for the railroad station. There was nobody in the store then but Rowley. Guess I'm the last man that ever shook hands with him. Ugh!

"The station agent had gone home," Mathews resumed. "I waited under the eaves for the train. It was black as pitch. I couldn't see my hand except when there was lightning. But when the engine rounded the curve, the headlight lit up a side of the station. The cross-eyed chap was slouching under the eaves!"

"Ten minutes before court," broke in Prescott. "The rest in a hurry. Mathews came yesterday morning. I drove to Rough Shoals in the afternoon. I found the cross-eyed man working in a cotton mill. Bud Dickerson's his name. What's the matter, Dawkins? Name sound familiar? But let's hurry. I called Dickerson aside. He swears he left Sandhill at eight-thirty. I calmed any fears he might have had that I suspected him. But I let it trickle through to Burton Evans that he might find a new witness over at Rough Shoals. Evans bit; the fellow's here this morning. Look at me, Tom. Right here, between the eyes. Bud Dickerson—the cross-eyed man that got on the train with you. Don't you remember him, on the train, or in the store?"

"Seems like"—for the thousandth

(*Continued on page 48*)

ECONOMY

No ONE size or type of battery can be economical on every type of receiving set. That's why Eveready Radio Batteries are made in different sizes and types—so that every radio user can enjoy the economy that is to be had by fitting exactly the right Eveready Battery to his receiver. For owners of sets with five, six, eight or more tubes, and power amplifiers, there is the extra-large, powerful and unusually long-lasting Eveready "B" Battery No. 770. There is an Eveready dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.

New York San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited

Toronto, Ontario

EVEREADY

Radio Batteries

-they last longer

EVEREADY HOUR
EVERY TUESDAY
AT 8 P. M.
Eastern Standard Time

For real radio enjoyment, tune in the "Eveready Group." Broadcast through stations—

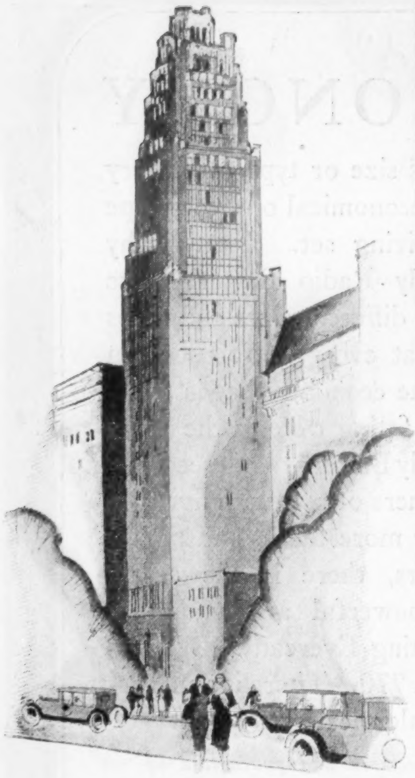
WEAF	New York
WJAR	Providence
WEEI	Boston
WFI	Philadelphia
WGR	Buffalo
WCAE	Pittsburgh
WSAI	Cincinnati
WWJ	Detroit
WCCO	Minneapolis St. Paul
WOC	Davenport
WCTS	Worcester

FOR ALL RADIO DRY CELL TUBES
EVEREADY
COLUMBIA
IGNITOR
DRY CELL
FOR
RADIO, IGNITION
AND ALL
GENERAL PURPOSES
INSPECTED
TESTED
RELIABLE
NATIONAL CARBON CO. Inc.
NEW YORK
MADE IN U.S.A.
EVEREADY
No. 770
EVEREADY
RADIO
"B" BATTERY
45 VOLTS
EVEREADY
No. 766
EVEREADY
RADIO
"B" BATTERY

Eveready Columbia Ignitor "A" Battery, the proven dry cell for all radio dry cell tubes 1½ volts

No. 770 45-*volt Extra-Large Vertical Price* $4.75

No. 766 22½-*volt Large Horizontal Price* $2.00



Tontine Window Shades Cut Building Up-Keep

THE practical architects of many important buildings are forestalling window shade troubles by specifying TONTINE. The American Radiator Building in New York City, built entirely of the most beautiful and enduring material, is an example.

TONTINE shades set a new standard for endurance and lasting beauty. They are sunproof and rain-proof. They are as washable as the windows they complete. No amount of pulling up and down can fray the edges. Their finish never cracks nor grows shabby.

In busy office building or private home TONTINE shades continually demonstrate their economy. Tints are available for every color scheme.

Please use the coupon below for samples of TONTINE and a descriptive booklet.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Fabrikoid Division
Newburgh, N. Y.
ORDINATOR COMPANY, Inc., New York City
(Sole Distributors)

DU PONT
TONTINE

ORDINATOR COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. F-4, 233 E. 41st St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me samples of TONTINE Washable Window Shade Cloth and your descriptive booklet.

Name..
Address..
City........................ State....................

Old Man Trouble

Continued from page 47

time his mind labored over its route—"on the train—seems like— Oh, it's gone!"

"Must have been rotten stuff you drank that day," broke in Mathews.

The old-time twinkle came for an instant into Tom's haggard eyes.

"It cost enough to be good," he said. "It's done cost me a farm already!"

Prescott rolled his desk shut. "Time's up, gentlemen." He rose, prepared to add one more battle, one more victory or defeat to the long list of those he had fought. "When I face Bud Dickerson with Mr. Mathews here, I think the state's fur will fly. If it weren't for that damned knife!" he added grimly.

IT WAS after the noon recess when the first witness for the state was called. The man had been in Rowley's store on the night of the murder. He had heard the defendant, Tom Dawkins, denounce Rowley; he had seen Rowley throw the defendant out; he had heard the defendant's threat—"This night, this night."

"You call that a threat?" demanded Prescott.

"Don't know. I know Luther Rowley's throat was cut that night."

Others who had been in the store gave the same testimony. One after another they scrutinized the knife, with the rusty spot on the blade. It was the defendant's knife, they said—they had often seen it in his possession. The afternoon wore away. Tom Dawkins felt the grip of the evidence like a palpable thing closing about his throat. His breath came short and fast; he was smothering in the midst of that expectant crowd that jammed the court room. If he looked to the left, he saw the jury, leaning forward, impressed by the showing of the state. If he looked to the right, he saw the long black veil of the widow Rowley. She believed he did it—they all believed he did it—maybe God did not know—maybe there was no God—

In the midst of Richards' testimony he started to his feet, but Prescott's hand held him back, Martha's voice pleaded brokenly in his ear. Richards' lean face—the face of an intelligent, just, but somewhat cold man—was grave almost to the point of tragedy. He told of animosity that had cropped out in Tom's talk of Rowley on that September afternoon. He had gone out to Sandhill on the late train, he said, and taken his horse from the stall where he always left him when he went to town.

"As I rode out I saw Tom Dawkins, by a flash of lightning, under the shed across the road from the store. He drew back at sight of me."

"How do you know it was at sight of you?" demanded Prescott fiercely.

"Well—he drew back."

The sun that had streamed in the windows to the right of the court room in the morning now glowed red in the windows to the left. Over the room had come a hush more choking than the whispering of the morning.

"Bud Dickerson!" Evans called.

Tom felt Prescott at his side lean forward across the table. He heard steps behind him; he saw the shadow as the new witness passed between him and the window; he heard the monotonous voice of the clerk, "The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God." The witness chair creaked. He did not look up. What difference did it make? The knife lay on the table where judge and jury could see it—the knife with the dark spot on the blade—*his* knife.

The witness was talking. "I met the fellow in a blind tiger," the voice drawled. Tom raised his head quickly. His fists clenched on the table in front of him. He saw one face, and one face alone, the long, sallow face of the man in the witness chair, with the close-set, crossed eyes. Still the witness was talking. "He cussed out Luther Rowley all the way on the train; said he'd git even with him. When we got to Sandhill he was so fur gone I got off the train with him and followed him to the sto'. But I see a cloud comin' an' set off ahead of it down the railroad for Rough Shoals. That was about half past eight."

"What's the matter, Tom—what's the matter?" The panting breath of Martha fanned his ear. The ruddy profile of Mr. Prescott was thrust suddenly forward. Burton Evans leaned carelessly against the bar rail, listening to his witness. These things Tom was conscious of only as a man is conscious of surroundings when he is coming from under ether. All sense of reality, of vividness was centered in one thing—

The red panels of a smoking compartment, a roaring all about, cinders sifting in through a black window, frogs clattering past, the smell of blistering varnish, a voice in his ear; and then, as he looked up, a slouch hat, a dark face and two crossed eyes fastened on the bridge of his nose.

"Lend me—"

Tom Dawkins sprang to his feet. Somebody tugged futilely at his coat. Faces hurried toward him from right and left. The judge's gavel rapped sharp and loud. But above it all rang his voice.

"You're the man— You're the man—God in heaven! I loaned you my knife. *You!*"

He was jerked down into his seat. His eyes drew the witness' eyes like tightening elastics.

The hulking fellow in the witness chair sat suddenly limp, his long under jaw hung loose. Tom felt the hand of Prescott heavy on his shoulder. The stout body bent over him like a wrestler that had thrown him. The frowning eyes looked into his. He heard something about sitting still—sitting still—calming himself—waiting his time.

"Oh!" Tom panted, the tortured soul of the man in his eyes. "Ask him! Ask him if I didn't loan him my knife! Ask him, Mr. Prescott—ask him!"

ON THE first day of March Burton Evans on horseback splashed along a country road. His gun lay across his saddle, and he was smoking his pipe. It was a gray, piercing day, the air soaked with suspended mist that dimmed the topmost branches of gaunt oaks and dripped incessantly from pines. Now and then he drew up, raised himself in his saddle, and looked right and left for his bird dog that scoured the fields. He had come to Sandhill on the early morning train. Already the pockets of his hunting coat bulged with game.

He was descending a long hill when he met a wallowing wagon, piled high, overflowing with furniture, pulled by two straining mules. Old bedsteads, broken mattresses, chairs, tables were jumbled together, and crossed and bound with ropes. A boy drove; a woman lurched beside him, holding a baby on her lap. Other children, and a girl reaching womanhood, who hung her head, were wedged here and there in the jumble. The whole swayed, creaked and groaned as the wheels sank and sloshed in the deep muddy ruts. Evans passed with just a glance.

An eighth of a mile behind, another heaped-up wagon had stopped, and a man was tightening the ropes. Before Evans reached it, this wagon resumed its journey.

MARCH the first is moving day for poor tenants in the South. On that day the landlord sends his teams to move his newly acquired help to his place. A sight like this is common enough on country roads. The young lawyer passed the second wagon as he had passed the first.

But when he came opposite the man who had fastened the ropes and who now trudged behind the wagon, he drew sharply up.

"Hello, Tom—moving?"

The eyes Tom Dawkins raised to his were for a moment so disconcerting that Evans began to talk.

"Heard the latest, Tom? We've got the goods on Dickerson. Found the three hundred dollars hidden in his room. Guess he was afraid to spend it. Cautious chap. Found even the patched twenty-dollar bill."

Still the eyes were disconcerting, and Evans felt himself flushing. "A remarkable case of justice being done," he said.

"Justice?" Old Tom nodded his head toward the wagons. "Justice? I never done it, did I?"

"Well, it looked like it, Tom. After all, you were pretty lucky to get off."

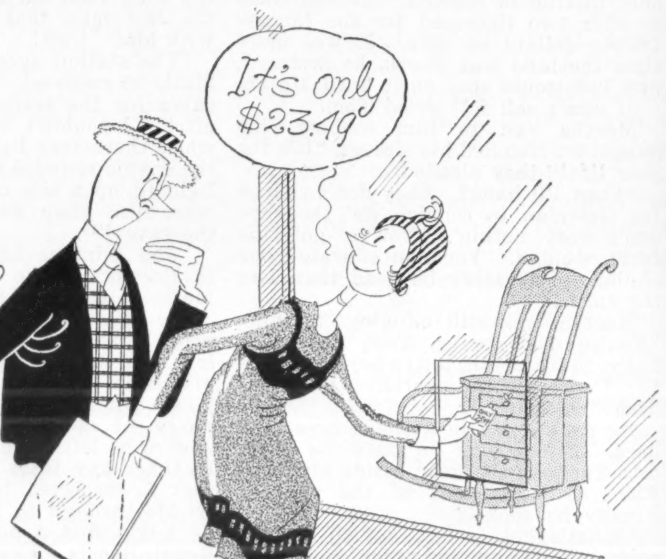
Again Tom glanced toward the wagons, then back down the road whence he had come. "I'm glad you told me I was lucky, young man. If you hadn't, I might not have knowed it."

He turned and splashed on after the wagons.

Evans sat motionless, his hand on his horse's flank, watching the procession. He saw the first wagon, dimmed by the mist, drop over a distant hill, then the second, and last the old man following them, trying to catch up, lunging hazily through the fog. So bowed was he that from behind his hat seemed to rest upon his shoulders.

The lawyer pushed up his horse, the fine mist driving into his face. "Old Man Trouble—" he said slowly. "Old Man Trouble, riding him to death on the home stretch—"

Justifiable Glass Cutting



Mrs. Curious has simply cut out a piece of plate glass with her diamond ring—a lesson to storekeepers who display goods with the price tag turned "in"

The
Book-Cadillac
Detroit's Finest Hotel

Modern Aids to Business

To the man or woman visiting Detroit on business, the Book-Cadillac offers unexcelled facilities for economy of time and effort.

Restaurant equipment is unusually complete, ranging from the attractive Coffee Shop, with cafeteria service, to the cosmopolitan Venetian Dining Room, Blue Room and English Grill.

For effective display of merchandise, thirty-eight large sample rooms are available. Each is an outside room and is equipped with door bed and dressing room.

1200
Outside Rooms with Bath
Rates $4 and up
475 Rooms at $4 and $5
Sample Rooms $5 and $8

Special $1.25 Luncheon and $2.00 dinner served in English Grill and Blue Room. Club Breakfast, 85c and $1. Eighteen shops and broker's office in building; Barber Shop and Beauty Parlor operated by Terminal Barber Shops; Private Conference Rooms.

THE BOOK-CADILLAC
HOTEL COMPANY · DETROIT
WASHINGTON BLVD. AT MICHIGAN AVE.
ROY CARRUTHERS, *President*

The Slunge

Continued from page 8

"Why, I thought—that is—I understood you to say just now—of course, if you support the measure and let that be known at the capital, every city vote will go solid for it. And that will be more than enough to pass it. That puts a very different aspect on the whole situation."

"Nor have I said, Governor, that I would support it," continued O'Day impassively.

GOVERNOR WILLINGTON rose from his chair in sudden exasperation, and paced nervously up and down the room.

"Colonel, I'm hanged if I can make you out," he burst forth. "You seem to think this is a game in which you have a personal stake to play for. That may be all very well in ward politics, but the chief executive of this state, you will find, cannot be pulled by strings like one of your ward manikins."

"Had I thought otherwise," O'Day replied equably, "he would not now be the chief executive."

Governor Willington winced at the words, but kept his peace.

"Then I take it," he said in his precise, crisp fashion, "that there are circumstances under which you—or the organization; it all amounts to the same thing, I know—would support the civil-service bill to whose enactment I pledged my best efforts in my campaign for office? That there are circumstances under which you would lend me your aid to redeem that pledge?"

Black Jawn O'Day nodded slowly and smoked for a time in silence, while the governor, reseating himself, fumbled with a loop of his thin, platinum watch chain. Suddenly O'Day spoke:

"Mrs. Tremont Maybury's midsummer garden fête is to be held some two weeks hence," he said carelessly.

Governor Willington laughed a nervous little laugh.

"What, again?" he asked with apparent irrelevance.

But O'Day understood.

"I see there is no need to mince words," he replied approvingly. "Yes. Again, if you will have it that way. It comes to me that I have heard an invitation to Mrs. Tremont Maybury's midsummer fête is a sort of hall-mark in this city; especially in certain circles. That there are girls who would give the eyes out of their heads to be invited there that night. That they who dance at Mrs. Maybury's fête—"

"Enough, Colonel. Quite enough. As you say, it is not necessary for us to mince words. I am to presume, then—correct me if I am wrong, please—that you will let me know your decision on the civil-service bill—er—after the Mayburys' fête?"

"I think I can reach a decision by that time, Governor," replied Black Jawn.

"Good. In that event, I am fairly certain I know what your answer will be. And now I must be going. Will Mrs. Willington and I have the pleasure of seeing you at home this afternoon?"

"I hope so, Governor. Some of the boys are calling a meeting to pick a ward chairman, but the little girl would be disappointed—and when it comes to disappointing her or pleasing the boys I guess there's only one answer."

"Well, I can't say I don't approve your taste. This afternoon, then. Good day to you, Colonel."

"Good day, Governor."

With the little man's departure a heavy frown settled on the massive O'Day features, and the frown deepened when a clerk entered the inner office and informed the Colonel that one Paddy McSwain sought audience.

"Tell him to come right in." And a moment later, without rising from the heavy chair, "Hello, Paddy. Glad you came. Anything special?"

"Hi, Jawn. No, nothing special. Just that we're being shot to pieces."

"That so? Well, take a heavy load off your feet and tell us about it."

McSwain, a rotund little figure with a face that would have been cherubic but for the blue beard area whose sharp demarcations even a fresh shave could not dim, plumped himself into the indicated chair.

"Tell you about it, is it?" he burst out. "'Tis what I came to ask you to do. Jawn, the boys are getting fractious. It is far from being pleased with ye they are."

O'Day smiled, without merriment.

"And so you came to ask me about it," he observed. "Well, then, what is it you'd know?"

"What has come over ye? That's what we'd know," McSwain answered.

"In what way?"

"In every way. Have ye forgot that it is friends put ye where ye are? Does one of the boys come to see you these days, and he finds there's a half a dozen of the silkstockings ahead of him. Does one of the old organization seek a bit job for a friend or for himself, an' it's 'Oh, I'm that sorry, boys, but the place has gone to one of the uptown wards.' But it is not that so much, Jawn. It is that ye've put on the great high hat, and you not so long from the Fifth Ward, where the boys get their necks shaved of a Sattidy night."

"Well?"

"Not well. Far from well. They be talkin' and mutterin' that it is you have sold them out, when ye got them to vote for Willington for governor. Why did ye do it?"

"I have told you, not once but a hundred times, that when we put one of the shirtfronts in office, the people will be so dissatisfied before the end of his term that it is to us they will turn for the next twenty years for their administrations. One dose of reform at a time, Paddy, is all any city or state will stand. But they must have it every so often, and if we do not give it to them they will take it in spite of us."

"Yes, so ye told us. And we took ye at yer word, Jawn. We voted the shirtfront in, so we did. And it is you that have forgot we did it for ye, with yer fine house on the avenoo and yer classy friends that ye be trainin' with. Back in the Fift' Ward—the Faithful Fift' ye used to call it when yourself lived there—the organization's already fair shot to pieces, what with the boys thinkin' ye've left us entirely and a mumblin' amongst themselves that it is time to be reorganizin'."

"That's all right, Paddy. We both knew that. And we both know that four years from now they will come trailing back to us, when they need the jobs again."

"Ah, but that's just it. What is this civil-service business? There is talk of you supporting that bill, and if our boys in the legislature vote for it, and it is passed, what is to become of those jobs?"

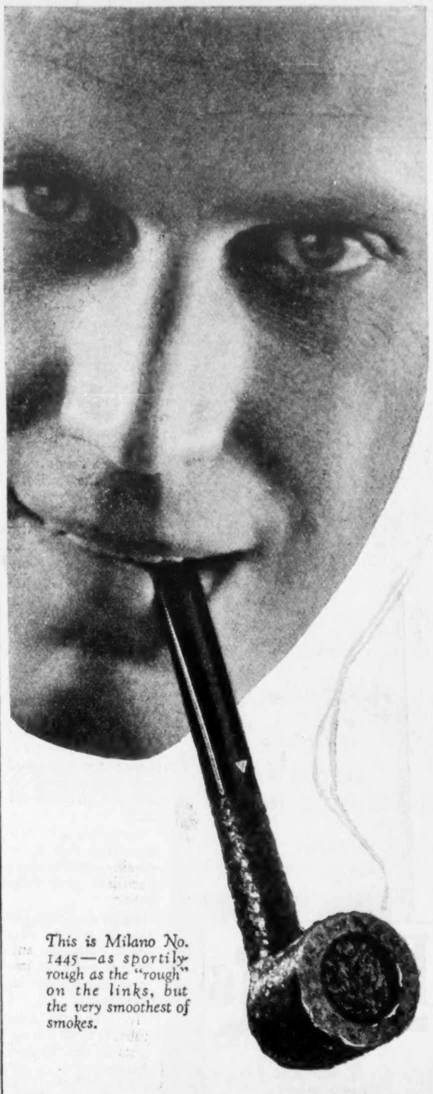
"How will our boys vote for it if they are so dissatisfied with me—or with that bill?"

"NOW hear you, Black Jawn, it is not to a child ye are talking. Do I not know that those city men at the capital are not the organization's, but yours? Henry Allen of the First Ward is beholden to you alone for being made attorney for the car company. Tim O'Neill is from the Second Ward. His oldest was sent to West Point through your influence. Shulman and Carver are from the Third. I know all there is to know about Carver and the paving contracts. As for Shulman, his wife would not be alive the day had not someone sent her to the country, some years ago, and well do I know who it was. Those men will vote as you say, not as the organization says. Shall I go through the whole list or are ye quite satisfied I'm dry behind the ears?"

"Let it be as you say. What then?"

"The boys are afraid ye will send the word down the line to support the civil service. They want ye to kill that bill, Willington or no Willington. And this is the time they mean what they want, too, Jawn. They had wished for weeks back to ask yourself when ye came down for the game at Riley's, but ye

(Continued on page 50)



This is Milano No. 1445—as sportily rough as the "rough" on the links, but the very smoothest of smokes.

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

The Milano Rustic models are beautiful briars, with a sporting, *outdoor* look about them—cool, comfortable, *companionable* pipes that strike up a life-long friendship at your first puff.

Money cannot buy better pipes—simply because all Milanos are hand-fashioned of the finest briar grown.

Milano Rustics are priced from $4.00 up; the 26 smooth models, $3.50 up. All are "*Insured*" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

MILANO
"The ***Insured*** Pipe"

"It's a W D C"
WDC
TRADE MARK

Policy
No. 51239
covering one
WDC
MILANO

The Slunge

Continued from page 49

have not been a-coming to Riley's of late. So they asked me to tell ye. And my own advice to ye, Jawn, is to do what they ask, else there will be a new head to the organization. Then there will be two organizations fightin' in the party, and it is the other side will win every time. What do ye say, Jawn?"

Black Jawn shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot say anything yet, Paddy. In a couple of weeks I will let you know."

Paddy McSwain regarded the big man curiously.

"What is it that's come over ye, Jawn?" he inquired. "It was fearful I was to ask what the boys wanted to know, for in the old days ye'd have thrown me out your office by the scruff of the neck and the slack of the pants. Ye'd have told me to tell the boys 'twas none of their business. And now ye sit there like ye had cold tea in the veins instead of good red blood, and let me read ye the lesson. 'Tis most unlike the Black Jawn I used to know."

O'Day scowled at the words. Then his heavy countenance cleared.

"And if I tell you what's back of it all, will I be talking to the messenger of the organization or to my old friend?" he asked.

"Name it yourself, Jawn."

"I shall. What I say now is to my old friend Paddy McSwain, and not to the organization or to their errand boy—no, take no offense, old fellow. It wasn't meant like that. Look, Paddy, you have no daughters. If you had. . . . See now, my little Aileen's just come back from her college. She is a woman grown. And I was thinking it was my bounden duty to make the little motherless girl as happy as her mother would have liked to see her. So I have done what I could. That is why I moved out of the ward. She shall go among the best there is, my Aileen, though even they aren't good enough for her."

"But what has that to do with the organization? Ye needn't put on the high hat simply because ye've moved uptown."

Black Jawn's frown became black indeed.

"So I thought," he said. "And when I moved up the avenue I didn't expect them to serenade me, or give me a housewarming exactly, but I did think that now and again some of them might drop in, neighborly like. And, Paddy, you'd have thought the house had pest signs around it. They're a grand lodge, the silkstockings are, and it's one you must be born into. That much I learned. So I said to myself, would I let a crowd of shirtfronts pass me by—me? And I thought again that while I did not care so much for myself, I would certainly not let them act so toward my Aileen."

BLACK JAWN O'DAY smiled grimly to himself for a moment.

"You would laugh, Paddy," he continued, "as you shall, some day, when I tell you the whole story and how I went about it. I could not play their cards, but by the Heavens above us, I made them play mine. I held out the governorship to the chief of them. It had been in my mind to do so, anyway. The people must have one dose of reform every so often to keep them properly sickened of it, as we both know. So I picked me the last word in shirtfronts, and I found him so eager, back of all his tall talk and polish, that I could say to him, long before the election, 'Do this' or 'Do that' and he would jump to the word. There were others too. You shall know the whole story one of these days. Anyway, that was the how and the why of it—and you should only see who is calling upon my little girl at the O'Day home this afternoon!"

"And is it worth that to break up the organization ye gave twenty years and better to build, Black Jawn?"

"I think, Paddy, it is what her mother—God rest her!—would have wished to see: our little girl among the silkstockings, as one of them. And if I can do that, why, then, Paddy, damn the organization for a year—or four—or forever, if need be."

"Ah, well, Jawn, I see now how it is with ye. It shall not be myself to say ye're doing right or wrong. But I say this, as a friend, and I would have ye think well on it: if ye've made up your mind to damn the organization and damn the party, ye could have chosen no surer way than this civil-service business."

"Well, I've not made up my mind, one way or another, on that, Paddy. You can tell the boys, if you like, that I'll let them know in a couple of weeks. I owe them nothing more than they owe me, and if it comes to a break over this, why, then, we break square."

"Do not say break to me, Black Jawn. For come one thing or come another, where it is yerself, I ask only which side ye're on. But it'll be a queer thing for the O'Days and the McSwains to be running to the polls with the Goo-goos, Black Jawn."

IF IT had been John O'Day's desire to be much with his daughter, in the days that followed, he found that he had thoroughly thwarted that desire himself.

The one invitation of invitations, of course, was to the Tremont Mayburys' midsummer fête. The girl who was not asked to that was not listed among the next winter's buds.

Some such thought was occupying the Warwick of the Wards on the night of the Maybury fête as he sat alone in the spacious apartment which, in the old home of the O'Days, would have been called the sitting-room. He was quite well satisfied, take it all in all. For Aileen had accepted the accolade, of course. How radiant she had seemed, this past fortnight!

No, Black Jawn didn't make the pilgrimage to the Maybury garden. There was too much of the Black Jawn in him; that was all. He couldn't savor ceramic cordiality. There was too much in him that, deep down, hungered for a congenial hand at cards, with some cold beer and a platter of hot weenies midway of the game. What he really wanted, what he missed more than he cared to confess even to himself, was to hear about Mickey's kids, and Mrs. Grunfelder's rheumatiz, and how the oldest of them two Clancy divils had finally got his in a fight with the quiet wan av the Mulcahey boys. And there'd be little of that he'd get once the word went abroad that he had sold out the organization by supporting the civil-service bill to retain the favor of the silkstockings.

Yes, the organization was going to be pretty well shot. Paddy McSwain hadn't exaggerated anything in what he'd said on that score. Once that civil-service bill was passed, there'd be a riot in the ranks, sure. There were plenty, of course, who, like Paddy, would stick by Black Jawn personally. But the rest, outraged over his betrayal of their common political creed, would depose him. It would mean a fight within the party before every election.

And it would be a sacrifice. No question about that. But if it made Aileen happy—if it put Aileen on the social pinnacle that all girls wanted to reach—why, then, it was a sacrifice worth while. And that was that.

A bit grimly he listened, as the mellow chimes of a hall clock announced the hour of ten. The fête at the Mayburys' would just be swinging into full stride now. And on the other side of town, at Riley's, the game would be getting good. Paddy would be playing 'em close to the vest, as always; all of them would be watching Jimmy Berry's ears because, as sure as Jimmy got a good hand, one of his ears would twitch; Hermie Bachstein, sooner or later, would call a hand "all as green as a red steer's heart;" Billy Maples would trail miserly along behind raise after raise, and finally announce with a sigh that he kinder guessed he'd play these.

A STIR among the heavy hangings in the doorway of what would have been the sitting-room of the O'Day home back in the Faithful Fift' brought him out of his reverie with a start. He looked up to behold an apparition, for there couldn't be two Aileens. Aileen was at the dance, of course, and just as surely it was Aileen, standing there in the doorway, wrapped in a shimmering white cloak, an expression of elfin gravity in her great blue eyes.

"Honey girl! Why aren't you at the dance?" he exclaimed incredulously. "What will they think, Aileen?"

The girl loosed the white wrap from her slim shoulders and tossed it carelessly into the nearest chair.

For the Fourth and far from Last Time—

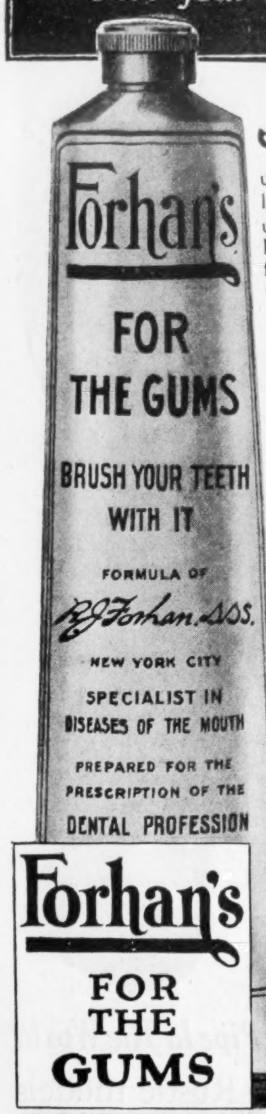
H. C. WITWER

in a story of Bill Grimm
and Barbara Baxter

The Wandering Jehu

in next week's

COLLIER'S


Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
R.J. Forhan, D.D.S.
NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

Protect your gums and save your teeth

JUST as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink from the tooth-base, serious dangers result. The teeth are weakened. They are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves tender up. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They disfigure the mouth in proportion as they recede.

Forhan's prevents this gum-decay called Pyorrhea, which attacks four out of five people over forty.

Use Forhan's every tooth-brush time to preserve gum health and tooth wholesomeness. Tender gum spots are corrected. The gum-tissues are hardened and vigored to support sound, unloosened teeth.

Forhan's is used as a dentifrice, though no dentifrice possesses its peculiar gum-tissue action.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of
R.J. Forhan, D. D. S.

FORHAN CO.
New York

Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Wonderful Electrical Book FREE

Send your name and address for this big FREE book—the fascinating and amazing story of Electricity and its Opportunities. Over 150 pictures. Learn about the big pay jobs open in this big industry—How you can get into it—How thousands of men are earning $70 to $200 a week. No obligation or expense—send for book now.

L. L. Cooke, Chief Engineer
CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS
2150 Lawrence Av., Dept. 46, Chicago

Send for it if You Earn Less Than $75.00 a Week

GENUINE GERMAN
"WETZLAR"
POCKET TELESCOPE

FULLY GUARANTEED

$1.00
POSTPAID

Powerful German Telescope Brings distant scenes before you. Made in the heart of the German optical industry. Clear and accurate lenses show a brilliant image. For use when hunting, boating, automobiling, or on your vacation. Heavy brass body with brass slide for focusing. Objectives are 22 m.m. giving large field of view. A real optical instrument with crystal clear ground lenses.

Exceedingly favorable rates of exchange make possible this surprising offer for a real quality telescope. Shipped promptly on receipt of check, money order or dollar bill. Place your order at once. Cash refund if not satisfactory.

HENDERSON BROTHERS
Largest Importers of Field Glasses in America
91 to 97 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed is $1.00. Please send telescope to this address.

NAME..

ADDRESS......................................

STATE..
COL. 1.

"Daddy boy," she said definitely, "let them think what they please. Like the mole who came out on the other side of the hill, I'm through. Finished. Ausgespielt!"

"But what happened?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. I just went there and quite all of a sudden decided I couldn't stand it any longer, and so I came home. Please don't be angry with me, Daddy boy. I've been trying my hardest to please you, all these two weeks. I saw right away you'd set your heart on making me the belle of the ball, and, honest, I did my best to live up to what you expected. I can't tell you how hard I worked trying to like it. But to-night I just reached the end of the string."

She came close to her father, smiling wistfully.

"Do you really mind so awfully much, Daddy boy?" she whispered.

"Wait a minute, baby," he requested. "Let the old man get this straight. You mean you really don't like all this silk-stocking, highfalutin' business?"

The girl made a little grimace of distaste.

"Did you honestly expect it of me, Dadsy?" she asked.

"But I thought every girl wanted that. I thought every girl dreamed about social conquests—about being asked to the very best places—about everything like that," he faltered. "And so I—"

The girl reached his side with a little rush of tenderness, perched on the padded arm of his chair, and leaned against his broad shoulder.

"I know, you wonderful old slunge. I know exactly. So you worked like a field hand and made a place for me. I saw all that, right away. And oh, I really did try to be grateful and appreciative. I did, truly. But I guess it just isn't in me, Dadsy, to like that sort of thing. I tried to like it, and I couldn't. And I kept getting tireder and tireder and tireder of the whole show, and, just like I said, at the party which Mrs. Maybury flang to-night I decided all of a sudden that I was coming home. And I did."

A SUDDEN thought came to her father, and his eyes hardened. His voice became almost a snarl. He turned himself sidewise in his chair, placed his great paws on the girl's shoulders, and held her off at arm's length.

"Hasn't anybody been upstaging you?" he rasped. "Hasn't anybody said or done anything to hurt your feelings? Nobody's been giving you the cold shoulder, or maybe throwing it up to you that you're only an O'Day instead of a Bonaparte or a Willington or something?"

Aileen's silvery laugh broke the sudden tension.

"Flashing eyes denote parental indignation," she declaimed. "No, Daddy boy, you can now quit being an outraged female door knob defending her young. Everybody has been most superlatively nice. I just don't like it—the whole thing."

"But if everybody was nice—"

"Yes, I know. But I don't think I can explain. Everybody always knew so well that they were being nice to me. I'd sort of get the feeling that they were all rather surprised because I didn't think Aldous Huxley was a salad dressing. I don't know; maybe it wasn't that so much either. Maybe it's just that they were too prissy. Maybe it's just plain everyday because they're not my kind. Anyhow, they're not. And, anyhow, some more"—she rumpled his hair—"I'm through. And, last-of-all-anyhow, I'm not sorry. So don't tell me you are. I've been doing my best to like it all because it seemed to please you, darlingest slunge, but now I've done enough. Know what I want to do?"

Black Jawn O'Day was still a trifle dazed. The whole thing had been too sudden, and he was still dodging the débris. But there was something warm glowing deep down within him; something that was spreading delightfully all through his being.

"No. What'd you like to do, baby girl?" he asked, grinning like a schoolboy.

"Ball game to-morrow afternoon, with you. Understand? Maybe eat a hot-dog sandwich, and, no maybe about it, eat a bag of peanuts. Have some of your friends here at the house to-morrow night for a game of cards, and let me fix up the fixin's; I didn't put in all those domestic-science courses without knowing when a weenie's at the proper temperature."

Black Jawn O'Day stretched back in his chair and laughed joyously—laughed till the tears streamed down his face.

"So you—were—doing—it—to—please—me!" he spluttered, still laughing. "Oh—oh—and I was doing it all only to please you, hating it myself all the while; and now it turns out you hated it too. Oh, pussy cat, it's the best joke ever. Why, honey, I thought the chance to meet the real people, get your picture on the society pages, maybe—don't laugh now!—maybe meet some young blue blood who'd make your heart go pitty-pat—I thought that would be what you'd like best of all the world."

AILEEN arose indignantly and confronted her father.

"Sir! Why, you terrible old slunge! My pulse should quicken just because One-eyeglass Reginald, the Terror of the Tea Table, or Hard-Boiled Percy, the Malted Milk Cyclone, preens his weentsie little black mustache at me! What sort of a daughter did you think you had!" She settled back on the chair arm again, and her father reached up and pulled her flushed young face down close to his. "Of course, Dadsy," she confided, "I don't expect to be the first old maid in the O'Day family. I reckon Mr. Right will come along some day. Hope so, anyway. But thank you ever and ever so much, I'm not beating the jungle you picked out to find him."

O'Day laughed once more. And it was the uproarious, full-throated laugh of the O'Day of old.

"Well, you get your wish, honey girl. Ball game to-morrow afternoon. Yes, sir. And we'll have some of the boys in to-morrow night if I have to chase 'em this far uptown in a patrol wagon. You want to have plenty beer on ice. And the rest of the fixin's you fix. I'll leave 'em to you."

Aileen carefully kissed the tip of his nose.

"Dearest of slunges," she murmured, "I knew you would."

O'Day jumped up then.

"And now I'll be calling up Riley's, where most of the boys are to-night," he announced. "I've a word for them, anyways."

He strode across the room to the ornamental desk telephone, Aileen following. Shoulder to shoulder they stood there.

"That you, Paddy?" she heard finally. "Paddy, this is John O'Day. Look, I've made up my mind on the civil-service thing. You can tell the boys to rest easy. There will be no word passed down the line from me. . . . Willington? . . . Don't make me laugh, Paddy. Some day I'll trot Willington down to the aquarium just to watch the goldfish scare him to death. . . . Oh, that. Why nothing, except that I discovered my little girl was a regular, a real regular. Tell you all about it some other time. . . . Say, Paddy, how about you and all the boys coming up to my new shack to-morrow night for a little game? We can pick the chairman for the old Faithful Fifth at the same time. Aileen says she'll fix the eats. . . . They will? Great! Fine business! . . . All right. Say, Paddy, what's a slunge? Ever hear of one before? . . . No, I don't rightly know. But I mean to find out. Go you back to your game now, Paddy. I didn't mean to interrupt too long."

He hung up the receiver and turned to face the slim girl who smiled up at him so engagingly, her eyes brimming with tender mischief.

"And you hereby declare that you will not try to wish me off on the silkstockings any more?" she demanded of him.

"I do," solemnly pledged Black Jawn. "That it will be O'Day and O'Day from now on, forever and ever, world without end?"

"I do—I mean it will."

"Promise?"

"Promise!"

So the O'Days shook hands.

How does your city grow?

Extend the trolley a mile or two and property values bound up. Build an interurban line and houses are quickly built along it. Touch a real estate development with the magic wire of rapid transit and street lights and it blossoms into homes.

Electricity made the modern city. Without it, no city could continue to grow.

The General Electric Company motor in the present-day trolley has been over a quarter-century in the making; the continuing improvements produce amazing results. Its fast get-away and thrifty use of electricity help our railways to give, and our people to enjoy, the best and lowest-priced of all transportation.

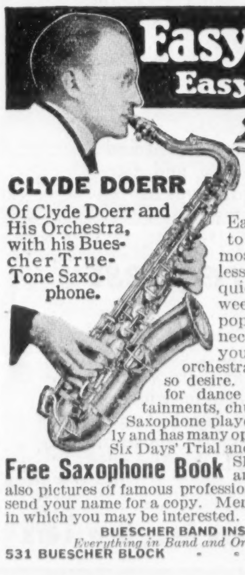
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Ask for Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

Safe Milk and Diet

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

Avoid Imitations



Easy to Play
Easy to Pay

BUESCHER True-Tone Saxophone

CLYDE DOERR
Of Clyde Doerr and His Orchestra, with his Buescher True-Tone Saxophone.

Easiest of all instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three first lessons sent free give you a quick easy start—in a few weeks you can be playing popular tunes. No teacher necessary. You can take your place in a band or orchestra in ninety days, if you so desire. Most popular instrument for dance orchestras, home entertainments, church, lodge and school. A Saxophone player is always popular socially and has many opportunities to earn money. Six Days' Trial and easy payments arranged.

Free Saxophone Book Shows all Buescher models and gives first lesson chart; also pictures of famous professionals and orchestras. Just send your name for a copy. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO. (166)
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
531 BUESCHER BLOCK - - - ELKHART, INDIANA

A Business of Your Own

J. T. Adams

With no previous experience Mr. J. T. Adams made $406 profit in five weeks as our representative. His record and the records of hundreds of others who have done as well and better are supported by affidavit. We'll send you the facts on request.

You can have it as our district salesman for BARTLETT Suits and Overcoats at $23.50—made of the finest quality of Pure Virgin Wool in the very latest styles and highest grade of workmanship; perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed.

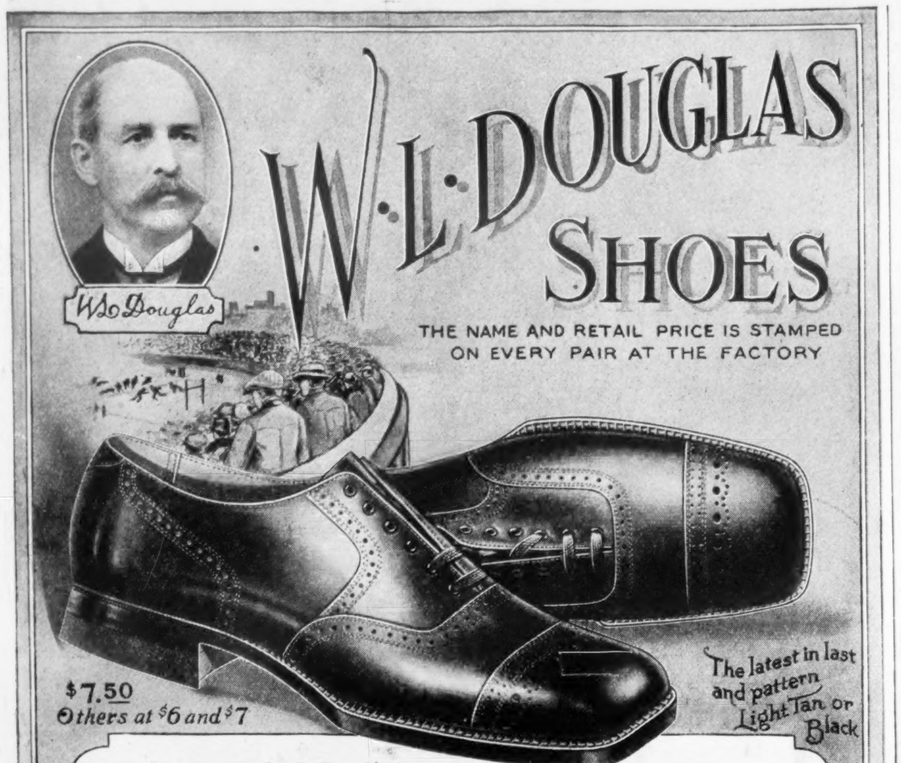
All-Wool Suits and Overcoats $23.50

Guaranteed regular $40.00 values. Can you sell such values? You can if the experiences of 2,000 other men count for anything. And you don't have to have actual selling experience. For we will teach you, train you and equip you in a way that will insure your success from the start. But you must be honest, dependable and willing to work hard to make the most of the opportunity we'll give you. If you are such a man, let us hear from you. You will hear from us with the full facts. Address Dept. 593.

WILLIAM C. BARTLETT, Inc.
850 W. Adams Street - - - Chicago

Gentlemen:—
Please send me the full facts about the BARTLETT proposition without obligation to me. 593

Name ....
Address ....
Town.................... State..................


W. L. DOUGLAS
SHOES
W L Douglas
THE NAME AND RETAIL PRICE IS STAMPED ON EVERY PAIR AT THE FACTORY
$7.50
Others at $6 and $7
The latest in last and pattern Light Tan or Black

Styles That Young Men Want

BASED on style and quality, our new Fall models could easily command higher prices. These values are made possible by figuring selling prices on the cost of making, rather than on what the purchaser may be persuaded to pay.

The style pictured is one of a number of new models now displayed at the W. L. Douglas Store or the Douglas Dealer in your vicinity. *It will pay you to call and see them.*

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES FOR WOMEN

Correct in style, popularly priced, they are preferred by discriminating women who want the newest in style and the best value for their money.

W. L. Douglas Shoes W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO. BROCKTON MASS. for Boys, $4.50 & $5.00

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 5,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning $3,000 to $10,000 a year. We train you thoroly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin. The course is under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois; also former Director of the Illinois Society of C. P. A.'s, and of the National Association of Cost Accountants. He is assisted by a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for information.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 940-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Become a Foot Correctionist A new profession, not medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making $3,000 to $10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

LAW IN YOUR SPARE TIME Same course by correspondence as given for 15 years at classes of this college. LL. B. DEGREE CONFERRED. 3 year university course prepares for bar exam. Money back guarantee. Low fee, easy terms, includes 192412 volume library, lectures, lessons, all expenses. Write for free book.
HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW, Dep. E-9, 1412 S. Mich. Ave., Chicago

I PAY YOU $60 A WEEK

Take orders every day for our famous shirts—lowest factory prices—biggest commissions—complete sample outfit absolutely FREE. Write quick. **Fashion Wear Shirt Co., Dept. L-441, Cincinnati, O.**

Author's National Edition

MARK TWAIN

OF course you have read a little of Mark Twain—everybody has. Perhaps you know the delightful antics of the immortal Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, or the strange things that happened to the Yankee of to-day who found himself suddenly in King Arthur's court. And you have longed to have these books in your library.

But have you read the other novels, and the short stories and brilliant essays that have made Mark Twain's name a cherished American institution?

In the twenty-five volumes that comprise his work you will find a perfectly balanced library of humor, adventure, philosophy, and fun—every conceivable form of entertainment, from the ridiculous in "The Innocents Abroad" to the sublime in "Joan of Arc."

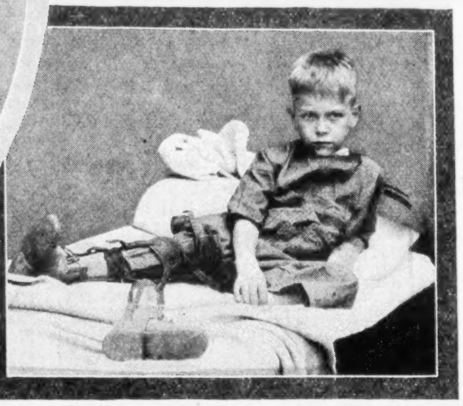
descriptive booklet on request

THE Author's National Edition is the only uniform edition of Mark Twain's writings. By a plan of exceptionally easy terms, this edition is within the reach of every one. What these volumes contain and how you may obtain them is told in a booklet which we are offering free. In addition, the booklet contains Mark Twain's essay on how a story should be told. You should know something about the works of the greatest American humorist. The booklet tells. Send for it to-day.

P. F. Collier & Son Company, Dept. 3534, 250 Park Ave., New York

He's "DADDY" to Thousands Who Know Him

By REINETTE LOVEWELL



Trying to get a square deal for our 350,000 crippled children is Edgar Allen's job

WHEN I was a youngster I was a cripple. For years I was "that little lame girl" to those who lived in our village. And well do I remember my troubles.

It's children like the child I was for whom Edgar Allen of Elyria, Ohio, is spending his life.

Fifteen years ago, when "Daddy" Allen was preparing to retire, his son was injured in a street-car accident. There was no hospital in the town. The boy died—for lack of proper treatment.

That changed Daddy Allen's whole life. He did not retire. Instead he helped to build a hospital. And then he found the job that has kept him busy—and happy—ever since. It's the job of seeing to it that the 350,000 crippled children in the United States get a square deal.

"Writing out checks to keep the machinery going won't do it," he says. "There's got to be direct contact—the human touch—and it comes only through chumming with children."

And on that theory Daddy Allen has worked—without one cent of salary.

His very first move, when he first set to work, was to get the Rotary Clubs out his way interested. To-day Rotarians, Shriners, Elks, members of Kiwanis and various other clubs are all lending a hand; and boards of education, boards of health and welfare boards are helping.

Orthopedic centers are being established. Special schools *without stairs* are being built. Rooms where little sufferers lie flat on their backs upon cots during the rest periods are being constructed. Corrective exercises are being given. And, best of all, thousands of business men everywhere are lending a hand.

"Anything can be done," says Daddy, "as long as you don't care who gets the credit."

Tuning the Loot on Broadway

Continued from page 22

sixty-eight or eighty-six—I forget which," he told me.

The high polish of his smart melodies in such entertainments as "Oh, Boy," "Good Morning, Dearie," and "Sally" is achieved at high speed. He told me of an occasion when P. G. Wodehouse handed him a lyric for a song to be added to "Leave It to Jane," then in rehearsal. Kern read it on the subway. When he reached the theatre he sat down at the piano and played the new song he had composed en route; and immediately the chorus took it up.

The words to Kern's melodies "Whippoorwill" and "Look for the Silver Lining" (in "Sally") were written by B. G. de Sylva, whose connection with the stage dates from the time when he was four. At college on the coast he switched from the classics to a cabaret.

Al Jolson came to the cabaret one night. Hearing De Sylva try out a new song called "'N' Everything," Jolson stepped up and accepted it right off the bat.

"'N' Everything" created such a furore that Jolson straightway made De Sylva his Poet Laureate, as it were; and De Sylva was "made."

De Sylva is still in his twenties, mind you. So is Irving Caesar, who wrote the words of the much-sung "Swanee," and "What Do You Do Sunday, Mary?" After Caesar left college he went to work in the New York plant of the Ford organization, where he wrote songs to the hum of the motors. Henry Ford himself, on one of his visits to New York, heard about him. The automobile magnate, instead of giving the song assembler a calling down, encouraged him to sing his latest ditty, "The White House is the Lighthouse of the World."

Youmans, the "Bambalina" Boy, is even younger than De Sylva and Caesar. He is twenty-five. At school he spent most of his time jotting down notes on music paper held behind his geography book. Then he took a job in Wall Street as a bank runner. Soon, though, the thrill of independence began to pall and his father made a place for him in his own business; but that was no go either. Almost driven to despair, Youmans, Sr., took him to a close friend, Charles H. Sabin of the Guaranty Trust Company, who put him at a nice mahogany desk.

"It was a pretty bank," says the melodist, "and Mr. Sabin was kind and good to me, but I stood it exactly one day."

Some of his melodies submitted to the T. B. Harms Company were thought to show promise and they engaged him to write the score for "Two Little Girls in Blue." So at twenty-two he was an "arrived" Broadway composer!

All our popular music owes much to the rhythms and primitive harmonies devised by Negroes, of whom perhaps the most prominent to-day are Sissle and Blake of "Shuffle Along" fame.

In Baltimore Blake met Sissle, who had come there as a singer, and they started writing songs together. One of these, "It's All Your Fault," was heard by a theatrical man who took it to Sophie Tucker, then playing in town. She added it to her repertory, and it became a local hit, selling 45,000 copies right there in Baltimore.

Proving—as one finds in the careers of all of Broadway's song writers—that music, like murder, will out!

The Guardian of the Virgin Gold

Continued from page 11

robbery of gold dust reported that year occurred on an American steamship plying between Skagway and Seattle.

The crooks got away with $80,000. But they were careful not to operate in Canadian territory.

In the height of the gold rush there were only ninety-eight Mounted Police constables in the 200,000 square miles of Yukon Territory. They were, of course, physically unable to visit all the widely scattered creeks, although patrols of 1,000 miles or more were not unusual. But these ninety-eight men made it fatal to commit a crime in the Yukon, and practically impossible to escape from the country with stolen property.

Our train would frequently be held for an hour or more at White Horse while every person and every piece of baggage was searched. The search was courteous, and only the tenderfoot kicked.

"We'd never allow this in the United States," said one such, a youth, exploding oaths. "You fellows are a lot of sheep to stand it."

"Lissen, young fellow," growled an old sourdough. "I'd rather have this red coat going through my pockets than one of your slick Yankee crooks." The laugh that followed squelched the tenderfoot.

Gold dust from different creeks varied greatly in color, size and shape of the grains.

A rough-looking fellow had nearly $5,000 in dust. It was clearly more than he could have earned that summer working for wages.

"How did you get this dust?"

"I was working a lay on shares."

This was a possible explanation.

"Where?"

"On Anvil Creek."

The constable said, "This gold never came from Anvil Creek. Too coarse."

After a two-day detention the man confessed to robbing a sluice box.

Nearly 100,000 persons stampeded to Alaska when George Carmack struck gold in the Klondike. Gunmen, gamblers and ex-convicts were plenty. They expected the traditional lawlessness of western mining camps to be repeated, and it was—in Alaska.

Robberies were of hourly occurrence and shooting hardly excited comment—in Alaska.

A brass cross on one of the Skagway wharves marks the spot where the famous Soapy Smith was downed "with his boots on" and killed a special guard as he lay dying.

It was the culmination of many crimes committed by the Soapy Smith gang—in Alaska.

At the summits of White Pass and the Chilkoot trails men in red coats met all who came on their way to Dawson, in the Yukon Territory in Canada. They spoke a warning.

They did much else. They explored new territory and blazed new trails; steered the flat-bottomed boats of the gold seekers through the dangerous White Horse rapids; carried mail through blizzards; went out in the dead of winter with the temperature at forty, fifty, even sixty below zero. More often it was to relieve some sick or starving prospector than to make an arrest.

But everybody knew that they would get their man.

Arms and the Men

THE other day I was down around Wall Street. Truly it was a great disturbance, but I did not realize until I read the front-page news story next morning to just what proportions the affair had gone.

The paper explained that $5,000,000 in gold had been moved from the vaults of a bank to the United States Sub-Treasury, several blocks away.

Two hundred detectives with six-shooters strapped to their sides stood around. They merely reinforced a company of United States soldiers.

The police had roped off the streets. The treasure was transported in thirty-seven armored cars.

Everybody, including the newspaper, admitted it was a wonderful feat to have moved so much gold a few hundred yards without so much as an attempt at robbery.

I thought of the wild night when the Men of the Black Mountain grabbed my gold and went careering off into a wilderness with it. And I grinned.

What America thinks about the federal enforcement of prohibition is going to shock the nation

COLLIER'S has gone far enough in its sounding of national opinion to be able to say that the federal enforcement of prohibition as it exists to-day does not follow the will of the American people. It is undermining their fundamental faith in government.

The first article based on the early replies to Collier's gigantic questionnaire on opinion regarding federal prohibition enforcement will appear in next week's issue.

How It Feels to Be a Successful Salesman

Robert J. Vale
(in a Simpson Suit)

(By a Man who used to Earn only $25 a Week)

Thirty-One Fifty!
Mr. Vale is wearing a Simpson suit in the picture. Tailored to order, the material virgin wool. Would you buy clothes like this? Could you sell them for $31.50?

THE BIGGEST change about me has been my income, I guess. I don't seem much different from the man who used to clerk it for $25 a week, in fact I know I'm not. Of course I *do* appear more confident and more contented with my lot. Who wouldn't hold his head a little higher when his time is worth five dollars an hour than when it brought less than that a day?

My success dates from the hour I lined up with successful people. All my life I'd been working for men who made hardly more than a living even though they owned the business. What chance did I have with a job like that? What did I stand to lose in quitting such a job?

I had always hankered to do selling. But what to sell? Luckily, this was answered for me, and in this way:

The One Secret of Selling

Two men that I knew were salesmen. One was always as hard up as I. The other was prosperous good years and bad. Of course it was he I asked for advice. "Vale," he said, "anyone can sell what everybody *wants*. A star salesman can't sell much of anything they *don't* want. I handle something every man I meet must have—*clothes*. I have a line of clothes he would rather have than any he has ever seen. And my selling plan lops fifteen or twenty dollars off the usual price. Do I gather in the orders? *I'd be a dub if I couldn't!*"

A few days after I had decided to step out with the Simpson line my case of woolens and selling outfit came. It was two in the afternoon, Saturday at that, but I started out. I called on several friends; no luck; perhaps they didn't believe I was a salesman. I wasn't so sure that I was! But I tackled some men that I didn't know and who didn't know me. Three of them gave me a chance to talk *clothes*. I got the case open, some samples in their hands, *and I sold two suits that afternoon.*

I never went back to my old job. I never will. While I haven't made a thousand dollars every month my average is at least four times my previous earnings, and while I *do* work hard, I really like to; perhaps because I don't *have* to. And last October I took a real vacation of three solid weeks. When I got back, I picked up so many orders from old customers who had been waiting with their orders for Fall suits and overcoats that the old bank account didn't suffer much from my long absence!

My selling method? Simpson didn't even ask that I learn any special system of selling. They gave me valuable pointers, but the woolen fabrics they give, the beautiful styling and tailoring they seem to know as no other house in my humble opinion does know, just naturally sell themselves. When they hear "thirty-one fifty" they just ask when I can promise the finished garments.

Simpson's Standing Offer

The Simpson plan is such an ideal way to be fitted and suited in tailored-to-measure clothes that sales come easier each season.

New Fall line ready now has more than 150 fine suitings in variety of colors, patterns, and weaves—every wanted new shade—also 30 overcoatings in 22 distinct shades and weaves.

If you believe you might like to help this business grow, and to grow with it, write us and we will give you many interesting facts and figures about this fascinating line of work. Past experience does not matter if you are earnest. Nor your present circumstances if you are anxious to better them.

Your request will bring full information if you address J. B. Simpson, Inc., Dept. 1112, Chicago.

Five Planks in Mr. Vale's Success Platform

1. "You stand a better chance of grasping a new opportunity than of always holding your old job."

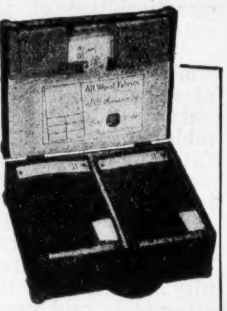
2. "Get over the idea that a man must be trained or talented in order to sell goods."

3. "When your quality and price both beat the other fellow's you have no competition."

4. "The backing of a house that's on the square beats owning a business all hollow."

5. "Working hard for yourself is easy."

FREE



Every representative of Simpson is provided with a beautiful case of gorgeous woolens and complete outfit.

A Whole Tailoring Store in 10x13x6 in. Space

WANTED: 75 New Men

The fast-increasing popularity of the Simpson Plan makes an opening for seventy-five to a hundred new representatives this season. Our new book, just published, tells all about this interesting business, how anybody can start, what you can earn, the experience of others, etc. The territory you would like may be open. Why not ask about it? Perhaps this is the chance you have wanted all your life! Clip coupon *now!*

J. B. SIMPSON INC. Dept. 1112
Chicago, Ill.

WITHOUT OBLIGATION, please send me new illustrated book, "The Simpson Plan," with complete information about the opportunity your line offers any man who is willing to work.

Name ....

Address ....

NEW VEST POCKET ADDING MACHINE

$2.95

Adds as rapidly and accurately as a $300.00 machine, yet fits the vest pocket. Easy to operate. 9 column capacity—best constructed portable adding machine made. **Counts Up to 999,999,999**

Total visible at all times. A pull of the finger clears it. Don't carry a pocketful of pencil stubs and scrap paper to do your figuring. Carry a Ve-Po-Ad.

10 Days' Trial **Send no money.** Just name and address and we will send machine postpaid. Pay postman on delivery $2.95. Use it 10 days to prove it does all we claim. Your money back if not perfectly satisfied. Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. Order your Ve-Po-Ad **now** from this ad.

Reliable Adding Machine Corp., Dept. 5C
184 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS Here's a money maker. Everybody wants one. Splendid profit. Write for special offer.

AGENTS NEW SPARK PLUG
Visible Flash

Just Out—Amazing Invention—**Beacon Lite** Spark Plugs. You see the flash of each explosion in the cylinders. Tells which are firing right. Greatest improvement in spark plugs since gas engines were invented. Wonderful gas savers. Agents coining money.

$90 A WEEK

Can be made with new sure-fire plans. Sells on sight to every auto owner. Phillips, Ont., writes "Sold 2 dozen today, 3 dozen yesterday. Rush 10 dozen." Write for special **Free** Demonstrator Offer and FREE deal to introduce these wonder spark plugs in your territory. Write quick—**today.**

CENTRAL PETROLEUM COMPANY
949 Century Building **Cleveland, Ohio**

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Have Your "Say" Here

"EVERY once in a while," says Henry C. Miller of Boston, "some publication or other asks its readers for their opinions on such questions as 'Is it wicked to work on Sunday?' 'Do red-headed women make good wives?'

"I now observe that Collier's is going to discover whether prohibition can be enforced, and I will answer this question by saying it can't, and thus settle the matter once and forever."

Collier's is not trying to "discover whether prohibition can be enforced," but what people *think* about it. Here are some letters from readers who wanted to expand their replies to the questions asked subscribers by Collier's representatives.

A Minnesota Mayor

To the Editor of Collier's:

In April of this year I finished four years (two terms) as mayor of this city of 12,000, a very average and ordinary American city. Being only twenty-two when elected, I had never given a thought to the prohibition law. I am out of office now and if anyone is "wet" for his opinion as to the impracticability of the law, I have a saturated sponge cheated.

We made a mistake. Those who worked for the law's passage dreamed of a perfect Utopia and for the most part were in good faith. But the huge middle or indifferent class were not in favor of doing away with drink; they were striking at the saloon and its bad influence. Answering your questions:

Are you satisfied with conditions as they are? NO—and very emphatically so.

Is the law enforced in your community? No. But an honest and energetic attempt is and has been made by our county officials to enforce it. The demand is here and it will always be supplied.

If not, do you consider the law enforcible? No.

Enforcement isn't practical because the people aren't for it. Then, too, the law has no moral background. It attempts to make acts legal which were always illegal.

THOS. H. QUINN, Faribault, Minn.

The Falls Seem to Be Wet

To the Editor of Collier's:

I—and I am convinced that there are millions like me—will continue to treat the fourteenth and the eighteenth amendments exactly alike. Both are beautiful in theory; neither are practical, workable. I will not associate socially and in a business way with the Negro—and, if it's not too infernally much bother I will most certainly continue to take a drink whenever I want it.

L. M., Wichita Falls, Texas.

P. S. As to your question "Is the law enforced in your locality?" I can only say, why certainly I believe in Santa Claus; yes, indeed.

Those Great Open Spaces Are Dry

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am not satisfied with conditions as they exist in New York or New Jersey. But there is a whole lot of outlying American territory where most of those listed in the "Who's Who" came from. And those sections are showing up better all the time.

Conditions here are not ideal but they are just about 300 per cent better than in pre-prohibition days. They will get better as the public becomes more insistent for honest government and decent living. The bootlegger is a human cootie which must be exterminated.

Sure the law is enforcible. It is being enforced in some sections too well for the comfort of booze fighters and those who think of personal liberty as personal license.

WILLIAM J. BOIES, Bloomfield, N. J.

Our Rich and Restless Red Men

To the Editor of Collier's:

Will Irwin's article, "The Richest People in the World," in a recent Collier's, is the best cameo I have seen of the Osage tribe. The only criticism that might be made legitimately of the article is the stress put on the freak features of the idle, rich Indian. A great many of them have become good citizens and by the hiring of real farmers are participating in the development of the country.

While Mr. Irwin did call attention to the fact that the decent business interests of Pawhuska were behind the movement that resulted in the elimination of the grafting guardians, it might have been made somewhat stronger. The better element of Pawhuska always has frowned against the freebooters who tried to milk these Indians. A number of guardians in Osage County have splendid records and the fact that a man is a guardian for an allottee should not be considered prima facie evidence that he is a crook.

W. M. HARRISON,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Touché

To the Editor of Collier's:

I read in Collier's an article which said that the quality of American life and work might be improved by making a rule of never using any abbreviations in writing.

The signature of the article is Edward W. Bok.

STEVEN T. (I mean TRACY) BYINGTON,
Ballard Vale, Mass.

And Mister Bok Replies

To the Editor of Collier's:

Almost but not quite does the lynx-eyed Byington score a home run—he dies at third. Long before I realized the fatality of abbreviations I adopted my present signature, and now, for legal purposes, my counsel advise adherence to it.

But, just where is "Mass." may I ask?

EDWARD W. (I mean William) BOK.

The Pest with a Pull

To the Editor of Collier's:

The article by Tommy Milton in a recent issue of Collier's is the best I have read anywhere and he only overlooked one Pest of the road.

I have met this Pest in nearly every town. He is the chap who thinks because he has a speaking acquaintance with some of the town officials he is entitled to far more privileges than the average motorist. You will see him cutting around cars, tunneling traffic, going no place in particular, yet darting hither and yon, busy as a sunfish chasing minnows off her bed. You nearly wreck your car trying to keep clear of him.

I have yet to have my first accident and my motto has ever been: A man's life is worth more than a few minutes in time made on the road.

REGULAR FELLOW.

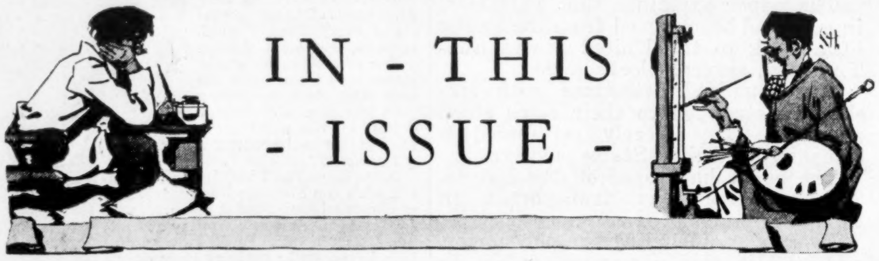
It Is, Sam; It Is

To the Editor of Collier's:

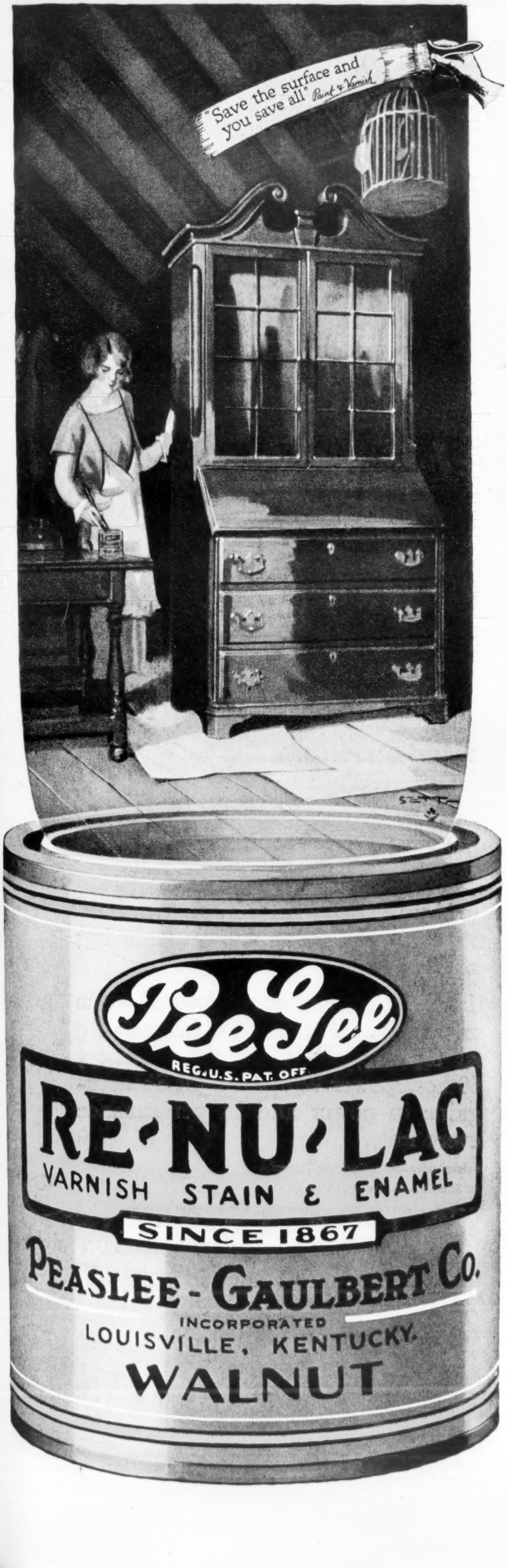
In your Collier's Weekly dated August the 1st, on the photographic page, I noticed a picture of Handkerchief Pool which said it was in Canada. Enclosed is a picture post card of the Handkerchief Pool in the park. If you compare this card with the picture in that issue you will see that it is the same picture exactly. Same man, position, handkerchief sign and everything. Will you please publish this report so people will know it is in the U. S. A.

MASTER SAM EAGLE,
West Yellowstone, Mont.

IN - THIS - ISSUE -



TO LOVE AND TO HONOR
By Octavus Roy Cohen . . . . . . Page 5
THE LONE LION OF IDAHO
William E. Borah as William Allen White sees him Page 6
THE SLUNGE
A story by Hermann B. Deutsch . . . . Page 7
"THEY CALL ME A BUM"
An interview with Jack Dempsey
By John B. Kennedy . . . . . Page 9
YOU CAN'T BLAME THE DOCTOR
An Old Practitioner answers Bill Johnston . . Page 10
THE GUARDIAN OF THE VIRGIN GOLD
By Walter W. Liggett . . . . . . Page 11
TOO MUCH MONEY
By Grantland Rice . . . . Page 12
ON THE BACK SEAT
A story of love at sight-seeing
By John Peter Toohey . . . . . Page 13
NEW LIGHT FROM LIGHT MINDS
By Stephen Leacock . . . . . . Page 15
IT'S ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK . . . . . Page 16
GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE
Walter Camp's last article . . . . . Page 18
OLD MAN TROUBLE
By Samuel A. Derieux . . . . . . Page 20
TUNING THE LOOT ON BROADWAY
By Lawton Mackall . . . . Page 22
THE RICH MAN'S MITE
By Uncle Henry . . . . Page 23
EDITORIALS . . . . Page 24
OWN YOUR OWN HOME
By Joseph P. Day . . . . Page 25
THE RICHEST WOMAN IN TOWN
By Anna Louise Strong . . . . . Page 26
WHITE FIRE
By Louis Joseph Vance . . . . . . Page 30
CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD
By Edwin E. Slosson . . . . . . Page 34
IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN
By Don Marquis . . . . Page 36
PICKED OUT OF THE AIR
By Jack Binns . . . . Page 38
TOM MASSON SAYS . . . . Page 42



Stains and Varnishes in one application

No home should be without Pee Gee Re-Nu-Lac. A dependable servant; it has no equal in year-round usefulness. With its touch marred surfaces renew their charm. Wood and wickerwork, furniture, lighting fixtures or whatnot are restored overnight to their original luster. It is proof against hard usage. Made in a variety of colors assuring harmony in any decorative scheme.

Write for free Pee Gee Color Charts, mentioning the name of your dealer. There is a Pee Gee Paint, Varnish, Stain and Enamel for every purpose.

For fifty-eight years
this Pee Gee Trademark has been
a dependable buying guide

Pee Gee
PAINTS
SINCE 1867
VARNISHES STAINS ENAMELS

There are many other Pee Gee Products— ask your dealer about these

Pee Gee Mastic Paint: The economy of its great covering capacity, durability and protection to property values—lessening cost of upkeep and minimizing repairs—has made it an important factor in community life. It beautifies while it preserves, retains its luster when inferior paints "go flat."

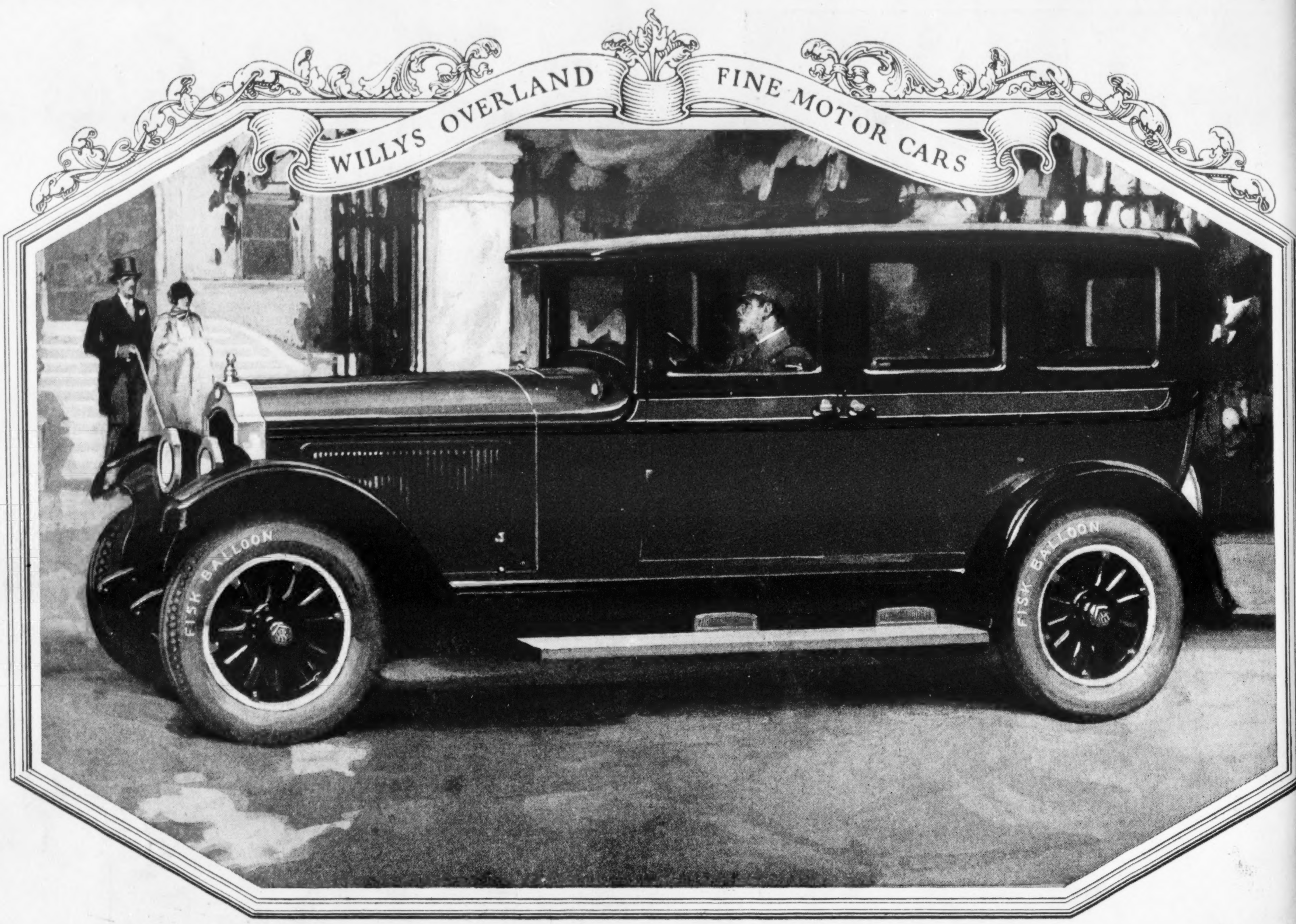
Pee Gee China Enamel: With charming effect Pee Gee China Enamel Gloss White is used on doors, stairways, pillars, wainscoting, and all interior or exterior woodwork. It gives a smooth, hard, brilliant finish that does not yellow with age. Also made in various tints and egg-shell finish.

Pee Gee Floor Varnish: With your eyes and those of visitors on the floors of your home, you flush with pride at the smooth, flawless and mirror-like finish Pee Gee Floor Varnish has given them. And to this is added the satisfying thought that they are kept so with very little effort.

Pee Gee Flatkoatt: Brightens and beautifies the walls and ceilings of the home. Made in a rich range of shades to match any decorative scheme. Durable and sanitary, this oil paint dries with a flat, smooth, velvety finish. Various decorative effects are easily produced. Easily and quickly cleaned.

Peaslee-Gaulbert Co.
Incorporated
LOUISVILLE · ATLANTA · DALLAS · HOUSTON
Crowe, McGarvey & Company, Factors and Warehousemen, Boston, Mass.

Dealer Opportunity: If Pee Gee is not represented in your community, correspondence is invited. A Pee Gee exclusive sales franchise involves a very small investment. To inquire about our unusual plan of sales promotion does not obligate you. Write today.



One of the few cars about which it truthfully may be said that nothing could be added to make it more acceptable to the owner . . .

A CAR that brings you all there is of luxury, richness of appointment and comfort . . . plus an operation so remarkably quiet that one in the driver's seat might intelligently converse in a whisper with other occupants of the car . . .

And your pride and pleasure in your beautiful Willys-Knight Six will grow increasingly with the years. Its patented sleeve-valve engine does away with carbon troubles. There are no valves to grind. All moving parts *slide* or *rotate*.

That is why it runs so smoothly, and wears so everlastingly. That is why, instead of a gradual tapering off in engine efficiency, your 60 horsepower Willys-Knight Six actually gains in power and in performance with every mile.

Six-cylinder models from $1750 to $2295; F. O. B. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio • • Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

WILLYS-KNIGHT
SIX

FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE FINEST